Beyond Nostalgia: Why Scarsdale's Children Are Coming Home

Wolff on Tina Brown · Kirn on Bret Easton Ellis

PRE

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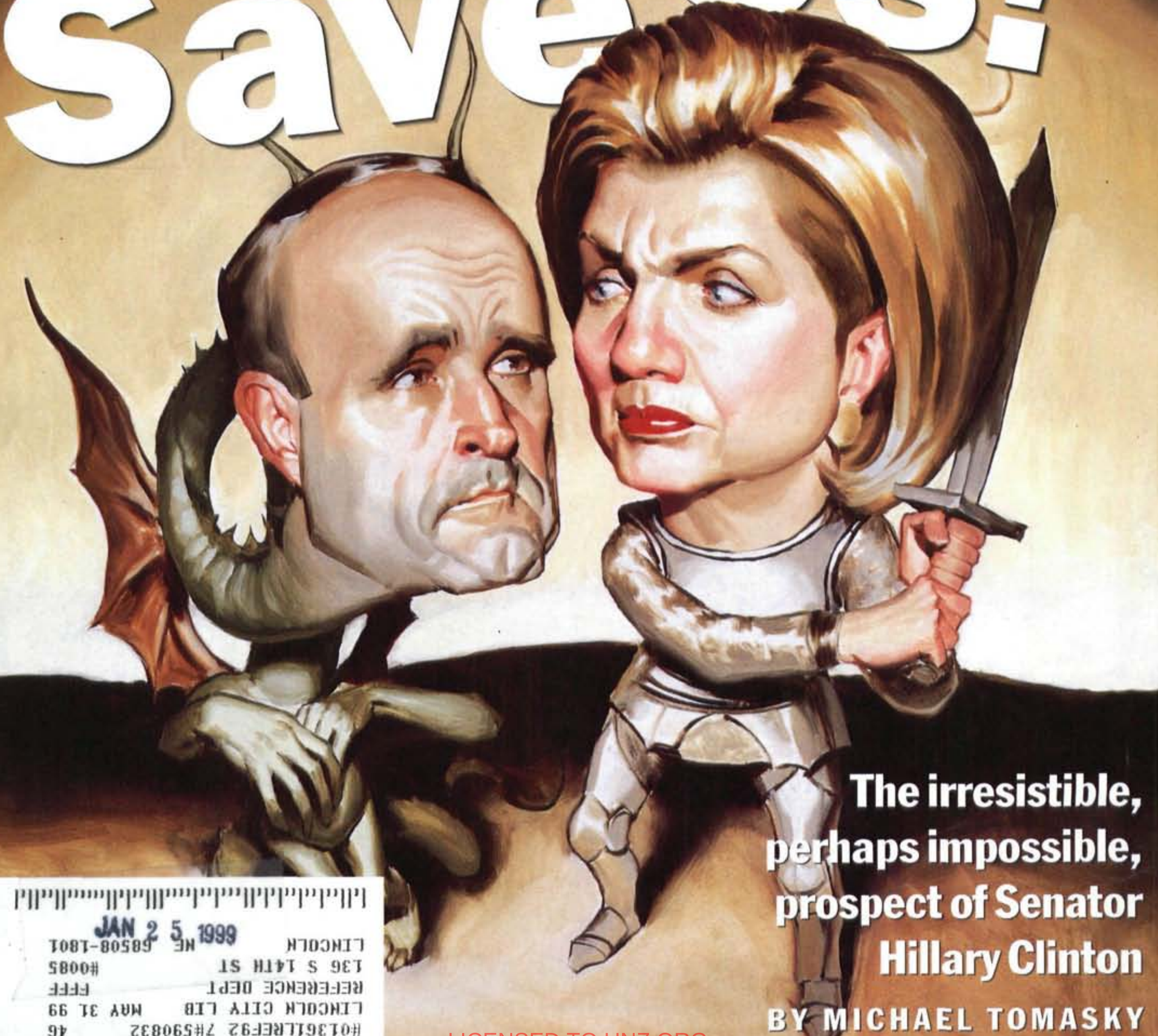

The irresistible, perhaps impossible, prospect of Senator Hillary Clinton

BY MICHAEL TOMASKY

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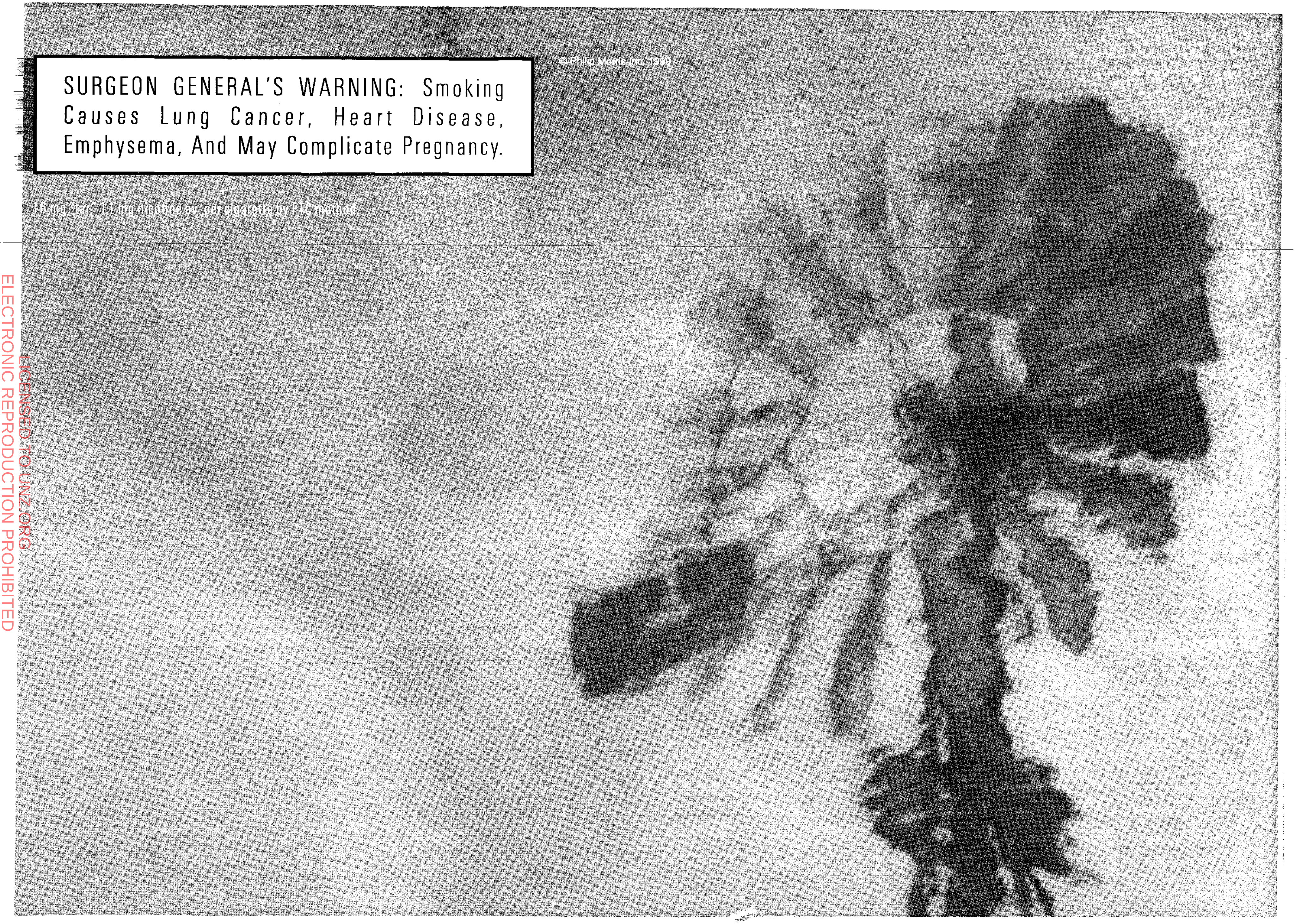

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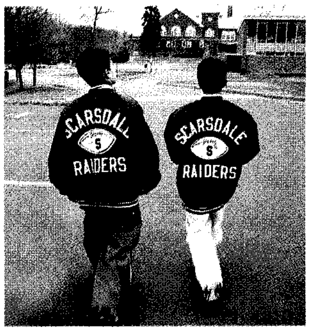
By Michael Tomasky

Senator Hillary Clinton: Some (notably the city's star-starved Democrats) think it has a nice ring to it. Speculation has quickly taken on a life of its own. Here, George Stephanopoulos, Charles Rangel, Harold Ickes, James Carville, and a host of others ponder the plausibility of (a) Hillary on the Hill and (b) HRC vs. Rudy.

28 You Can Go Home Again
By David Handelman

Is it Scarsdale itself, or the siren song of a carefree boomer childhood, that calls the natives back after a stint in the city? Some swore they'd never go back; some couldn't wait to return, with *their* offspring, to the (exclusive) fold.



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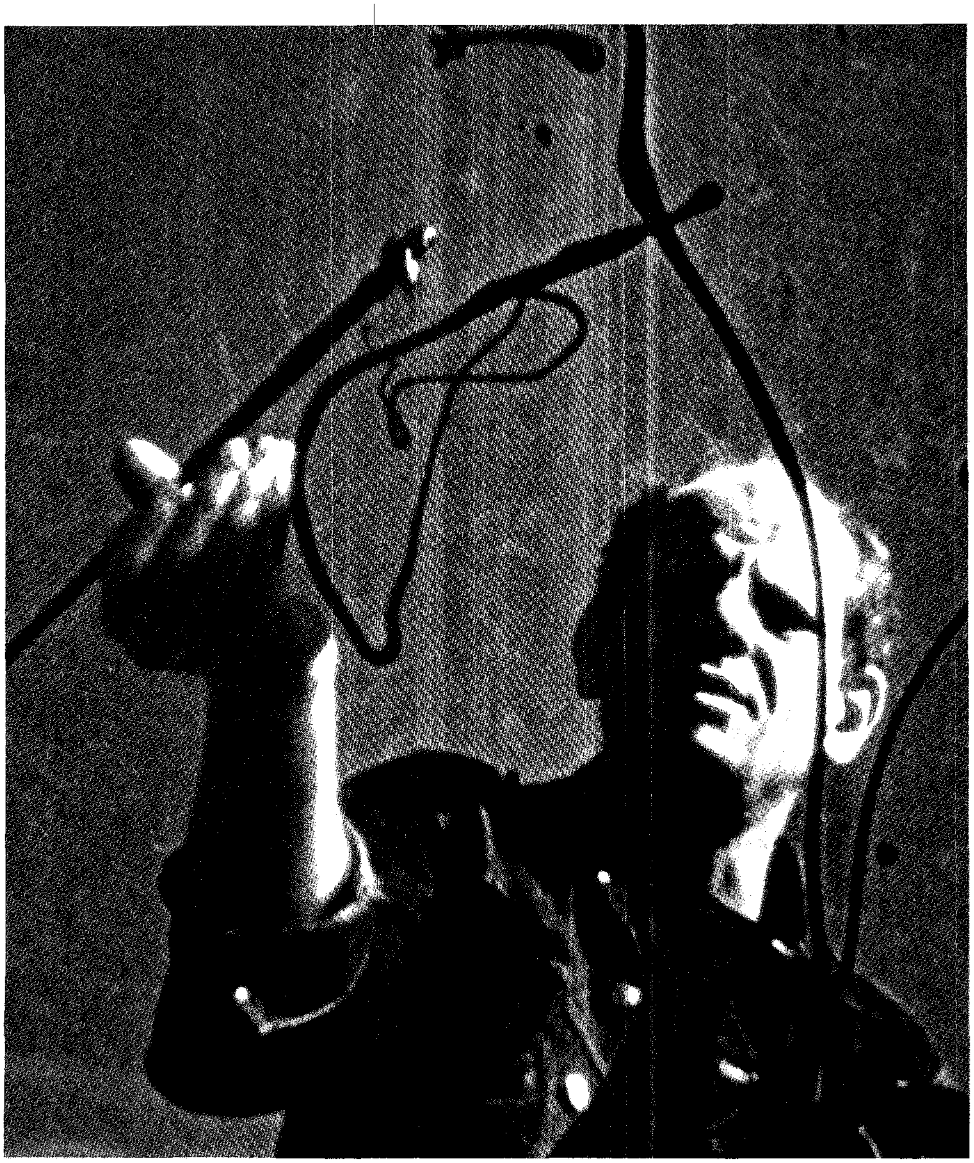
JAN. 25, 1999—VOL. 32, NO. 3. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. *New York* (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by PRIMEDIA Magazine Corporation, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022-6999. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

Photographs: clockwise from bottom right; Steven Freeman, Anders Overgaard,

Cover: Illustration by Daniel Adel.



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Jackson Pollock working on a painting on glass, November 1950. Frame from a color film by Hans Namuth and Paul Falkenberg. © 1998 The Museum of Modern Art, New York, and Hans Namuth, Ltd.

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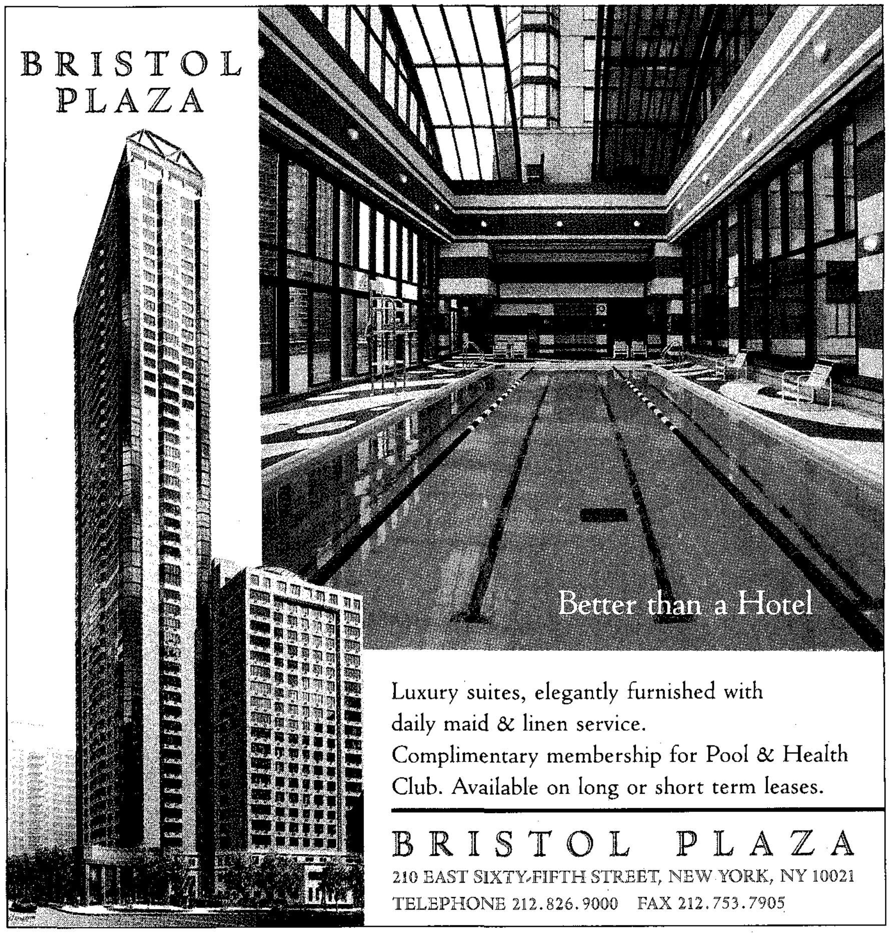

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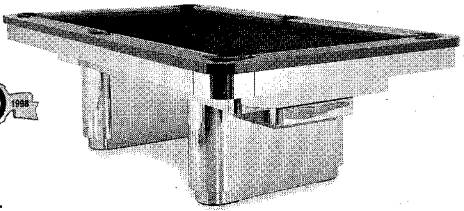

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LETTERS JANUARY 25, 1999

Jerzy Girl

Kosinski's impressive intellect, wit, and mating patterns; voices from both sides of the methadone debate; no ethnic group has a lock on philanthropy.

I ALSO HAD A RELATIONSHIP WITH JERZY Kosinski ["Her Private Devil," by Laurie Stieber, January 4]. I met him in early June 1988 at Marylou's on West 9th Street. He took to me immediately. His new novel, *The Hermit of 69th Street,* was about to be published. No one cared. No one read it—I couldn't get through it myself. He told me many of the same stories Stieber tells. He even told me about her—he said I reminded him of her. He wanted me for his new lover. He claimed that I was "perfect" for him—young, attractive, smart, hip, etc. I was flattered; I told him that he was not "perfect" for me, but I hoped we could be friends. We spent many hours together—talking, dining, meeting for drinks. I rarely believed a word he said, but I liked him anyway. His half-finished bottle of Myers dark rum still remains on my bar shelf.

D. Friedman
MANHATTAN

I FIRST SAW JERZY KOSINSKI ON THE *Tonight Show* in 1973. I never stopped thinking about him, his great intellect and humor, and his laserlike ability to see through anyone. His death diminishes the entire human race.

Janice Rubin
MANHATTAN

Skin Deep

WHAT IS CLEAR ABOUT PHOEBE HOBAN'S article "The Mod Squad" is that "new painters" have something the galleries demand: ready buyers in the form of wealthy parents and art-world associates [January 11]. Painting has been alive and well in America, yet the New York art world lives as a closed subculture. The resulting paintings are emotionally half a centimeter deep and are at a comfortable temperature of 75 degrees Fahrenheit, befitting a leisure class's tolerance.

Taher Shafie
CROTON-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.

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ART ISN'T CYCLICAL; ART MARKETING IS cyclical. Painting has been copiously produced and exhibited in New York during the nineties. What it hasn't been is reviewed. Hoban's article is positioned in that world of marketing less by its writing than by its visuals: No photos of paintings except as angled backdrops for the good-looking cast of twentysomething painters. Some of these kids may be major talents. The slivers of their work reproduced don't allow for judgment one way or the other.

Fran Hodes
COLD SPRING, N.Y.

Drug-Free?

KUDOS TO MAYOR GIULIANI ON HIS FIGHT against methadone ["The *Real* Methadone Problem," by Michael Massing, January 11]. In the past four and a half years, I've assessed, referred to treatment, and monitored for the court hundreds of heroin-addicted clients at an alternative-to-incarceration agency. The ones who succeed are those who detox at St. Barnabas Medical Center (a.k.a. Rikers Island) or enter long-term, *residential* drug-treatment programs. In my opinion, outpatient methadone programs promote addiction, and many clients develop secondary addictions to benzodiazepines or other substances. They also continue to abuse heroin. When clients finally decide they don't want to depend on methadone any longer, they are strongly discouraged from stopping.

Heather Leifer
DIX HILLS, N.Y.

I HAVE BEEN WORKING IN A METHADONE-maintenance program for more than eight years. In spite of its name, clients have always been encouraged to slowly reduce their maintenance dose after they have stabilized and shown that they can live their lives without heroin. Our mayor would like the public to believe that the process can be done in three months. I encourage a client on methadone to stay clean for a minimum of three months before even attempting to reduce his dose, and then to take it slow. At no point have I or has any of the counselors I have worked with ever dissuaded a client from trying to get off of methadone if he has been drug-free. I support methadone-to-abstinence programs that give the clients more time—without ongoing support, most of this population is bound to relapse.

Jane Kurinsky, C.S.W.
Narco Freedom M.M.T.P.
MANHATTAN

Red-Carpet Treatment

IN 1996, THREE FRIENDS AND I DECIDED TO take advantage of the $19.96 lunch offered by Restaurant Daniel ["Four-Star Farm Boy," by Peter Kaminsky, December 14, 1998]. I knew that Daniel Boulud came from Lyons, and when we arrived, I asked the maître d' where exactly in Lyons Daniel came from. He said Daniel was from a small village that I would probably not know, called Chandieu. I laughed, because Chandieu is two kilometers from the village where I grew up. I asked the maître d' to tell Daniel that in his dining room there was "a customer from Toussieu."

Before we started to eat our set menu, the waiter served us the most heavenly cold fresh-pea soup with "compliments du chef." We were offered a refreshing sorbet to help our digestion. At the end of the meal, the waiter appeared with four different desserts, telling us that Daniel had chosen them especially for us! After lunch, Daniel came to introduce himself and chat with us. It was really very touching to see that "un enfant du pays," who had made good on account of his unique culinary talent and endeavors, had not forgotten his origins.

Anne-Marie Bourbon
FOREST HILLS, N.Y.

Give It Away

LIZ SMITH SAYS THAT PHILANTHROPY would be dead if not for aspiring rich Jewish people ["The Powers That Will Be," December 21–28, 1998]. As a member of the city's remnant Wasp middle class, I would have to say that it takes more than one ethnic or religious group to make a philanthropic village (sorry, Hillary). Mrs. Astor would most likely agree with that.

G. Turner
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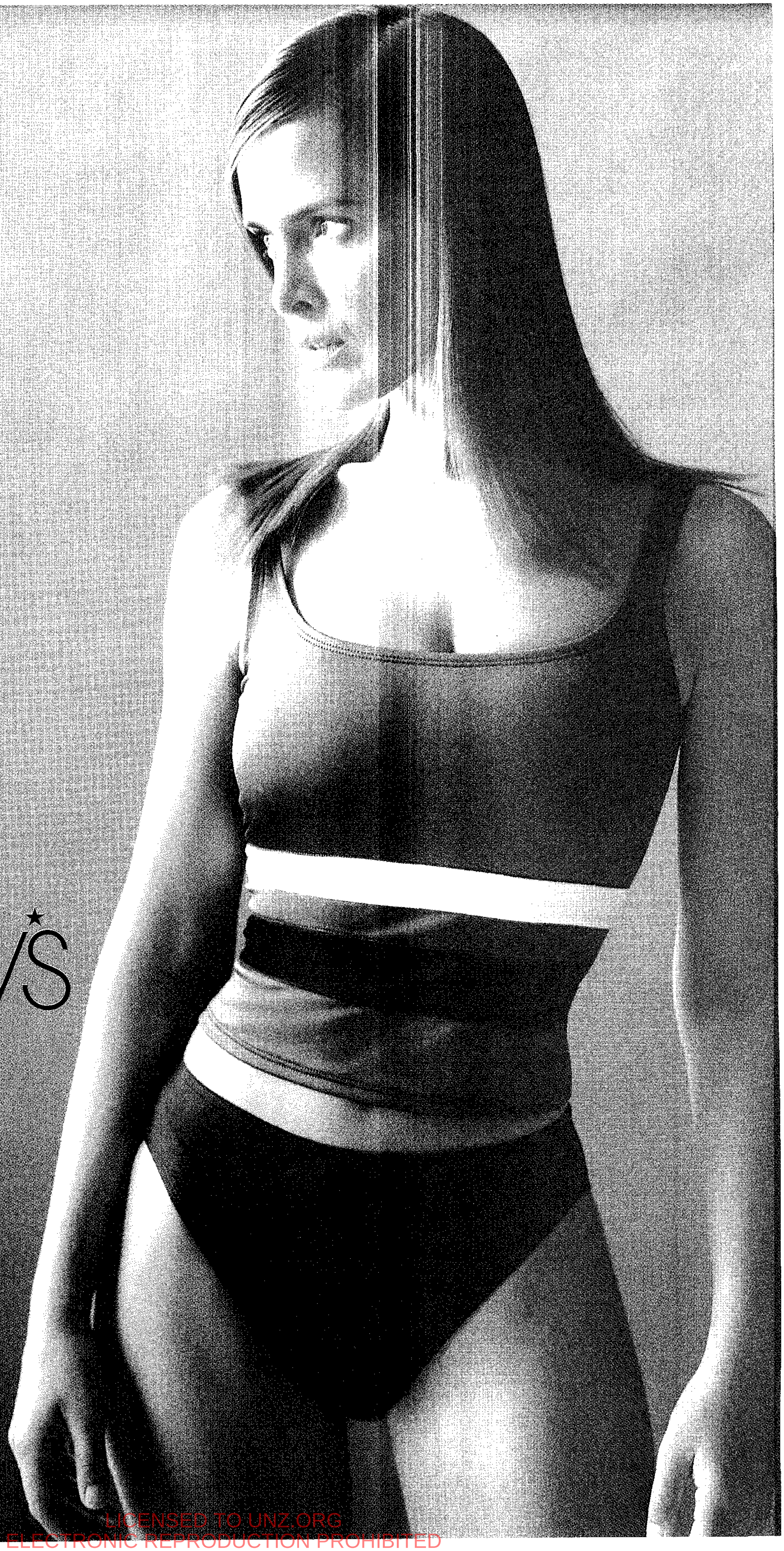

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

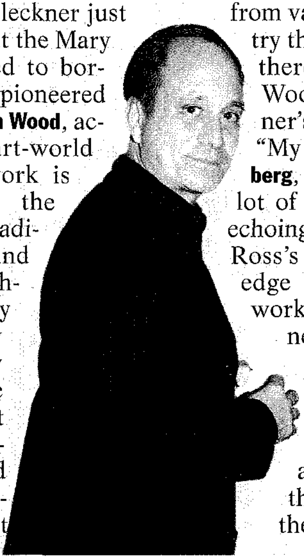
INTELLIGENCER

PLASTIC SURGEON GETS A LIFT

From Le Cirque to Sotheby's, conversation in social circles over the past several weeks has been dominated by the subject of **Daniel Baker**, one of the city's premier plastic surgeons. Talk is that Dr. Baker—who has not only refined and tucked many of New York's most celebrated faces and bodies but, along with his wife, socialite and TV personality **Nina Griscom**, regularly appears beside them in magazine pages—attempted suicide. Speculation about the cause of his desperation ranged from a disturbing Vietnam flashback to marriage trouble. "The rumors are out of control," sighs Dr. Baker, who has returned to his practice after a month's absence. "In December, I went through a depression, which a lot of people go through. I was more down than I'd ever been before, but I'm out of it and I'm fine now. This doesn't have any effect on my work. I'm operating on my normal schedule." While Dr. Baker does not deny a suicide attempt, saying only, "It's very personal," he dismisses the stories of marital problems as absurd. "Nina and I are absolutely together. We are starting to go out and see friends again." Says Griscom, "We've heard a lot of crazy rumors. Dan and I are 1,000 percent living together. We haven't spent a night apart." According to Dr. Baker, he is continuing with psychiatric counseling, "like nine out of ten people in New York." While some patients about to go under the knife are a bit apprehensive, the surgeon's business does not appear to be suffering. "Call my office now for an appointment," he suggests. "You won't be able to get one before the year 2000."

ROSS BLECKNER'S WOOD WORKING SKILLS

*Is **Ross Bleckner** the chicken or the egg?* The which-came-first riddle has new resonance for the artist now that some art experts are raising questions about the influences on his latest work. Bleckner just had a well-reviewed show at the Mary Boone Gallery that seemed to borrow from some techniques pioneered by the younger artist **William Wood**, according to several art-world sources. Wood, whose work is currently on display at the Danese gallery, uses nontraditional tools to apply oil and wax to the canvas—the technique that some think they see in Bleckner's new pieces. Bleckner saw Wood's work at the Gramercy International Art Fair several years ago, according to one source, and soon after that, Wood invited him for a studio visit at which the artists exchanged work. A Wood painting is visible over the mantle in Bleckner's apartment in the coffee-table book *Loft*. "Then I started getting reports from various dealers around the country that there are these paintings out there that look like William Wood's, but they're Ross Bleckner's," says one art-world expert. "My only concern," says **Daniel Weinberg**, Wood's L.A. dealer, "is that a lot of people will say, 'Oh, Wood is echoing Bleckner's work,' when in fact Ross's paintings certainly acknowledge ideas from Wood's earlier work." Counters **Mary Boone**, Bleckner's dealer: "Art isn't made in a vacuum, but Ross's imagery has been fairly consistent over the last twenty years that I've handled his work, and the techniques he uses are the techniques he developed in the early eighties."



THE LATE, LATE NEWS WITH LOU DOBBS

Moneyline's anchor and managing editor, **Lou Dobbs**, is a stickler for enforcing what some sources refer to as CNNfn's policy of suspending tardy correspondents—except when it comes to himself. Dobbs joked on the air about showing up late for the January 8 broadcast, but not all of his colleagues are laughing. One source at the network says that Dobbs "can be a ferocious prick" when it comes to sentencing less-powerful broadcasters, adding that the anchor blamed his tardiness on a production assistant who failed to come get him in time. When his show had to lead with correspondent **Candy Crowley** in Washington, Dobbs cracked wise about it during the broadcast, advising viewers to start taping at 6:30 P.M., "or just as soon as I show up." **David Bohrman**, the exec in charge of *Moneyline*, admits that Dobbs was "later than I would like getting into the studio," but says he was there by the time the opening animations began running at 6:30. Then why start the show with Crowley? Bohrman says that since they'd rushed to get Dobbs wired up, he "wasn't comfortable that everything was connected and working. I was thinking, 'This is going to piss Lou off,' but Candy seemed like a great way to start." As for the suspension policy, Bohrman says he knows nothing about it and a CNNfn spokesperson will say only that "CNNfn has certain disciplinary measures and they vary with the severity of the crime." The network source gripes that "people who have to do ten or twelve broadcasts a day have been suspended," while "Dobbs has to deal with only one broadcast. It's total bullshit." Says another staffer, "It seems to be a selective policy." As for Dobbs's punishment, Bohrman says, "Will he be suspended? No, because he was in the studio on time. Was it annoying? Yes."

Photograph by Sonia Moskowitz/Globe Photos.

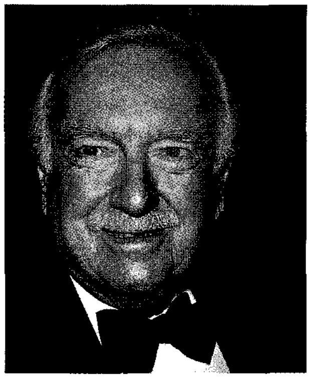
MERYL, MORGAN GO PUBLIC FOR PAPP

Those emotional theater people are putting their sentiment to good cause. **Meryl Streep** and **Morgan Freeman** have signed a call for donations to *Joe Papp in Six Acts,* a documentary about the founder of the Public Theater and Shakespeare in the Park. Co-produced and directed by **Tracie Holder** and **Karen Thorsen**, the 90-minute film will air on PBS and portray "not so much Papp, man of the theater, but Papp the social revolutionary," according to Holder. While the Papp project has received commitments for $690,000 from sources including the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, it lacks another $184,755 needed to begin filming. **Kevin Kline**, whose first professional role was as a spear-holder in a Shakespeare in the Park performance of *Henry VI,* has volunteered to serve as an associate director on the project, and Shakespeare-festival thespians from **James Earl Jones** and **Christopher Walken** to **Meat Loaf** are expected to join in the effort. The recent solicitation asserts that "If Joe were still with us, he'd jump to the phones and raise that amount in a day!" With such starlit support, the cameras will surely start rolling soon. Then there's just one more thing to settle: Who gets top billing?

I'D RATHER BE IN PHILADELPHIA

It's time to recycle W. C. Fields's famous epitaph, now that both New York and Philadelphia are vying to find a home for the new Alexander Calder museum that the late sculptor's foundation wants to open. New York's cultural-affairs commissioner, **Schuyler Chapin**, has been trying to get the museum of mobiles into 2 Columbus Circle. But when the *Times* wrote about that proposal, Philadelphia mayor **Ed Rendell** called **Sandy Rower**, Calder's grandson and the head of the foundation. "He said, 'Listen, Philadelphia is Calder's town. You've got to do it here,' " Rower reports. Not only was Alexander Calder born in the city of brotherly love, but his grandfather created the William Penn statue on top of its City Hall. The mayor showed Rower several sites in Philadelphia that he would make available gratis to lure the museum. In New York, the Calder Foundation had to put a bid on the Columbus Circle site, just like **Donald Trump**, who wants the same space. Rower says the foundation probably has enough art for two museums, although it's clear that city officials try a little harder in the Avis city. "It's nice that Mayor Rendell called me directly," Rower says significantly. "With New York, you can't figure out what they want or what they think."

CRONKITE IS DANDY; LALLY AND...ANDY?



Walter Cronkite: A healthy weight

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS: It's nice to be recognized—well, sort of. Legendary former CBS news anchor **Walter Cronkite**, traveling through an airport with his wife, **Betsy**, was recently approached by a woman who thought he looked familiar. "You know, you look a lot like Walter Cronkite before he died, only a bit heavier," she observed. "I've heard that," said the gravelly voiced newsman, who then turned to his wife and asked, "What did Cronkite die of?" Without missing a beat, Betsy responded, "Thinness."

THE ODDEST COUPLE: Would you believe **Lally Weymouth** and **Andy Stein**? Unlikely as it may sound, the conservative pundit has been friends with the liberal ex-candidate for a long time. But lately the two have been hitting the party circuit together with such frequency that the inevitable rumors of a romance have sprung up. The talk only intensified when both of them went to Jamaica over the holidays. A friend of Lally's points out that a large group went to the island, and her assistant says, "Mr. Stein is a friend of hers. He's not a new romance." Isn't that what they always say?

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman and Elana Zeide.

SCORSESE ISN'T A *SOPRANO*

When you have **Lorraine Bracco** starring as the psychiatrist of a New Jersey Mafia chief, it stands to reason that **Martin Scorsese** will show up for a cameo. Evidently that's what most of the critics who got a sneak peek at HBO's *The Sopranos* figured. **Michele Greppi** in the New York *Post,* **David Bianculli** in the *Daily News,* **Tom Carson** in *The Village Voice,* and other reviewers nationwide singled out Scorsese's walk-on in their generally glowing reviews of the postmodern-mobster-on-Prozac series. The pint-size director walks right into an exclusive nightclub with a leggy brunette on his arm while the junior gangsters who can't get past the velvet rope stand back in awe. "*Kundun*—I liked it!" yells one young thug. Only problem is, the cameo features a Scorsese look-alike instead of the director himself. "We actually did ask him," explains one show insider. But they were told the director was too busy writing his next movie to do it. His brush-off doesn't mean that series creator **David Chase** won't ask again. "That was just a cameo, an affectionate joke," says Chase. "I'd let him play anything. We should be so lucky." Unlucky critic Greppi isn't *too* embarrassed by her mistake. "I thought at first that it was George Whipple; then I thought, *No, it's Scorsese,*" she says. "Now I think it was whoever this actor is playing Martin Scorsese playing George Whipple."

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Evan Agostini/Gamma Liaison
Sonia Moskowitz/Globe Photos; John Barrett/Globe Photos

A RON HOWARD COMEDY

EDtv

UNIVERSAL PICTURES AND IMAGINE ENTERTAINMENT PRESENT A BRIAN GRAZER PRODUCTION "ED TV"

MATTHE[illegible] McCONAU[illegible] [illegible]NNA [illegible]MAN WOODY HARRELSON ELLEN DeGENERES SALLY KIRKLAND [illegible] L[illegible] ROB REINER DENNIS HOPPER EL[illegible] H[illegible]LEY CLINT HOWARD

ORIGINAL SCORE BY RANDY EDELMAN MUSIC SUPERVISOR BONNIE GREENBERG COSTUME DESIGNER RITA RYACK ASSOCIATE PRODUCER ALDRIC LA'AULI PORTER EDITED BY DAN HANLEY MICHAEL HILL

SOUNDTRACK ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS PRODUCTION DESIGNER MICHAEL CORENBLITH DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JOHN SCHWARTZMAN A.S.C. EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TODD HALLOWELL MICHEL ROY RICHARD SADLER

IMAGINE PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13 PRODUCED BY BRIAN GRAZER RON HOWARD SCREENPLAY BY LOWELL GANZ & BABALOO MANDEL A UNIVERSAL PICTURE UNIVERSAL ©1999 UNIVERSAL STUDIOS

DIRECTED BY RON HOWARD

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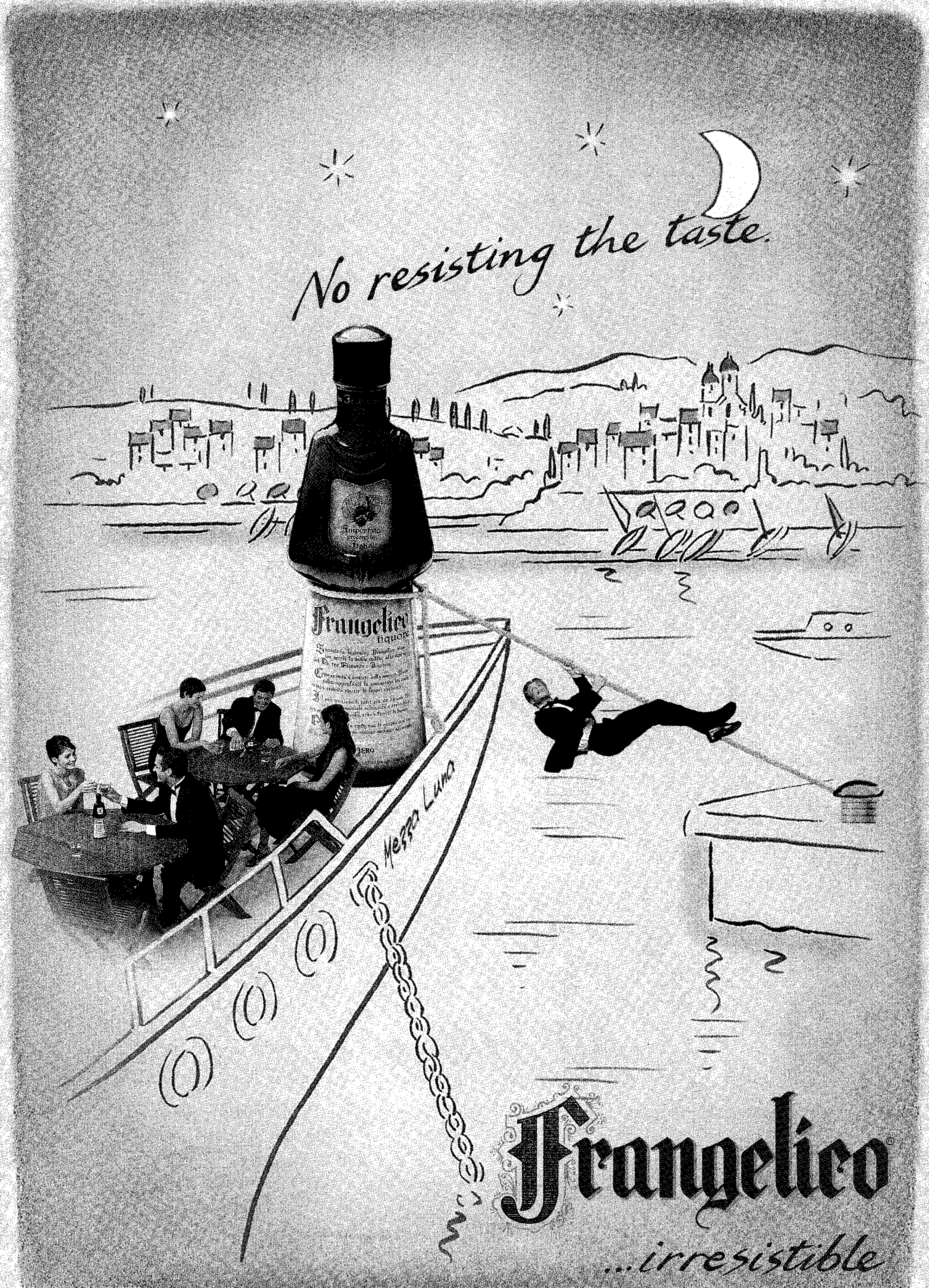
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IMITATED, EVEN WHERE IT IS SAID TO BE FEARED—*THOMAS ADAMS*

GOTHAM

Oy, the Vault

Can New York save the troubled Olympics?

DAN DOCTOROFF HAS been hurt before, and he's got the highball glass to prove it. On the window sill of his thirty-second-floor midtown office sits a glass decorated with a proposed 2008 New York City Olympic Games logo: five colored rings looped around the Empire State Building. The image, meant to excite corporate donors, coyly links the prestige of the games to the iconography of the city. Too bad it was also a grave violation of Olympic decorum. "You're not supposed to reference the rings in logos," says Doctoroff, who's now sizing up new logos for his latest Olympic dream.

Back in 1997, Doctoroff, a part owner of the Islanders and partner of billionaire investor Robert Bass, had raised $5 million in private-sector commitments and hired a six-person staff to study a potential New York Olympic bid. But less than a year after his team got started, the U.S. Olympic Committee pulled the plug, announcing it wouldn't back any American city for 2008. Today, though, the tables have turned, and it's the Olympics that need help: Salt Lake City, slated to host the 2002 winter games, has been tarred by allegations of bribing International Olympic Committee members. With the games' reputation on the line, the prospect of staging them in the newly sanitized cultural capital of the world suddenly has fresh appeal.

And so, with the City Council's blessing, Doctoroff is marshaling New York's bid to host the 2012 Olympiad. One of his colleagues has already spoken with the high-powered consulting firm McKinsey & Company about working on a proposal, which is due next March. New York's competition—Los Angeles, Dallas, Houston, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Tampa, and the combined forces of Baltimore and Washington—are all capable, but perhaps only L.A. can offer the same scale and star quality to justify the IOC's returning to America yet again. New York's worthiness was hardly a sure thing in '97. "It was all braggadocio," says marketing executive Matt Scheckner, who once headed the city's now-defunct sports commission. "New York went for it the same way they go for everything: 'Fuck you—give it to us.' " But Doctoroff insists he's for real—and can come up with a plan that won't cost the city a dime.

In New York, of course, money isn't the only hurdle. Before it was tabled, Doctoroff's study for 2008 cast a wide metropolitan net, incorporating Randalls Island, Nassau Coliseum, and

(continued on page 14)

SUBPLOT

Hey, You Got Politics in My Porn!

POLITICIANS HATE THE WAY porn has infiltrated their world, but what has politics done to porn? We asked the skin-trade Establishment:

- "I'm behind what Larry Flynt's doing, but I'm uncomfortable with him paying people for their information. Are they doing this for the money or for the country?" —*Robin Byrd, cable queen*

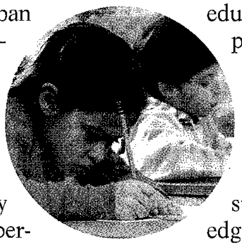
- "I don't think Larry Flynt was the first to combine politics and pornography. Ken Starr was. But Larry Flynt's the only one who has the guts." —*Candida Royalle, Femme Productions*

- "I look at Larry Flynt and I judge him like 'What a man!' I'm sick of Bill Clinton's face. But he's giving me plenty of material." —*Sandy Kane, comic-stripper*

- "Larry in terms of being a pornographer doesn't impress me. But as a torchlight for journalism, he's magnificent. I have a pin I wear that says POLITICIANS GIVE PROSTITUTES A BAD NAME. How's the weather there? I hope you're freezing your ass off."—*Al Goldstein, calling from Florida*

CAMEO

All Ready for Harvard



NEW YORK'S A SCARY PLACE FOR KIDS. ON the street, they face untold urban horrors: unlicensed food vendors, officious squeegee people, and those dag-blasted break dancers on every corner (never mind sewer-dwelling alligators). And this year, even if your kids make it to school in one piece, they still have to confront the terror of experimental standardized tests—and at a younger age than ever before. Briefed in cutting-edge educational theory, some teachers prepared their students the finest way they knew how. They chucked their regular broad-based lesson plan and drilled the kids on only what they'd need to know. Rudy was incensed, and rightly so. Cramming for tests—studying for scores instead of knowledge—is a lesson students aren't supposed to learn until the twelfth grade.

ustration by Scott Menchin. Photograph by Ed Malitsky/Gamma Liaison.

Olympics *continued from page 13*

the Meadowlands; imagine sixteen days of cheesy merchandising, overbooked hotels, and traffic, traffic, traffic. The last time New York tried hosting an athletic event even close to this size, it had to be scaled down by, of all people, Ted Turner. "The international track-and-field organization refused to go to Randalls Island," recalls Robert M. Johnson, the ex-*Newsday* publisher who chaired the Goodwill Games organizing committee. "We were short on venues for swimming and diving too."

Building facilities without public dollars could be Doctoroff's biggest challenge. He denies any mayoral pressure to come up with a West Side Olympic stadium that would double as a new home for the Jets or the Yankees, but a source familiar with the 2008 study says the West Side is one of only three feasible stadium locales. The other two, Flushing Meadows and the Sunnyside rail yards, are less thorny politically, which the USOC would appreciate. But a Queens Olympics? Imagine the stately procession of athletes right under the Kennedy and La Guardia flight paths. "You know the Sinatra line, 'If I can make it there, I'll make it anywhere'?" says New Jersey Nets president Michael Rowe, president of the Goodwill Games bid committee. "Well, the opposite isn't always true."

And so the sucking-up begins. Doctoroff is ready to court the business community all over again, stroke Rudy Giuliani and George Pataki, and win over a shell-shocked USOC. But beneath the bid lingers one more question: Could New York play the gracious host while not upstaging the games themselves? "People will be shocked at how elegantly our preliminary work resolves their preconceived problems," Doctoroff promises. "I think New York would be good for the Olympic movement regardless of what's going on in Salt Lake City."

And with bribery no longer an option, the city could make the addled Olympics an offer they can't refuse.

ROBERT KOLKER

POLICE

The Last Doughnut Joke

A midlife meltdown leads to taking the cop test.

THE ADMISSION TICKET FOR the Police Officer Exam I received in the mail instructed me to show up at a public school I had never heard of. So, early on the Saturday morning of the exam, I went to find it. A patrol car was on duty outside. "This is where the test is, right?"

"Yep," responded the officer, a black guy about my age. "You taking the test?"

"Yep. Thought I'd find the place early. Just, you know, so I know the way."

"Smart man," said the cop, winking and making his thumb and index finger into a friendly gun.

Expect this treatment when you consider a career change at 32. I smiled back and went around the corner to kill time at a coffee shop.

In the past, becoming a cop required patience. Get on a list, wait for a test, get on a list, take a test, get on a list, and wait for a seat at the academy. Don't quit your day job.

But this year is different. The mayor wants more cops now. So the word went out last June—take the next test, offered January 9, and be in the academy by summertime. By last September 25, the first filing deadline, however, the department didn't have a big enough applicant pool to offer the test. So the deadline was postponed twice. The common wisdom is that the economy was too good. There was private-sector work for those black women and Hispanic men with at least two years of college that the department longed for. Even Joe Six-Pack had a job. Throughout the fall I waited and watched as the recruiting posters went up on the subways and wondered if the academy's next class would be composed entirely of aging buffs like me—almost too old to get in under the department's age limit of 33—looking for membership in a tribe, rock-solid benefits, and a union with teeth.

At test time, the front of the fortresslike school is a mob scene. At least 700 strong, we are the gorgeous mosaic, skewing a bit toward black women from community colleges and beanpole Irish kids borrowing mom's SUV for the occasion. Months ago, I asked a cop I grew up with how to study for the test. He told me, "You'll ace it. Don't bother." Turns out he was wrong. It's three hours long, and it's hard. The first section is a memory test. You get ten minutes to stare at a street scene and a crime scene. Then they take the photos away, and the proctors hand out the question books. Eyes open, eyes closed, there's no sure way to tether your mind for those five interminable minutes.

After that, lots of questions test facility with police reports—numbing and rote—others test aptitude regarding the differences between misdemeanors and class A, B, and C felonies. I ace those. Next, a pair of basic math questions and a few softballs aimed at exposing those with prejudicial tendencies. I'm cruising—until the merciless battery of logic and reasoning skills. *You're assigned to drive Captain Ruiz on patrol. You head east out of the station house then make a right, left, three blocks and a right, another right, then a left turn. Which direction is the station house?*

Oh, Christ. Nothing hard about it, really, but I freeze up. Grade-school flashbacks. I lay down a scramble of arrows on the scrap paper, try a graph. Still nothing. I start looking around the room, see the smart girl from the first row of science class beavering away; and Danny, his Yankees cap on backward, drumming his No. 2 pencil and daydreaming about yet another ill-conceived personnel change for the Islanders. *What am I doing here?*

I am taking this test because if you ask any cop why he does his job, chances are, he'll tell you about the pension and benefits before he says anything about locking up criminals. A cop gets to look down a straight road running to a horizon twenty years away. Like his dad or his brother looked down the same road. Whether it's real or imagined, I envy all of it: the security, the continuity, imbued with a genuine sense of purpose.

As I leave, a uniformed cop and his partner are meeting his little sister fresh from the test. He hugs her, tells her she must have done great. She smiles, and he jokes, "Wanna get a doughnut?" Holding the door for them, I laugh, too.

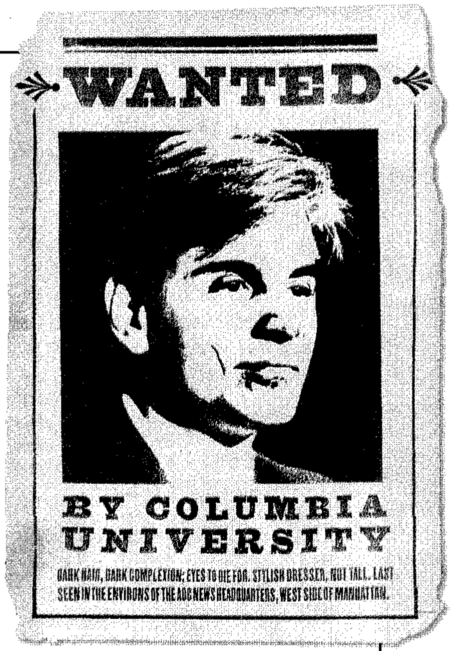
MATEO CONNOLLY

Illustration by Stephen Kroninge

HIGHER LEARNING

Big Man Off Campus

Columbia "professor" George Stephanopoulos takes an 'Incomplete' on his teaching career.


WANTED
BY COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
DARK HAIR, DARK COMPLEXION; EYES TO DIE FOR. STYLISH DRESSER, NOT TALL. LAST SEEN IN THE ENVIRONS OF THE ABC NEWS HEADQUARTERS, WEST SIDE OF MANHATTAN.

WHEN GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS left the White House staff two years ago, he made it clear that he wasn't just going to cash in on his celebrity. Sure, there was the lucrative book deal, but the tawdry lecture circuit—never! Instead, he would teach at Columbia University, his alma mater. "The professors and the classroom discussions at Columbia provided one of the sparks for my career," said the class-of-1982 salutatorian. "Now I have the chance to give something back."

After teaching just two semesters, however, Stephanopoulos has apparently decided that his debt to the university has been repaid. Though his course, "Presidential Campaign Promises and Presidential Action," was advertised again in university bulletins last fall, the recovering spin doctor will not be in the classroom this semester. The memoir for which he was paid $2.85 million, *All Too Human: A Political Education,* is due out from Little, Brown this spring, and faced with a hectic publicity schedule (not to mention the urgent need for his services on ABC News), the former White House advisor has iced his once-promising academic career.

Stephanopoulos himself would not comment, citing an embargo agreement with his publisher, but Sarah Crichton of Little, Brown was willing to give it a spin. "He's a guy who takes his responsibilities tremendously seriously," Crichton says. "Anyone who turns in a book knows there's a lot of work to be done up until the last minute." So in mid-November, Stephanopoulos met with the dean of Columbia's School of International and Public Affairs (SIPA) and got himself released from his teaching burden.

The abrupt cancellation left undergraduates with only three other university seminars in American politics to choose from—and not much time to make alternate plans. "He should have let the department know earlier, since it was only days before registration ended for the spring semester," says Cynthia Arntzen, a junior who had hoped to take the class.

Faculty members weren't thrilled, either. "Last term, when I was out promoting my own book [*The Story of American Freedom*], I was still teaching," said Eric Foner, Columbia's DeWitt Clinton professor of history. "It never occurred to me that I could get the whole term off."

"If one goes chasing after celebrity professors, one discovers they're very costly for the return that you get," adds a longtime Columbia English professor. "Universities want to be seen as au courant, particularly Columbia because it's in New York."

"When you're trying to keep on the cutting edge, sometimes people you expect aren't available," responds Steven Cohen, vice-dean of SIPA. "It's not the only course we've canceled for next semester."

The word on campus is that Stephanopoulos may return this fall, but one university official isn't so sure. "It would surprise me if he did come back," the source says. "After he comes out with the book, he's going to have a gazillion offers."

THOMAS VINCIGUERRA

HOLLYWOOD

Lefties Get Red-Hot as Kazan Comes in From the Cold

HOLLYWOOD MAY HAVE DECIDED TO EMBRACE ELIA KAZAN IN the form of a Lifetime Achievement Oscar in March, but not everyone is filled with the warm and fuzzy feelings that usually accompany such prizes. "Kazan is a fink bastard," says novelist John Sanford, whose screenwriter wife, the late Marguerite Roberts, was blacklisted in the fifties. "The son of a bitch deserves nothing more than a kick in the ass."

In addition to directing *Gentleman's Agreement, Streetcar Named Desire,* and *On the Waterfront,* Kazan is remembered for being one of Senator Joseph McCarthy's most enthusiastic informants. For decades, Hollywood's liberal Establishment wouldn't forgive him—he never acted appropriately repentant, anyway—and diehards repeatedly blocked attempts to give him a Lifetime Achievement Award. Then the Academy made its stunning announcement last week. Many insiders—including *Terminator* producer Gail Ann Hurd, who once helped keep the American Film Institute from fêting Kazan, and producer-director Irwin Winkler, who has long opposed honoring him—have dropped their objections. Even blacklisted actresses Lee Grant and Kim Hunter (Stella in Kazan's *Streetcar*) give Kazan their blessing. "Everybody did what he had to do in that crazy, evil period," says Hunter.

Director Elia Kazan in the forties.

Other veterans of the blacklist era are less diplomatic. "He's a creep," says writer-director Abraham Polonsky. "I admired him, what he stood for," says blacklisted director John Berry, whose salary plummeted from $1,700 a week to "$30 on occasion" during his self-imposed exile in France. "But he betrayed close friends and colleagues, who were robbed of their careers, which resulted in some cases in their deaths by suicide or despair."

It may be that Hollywood's new mood of forgiveness can be tied to a post-Monica reluctance to judge *anyone,* or it may just be the inevitable passing of the Old Guard. Steven Spielberg had reportedly been lobbying for Kazan's rehabilitation, and Nora Ephron is skeptical about the holdouts. "I'm just fascinated by my contemporaries who judge Kazan from the safety of their Mercedeses," she says. "I find it hard to look at his body of work and think he shouldn't get an award."

Ephron's pal Victor Navasky offers a compromise solution. "Give him the award," says the publisher of *The Nation* and author of *Naming Names,* a history of the blacklist era, "but put a plaque on the back of the statue listing the people he informed on."

DAVID WALLIS

lustration by Anton Ioukhnovets. Photographs: top, Steve Liss (Stephanopoulos); bottom, Corbis/Bettmann.

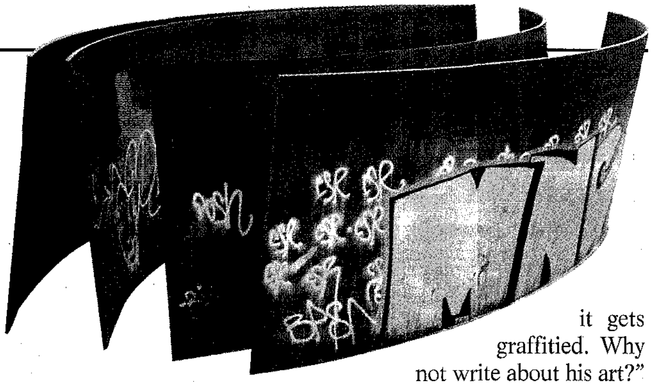
ART WORLD

Rust in Peace: If *Tilted Arc* Had Lived

NOT LONG AFTER THE SAD saga of *Tilted Arc* reached its bitter conclusion—the controversial steel sculpture by Richard Serra was dismantled and carted away from Federal Plaza while Serra and his art-world advocates seethed—the city of Basel, Switzerland, gave the artist an entirely different reception. A private group raised 1 million Swiss francs to buy his *Intersection,* a close cousin to *Tilted Arc,* so that it could permanently sit on the city's Theaterplatz, where it had been part of a temporary exhibit. "For once, the few who have a cultural or political agenda were not speaking for the many," expounded Serra in an interview. "This is the exact opposite of what happened in the case of *Tilted Arc.*"

Serra, however, could not be happy about what has happened since. The statue, with its 42-foot-long curved steel walls, has become a favored canvas for the city's graffiti artists. The current inscriptions range from the cryptic tags BPSN, MNC, and PLATO to the pedestrian FUCK, executed in a Wu-Tang-like hand. "It's all the names of old posses," explains Serdal Kurtuldu, 21, a Theaterplatz regular. "But this stuff is too easy, just bubble letters, not wildstyle. It's not art."

Serra himself refuses to comment now. "He's not going to talk to you about that," says his wife, Clara, who answered the phone at the Serras' New York apartment. "When you put something out like that in a city, it gets graffitied. Why not write about his art?" The statues, she added, are coated with an anti-graffiti treatment, to facilitate cleaning. Nonetheless, it's been years since *Intersection* was buffed. "We hate it, these graffiti paintings, and from time to time we clean them off," explains Andreas Spillmann of Basel's cultural ministry. "The statue is much better without them." MARC SPIEGLER


Richard Serra's *Intersection* in Basel.

THE SCENE

Diaz'd and Confused

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE GOOD THING ABOUT THE NEW YORK FILM Critics Circle Awards is that you enter the gala knowing who won, which averts possible shrieking when they say stuff like "The winner for Best Actress is Cameron Diaz." At the Windows on the World ceremony, no one wanted to check the Weather Channel to see if hell had frozen over.

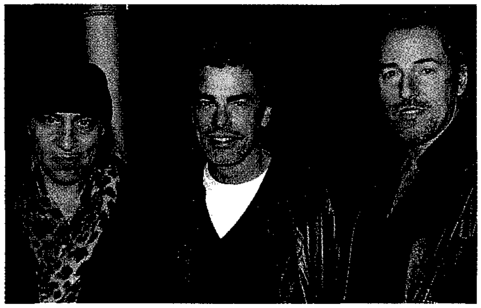
"I think it's kind of a smart choice," Paul Schrader said, reminding me that comedians are generally considered real actors only in France. Serious documentarian Barbara Kopple agreed: "It's a breath of fresh air!" "But she had sperm in her hair," I exclaimed.

The evening's big to-do was supposed to be the celebration of raw, bloody war movies, but—as presenter Martin Scorsese and winner Steven Spielberg busied themselves with mutual admiration—the Diaz upset continued to have more resonance. Rupert Everett told me, "I adore everything about Cameron." Except . . . ? "Except nothing!" he shot back. Best Supporting Actress Lisa Kudrow was also a friend, though I had to ask about her own pudenda-related role in *The Opposite of Sex.* Did she mind saying *vagina* three times? "I had a little trouble, to be honest," she admitted. "It's not a pretty word." There are worse.

At this point, Diaz finally showed; trenchantly, I asked what was in her hair. "Surprise, surprise. We don't know," she said, bizarrely. It looked like Dippity-Do. Later, Critics Circle chairman Godfrey Cheshire compared Diaz to Monroe and Lombard. One person in the crowd laughed. Diaz herself was refreshingly self-mocking. "On my next movie—I'm gonna *act,* okay?" she cracked. "No, don't!" blurted Cheshire. MICHAEL MUSTO

Cameron Diaz and Lisa Kudrow celebrating the 64th New York Film Critics Circle Awards at Windows on the World.

Barbara Walters, Dr. Dan Baker, and Brooke Astor at Randall Jones's party for Joe Armstrong.


Stevie Van Zandt, Peter Gallagher, and Bruce Springsteen at the premiere of HBO's *The Sopranos,* held at John's Pizzeria.

Nick Nolte at the premiere of Paul Schrader's *Affliction.*

Stephan de Kwiatkowski and Alicia Silverstone at *Mademoiselle* magazine's dinner at Mercer Kitchen.

Author John Berendt with Gita and Sonny Mehta at the opening of the restaurant Daniel.

Soupy Sales, Eartha Kitt, and Abe Vigoda, following Kitt's show at Café Carlyle.

Photograph by Mark Spiegl

GOTHAMSTYLE

Bud-to-Be

Stella Artois, the best-selling Belgian brew, arrives in Manhattan this month after having conquered the U.K.: Hops snobs loathe the stuff, but last year, the golden lager became *the* most popular alcoholic drink there, trumping Harp, Bass—even G&Ts. In New York, it's being served at the city's burgeoning crop of Belgian restaurants, including Markt, in the meatpacking district; Lafayette Street's soon-to-open Belgo; and Brit-expat pubs like the Telephone Bar. This Stella's for you. MICHAEL STEELE

Bret Easton Indexed

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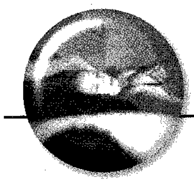
SARAH BERNARD



Fashion Waits for No WWD Reader

"Which male model, inescapable a couple of years ago, has returned after a protracted absence with hair plugs that would put a sportscaster to shame?" Such pressing concerns are introduced by 27-year-old ex-stylist Lee Carter at Hintmag.com, a recently launched Website devoted to the follies and power grabs of the fashion-monde: There's Paulina Porizkova (selling a screenplay); Lauren Bush, George's granddaughter (signed by Elite); front-runners for market-editor jobs at *Glamour;* and top contenders to dress Sophie Rhys-Jones for her wedding—such "English Establishment design houses as Tomasz Starzewski, Robinson Valentine and Amanda Wakeley," writes *Hint*'s gossip columnist, Horacio Silva. "Well, that's Edward taken care of, but what will Sophie wear?"

Coolest Cat

New at Fellissimo, aromatherapy sprays for pets: Happy "lifts your pet's spirits" with the same essential oils that humans find appealing, like lemon verbena and sweet woodruff; Good Sleep soothes cats and dogs with chamomile and heliotrope. Now you just have to persuade Fifi that it's nice to get sprayed . . . CHRISTINA VALHOULI

EDITED BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

All *Talk*?

Countdown to Tina Brown's own Y2K problem: On the eve of the millennium, she's somehow supposed to get 'Talk' off the ground—while everyone roots for her to fail.

Got your back: Tina Brown and Ron "Mr. Big" Galotti trail Mr. *Really* Big (Harvey Weinstein).

WHY DO SO MANY PEOPLE, media-business people, chattering-class people, want Tina Brown to fail? Some doubtless believe she will fail and have, as good handicappers, merely gotten on the side of the inevitable. After all, she is in business with some of the most difficult people in the world to be in business with. (Her backers, the Weinstein brothers at Miramax; their boss, Michael Eisner at Disney; and the co-founder of her new magazine, publisher Ron Galotti, all present issues of ego, scruples, and management styles so outsize that you can only really say, *Oh, my God.*) She's proposing to launch a big, bold, important general-interest magazine on an independent basis, even though it has been generations since such a magazine was successfully launched outside a major magazine company. And then the money: The only thing that has gone up faster than the cost of making movies is the cost of starting magazines (a trend in which no one has raised the ante more than Tina Brown). Starting a general-interest national magazine can cost way more, for instance, than it did to make *Titanic.*

Others want her to fail because, whether rationally or not, they feel she has betrayed them. In this group are the great number of brainy, sensitive, nonphysical men who have fallen in love with Tina Brown. They talk about her the way others talk about Princess Di (there is, certainly, in carriage and profile, a resemblance). So the fact that she could run off with Ron Galotti, the real-life Mr. Big in Candace Bushnell's *Sex and the City,* and Harvey Weinstein, an inversion of everything refined and sensitive, must mean she is not who she seems to be. Indeed, who she wants to be, certainly, is Martha Stewart, with equity in her own brand.

And then there's the synergy thing. The raison d'être of her new magazine, called *Talk* (or at least called *Talk,* says a media lawyer I know, until Si Newhouse tries to enjoin her from trading on *The New Yorker's* claim to "Talk of the Town," a.k.a. a "Talk" piece), is supposed to be synergy, that is, the ability to turn low-margin print products into high-margin movie hits. This notion—this kind of alchemy—threatens many interests on a basic level. It threatens writers who might have to change the way they write—and get rewarded; it threatens agents who might get knocked out of the middle of a deal; and it threatens other movie producers who might not have a magazine.

And then the guilt. Her edge—prurience, cruelty, sycophantry, snobbery, and a fashion sense that she brings to good, analytic journalism—has been replaced in the half-year since she left *The New Yorker* by a creeping earnestness. Not only do ordinary, high-minded journalists, such as her successor, David Remnick, lack the amorality and the calculating eye to do what she did; now they seem to have second thoughts about Tina-style content—even though her gifts as packager, showman, and provocateur made many of these same earnest journalists hot properties.

PEOPLE I KNOW, MEN, ANYWAY, ARE ALWAYS recounting the nuances of their meetings with Tina Brown. I was looking to be similarly transported. Likewise, I was keen to meet Ron Galotti, who is widely regarded to be the vilest of serpents.

In fact, Galotti is a good-looking man in his late forties with bright eyes and an open face. He seemed the opposite of Mr. Big. He seemed like Mr. Small-Boned. He's certainly not an obvious embodiment of evil: He's an ad salesman with requisite pep and cheerfulness.

On first impression, Tina Brown, too, struck me in reverse. Instead of a smart boy's siren, she seemed, behind her desk, tightly wound, severe, nervous, wearing a dowdy banker-girl blue suit (maybe this *is* a smart boy's siren). What's more, she was in temp space—far from a controlled, flattering environment.

In the small offices around her were the few young editors whom she has hired; but *Talk* still has no real business side, no operations people, no circulation people, no marketing staff (save for the consultants).

Photograph by Corey Sipkin/Gamma Liaison.

What I was seeing, of course, was the nakedness of a start-up.

As a point of personal interest—having spent my own time in start-up companies—I inquired about the corporate organization of this new enterprise. To their credit or ultimate detriment, neither Brown nor Galotti had picked up the language of investment bankers. They stumbled around trying to describe their relationship with Miramax/Disney, using words like *partnership* and *joint venture* and *stock* without clear meaning. This did not seem so much to indicate they were babes in the woods (although it seemed that too) as it did seem to suggest the vagaries of any start-up. Equity (when you aren't paying for it) is always more or less illusory or, as the bankers say, contingent.

I went on to the synergy issue, which was becoming a flashpoint in many media deals partly because Brown had made it the calling card of her venture—i.e., *Talk* would be a multimedia enterprise germinating from the seeds of magazine articles. But she didn't want to have synergy hung on her. "No," she said, with patient exasperation. "That's secondary. If it can happen, that's great, but our main focus is on creating a magazine." (I wondered if synergy had been the way to sell Miramax on the deal—or the way for Miramax to sell its parent, Disney, on the deal.)

I asked Brown and Galotti to outline their basic business plan. They both seemed uncertain about what they could or shouldn't say; as likely, so much of the plan was up in the air that, practically speaking, there was no plan. But Galotti insisted they would launch the magazine in the fall of 1999 with a circulation of 500,000. This is a number at which Condé Nast or Time Warner or Hearst might launch a general-interest magazine but which hardly any other company (including Disney, with its disparate collection of publishing properties) could practically or economically manage for a first issue. When I expressed surprise at this ambition, Brown used the example of *Condé Nast Traveler,* which "my husband"—Harry Evans—"and Ron launched at that level." (Even *Traveler* had the benefit of having acquired the subscription list of *Signature,* the Diners Club magazine, which was folding.)

As for the money, they didn't argue with my guess of a $75 million launch plan (after the interview, Brown called to say the budget would more likely be around $50 million to $60 million; but as easily the launch could cost twice any of these numbers). And they denied flatly the reports that they needed more and were out scouting for partners. Now, there have been so many reports of such meetings—with the leading partnership candidate being Hachette—and so many accounts of how Harvey Weinstein reacted (incredulously) when presented with a business plan for *Talk* (and how annoyed Michael Eisner is at Harvey Weinstein), that I assumed this was not so much a denial as it was acceptable business disingenuousness. They did, however, acknowledge that they were in discussion about partnering on a variety of "support issues."

Then I asked Brown to talk about the magazine. The subtitle of *Talk,* she said, was "The American Conversation."

"We want it," she said, "to have the feeling of the voices of the Web."

"The Web?" The Web—with its lack of packaging, organization, and snobberies—and Tina Brown formed quite a disjunction for me.

"Of course we want it to be accurate," she said.

Given the difficulties of getting an e-mail address for her—I should e-mail her assistant, I was told, who would make sure Tina, who did not quite yet get her own e-mail, would be given the message—I assumed comparing *Talk* to the Web was just part of the process of building the pitch (I had heard that Galotti was comparing *Talk* to Time's hugely successful *InStyle* too); it wasn't to be taken literally.

Others want her to fail because **they feel she has betrayed them.** *In this group are the great number of brainy, sensitive, nonphysical men* **who have fallen in love with Tina Brown.**

She proceeded to hit the buttons that are customarily hit when editors describe a vision for a new and trendsetting magazine: It would have a European feel; it would be reminiscent of the German magazine *Stern* or the French *Paris Match*; it would be "ruthless," she added, "about what's interesting." She is, she said, in the tradition of Harold Hayes and Clay Felker. There are particular readers she keeps in mind—specific people she wants to startle and excite (she cited her husband and Martin Amis). It's true, I thought: On top of her literary talents, her innate stylishness, and her eye for social trends, she has that Fleet Street sense, born of class and drinking establishments, of knowing your audience—of understanding how to appeal to a smart set—which in turn amplifies the buzz and gets it airborne (in that sense, there is a similarity to the Web).

Then she said, portentously: "I believe heat is quality."

I was surprised that she would acknowledge this.

"Many people," I said, "would say that the problem with Tina Brown is that she believes heat is quality."

She looked uncomprehending for a second. Then stricken. "No!" she said. "Quality is heat."

She seemed annoyed that I might hold her to her slip, and our talk ended shortly thereafter. The next day, her assistant followed up with an e-mail from Tina trying again to undo her formula.

IF YOU WERE STARTING *TALK* AT TIME Warner, or Condé Nast, or Hearst, it would be, at this point, an inchoate and probably harrowing venture, too. But when you do it from nothing, just as an act of will, even defiance—having on your own to raise capital, build an organization, arrange distribution, placate partners, and create a product—you are truly in the primal muck of a start-up.

In all likelihood, she will fail. There is almost no way she can succeed. Except for her own talents—and you could argue that those talents rank with Spielberg's, or even, hell, Michael Jordan's—she doesn't have an appreciably greater advantage than most start-ups.

Except . . . one of her most interesting talents is that she has always managed to make success a variable notion. She has made success something larger than making money. Her success is that people need to know, to be close, to be part of what she does. A *success d'estime* is where her money is (where Harvey Weinstein's money is, too, come to think of it).

And that, most of all, is why I think media people want to put the hex on Tina and *Talk.* Because the world of magazines is a world of fixed positions. If I succeed, someone else must fail. If my magazine attracts an advertisement, then someone else's magazine must lose it. If my two primary competitors are magazines that I have created (or re-created)—*Vanity Fair* and *The New Yorker*—and I create a newer, hotter magazine, who's the fool?

Heat is quality. In this business. ▬

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com.

CITYSIDE SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN

Esteem Heat

While 'Nappy Hair' was becoming synonymous with misplaced liberal goals, the real tragedy of Bushwick's public schools somehow failed to impress most reporters.

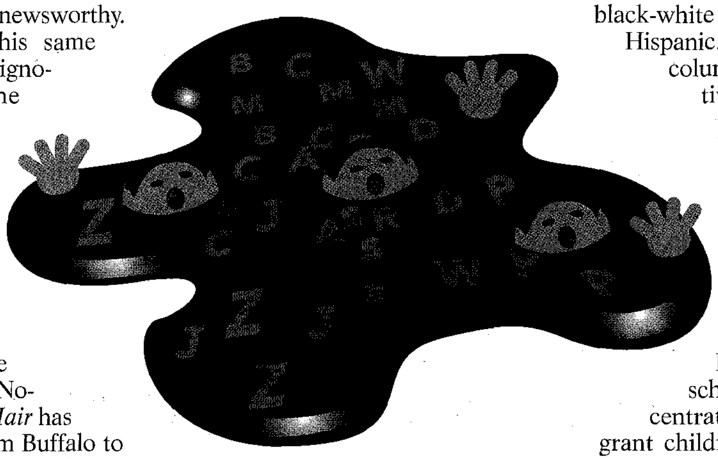
IN RICHARD PRICE'S INSIGHTFUL NOVEL *Freedomland,* a herd of reporters descends on a forlorn and forgotten housing project when word leaks out that a black thug has driven off with a white toddler in a carjacking. In their frenzy to cover a crime with the infallible formula of victim, villain, and race—a tale that, in the end, turns out to be a hoax—these journalists miss the genuine story: Two of the community's grandparents have been murdered by a drug addict, and the score of residents who can identify the killer are too fearful of reprisal to tell the police. The grinding, grating indignities of life at the bottom of the social pyramid, where the enemies are frequently of one's own color, didn't even register as newsworthy.

A real-life version of this same pageant of obsession and ignorance has unfolded in the weeks since a few dozen Brooklyn parents denounced and threatened a young white teacher in Bushwick for having taught her third-graders a book entitled *Nappy Hair,* leading school officials to transfer her to a distant section of Queens. Since the story first broke in late November, the saga of *Nappy Hair* has appeared in newspapers from Buffalo to Phoenix to Chattanooga, in national magazines like *Time* and *U.S. News & World Report,* even on the *Montel* tabloid talk show. And, of course, it has been a staple of the New York press.

Ah, how satisfying are the contours of the story. In one corner is the teacher, 27-year-old Ruth Sherman, who naïvely believed the book would boost her minority students' self-esteem. In the other are the parents who revile her as a "cracker" they are "going to get." While Sherman may not have paid for her idealism with her life, she is this year's Jonathan Levin: the white martyr persecuted by ungrateful blacks.

But for a decade before *Nappy Hair* became the best-known book this side of *A Man in Full,* the public schools of Bushwick have been the scene of an educational disaster that has received a tiny fraction of the attention. The disparity can be demonstrated even statistically. A search of the Nexis database brings up 170 articles containing the terms *Nappy Hair* and *Ruth Sherman* over the past six weeks. In the past *decade,* a mere 30 articles have mentioned the Bushwick Parents Organization, the neighborhood group that has been battling a miserable school district on issues infinitely more substantial than whether *Nappy Hair* does or does not raise black children's self-esteem.

"The press is so out of touch with neighborhoods like this in general that *Nappy Hair* sounds like a juicy story," says Monsignor John Powis of St. Barbara's Catholic Church in Bushwick, who has been actively involved in school issues in minority neighborhoods for 40 years. "It plays into the black-vs.-white thing. Gimme a break. That's not the issue here. The issue is our kids can't read or write."



Of the eighteen elementary and intermediate schools in Community School District 32, which covers Bushwick, five are on the New York State Education Department's list of failing schools. (The roster is known as the SURR list, an acronym for "schools under registration review.") Put another way, a single district that enrolls about one-half percent of the state's 2.9 million public-school pupils operates 5 of the 100 worst schools. P.S. 75, where Sherman taught, has languished on the SURR list since 1996. The students who survive it generally go on to I.S. 291, which has been on the list since 1994. From there, most proceed to Bushwick High School, which just last fall was removed from the list—despite the fact that its four-year graduation rate remains below 40 percent. Thousands of Bushwick students, then, have spent the bulk of their academic careers in chronically failing schools. Theirs is an educational death sentence.

Yet of those 170 articles about the *Nappy Hair* controversy, just one, an editorial in the *Daily News,* mentioned P.S. 75's SURR status. Few if any noted that District 32, that purported cauldron of black-white conflict, is overwhelmingly Hispanic. None of the reporters and columnists who exercised adjectives and indignation in defending Ruth Sherman bothered to discover that in 1998, 70 percent of P.S. 75's students read below grade level—6 percent more than in 1997—much less to investigate why. Even when compared in Board of Education documents with schools that have a similar concentration of impoverished immigrant children, P.S. 75 falters. But, of course, to probe this dismal history would have required original reporting, not just keeping step with the herd.

THE MAN WHO PRESIDES OVER THE wreckage that is public education in Bushwick is Community District 32's superintendent, Felix Vazquez. Chancellor Rudy Crew, vested under a new state law with the power to rid the community school districts of incompetents, last year approved a three-year reappointment for Vazquez, despite letters from 600 parents calling for his removal. "The first year after I took the chance on him and reappointed him," Crewe says, "District 32 citywide reading scores jumped by a greater percentage than any other district's,"

(continued on page 73)

Illustration by Igor Kopelnitsky.

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With Rudy planning a Senate run, New York Democrats are searching for another Bobby Kennedy, someone to ride into town and lead them to the promised land.

Hillary Clinton, your room at the Carlyle is ready.

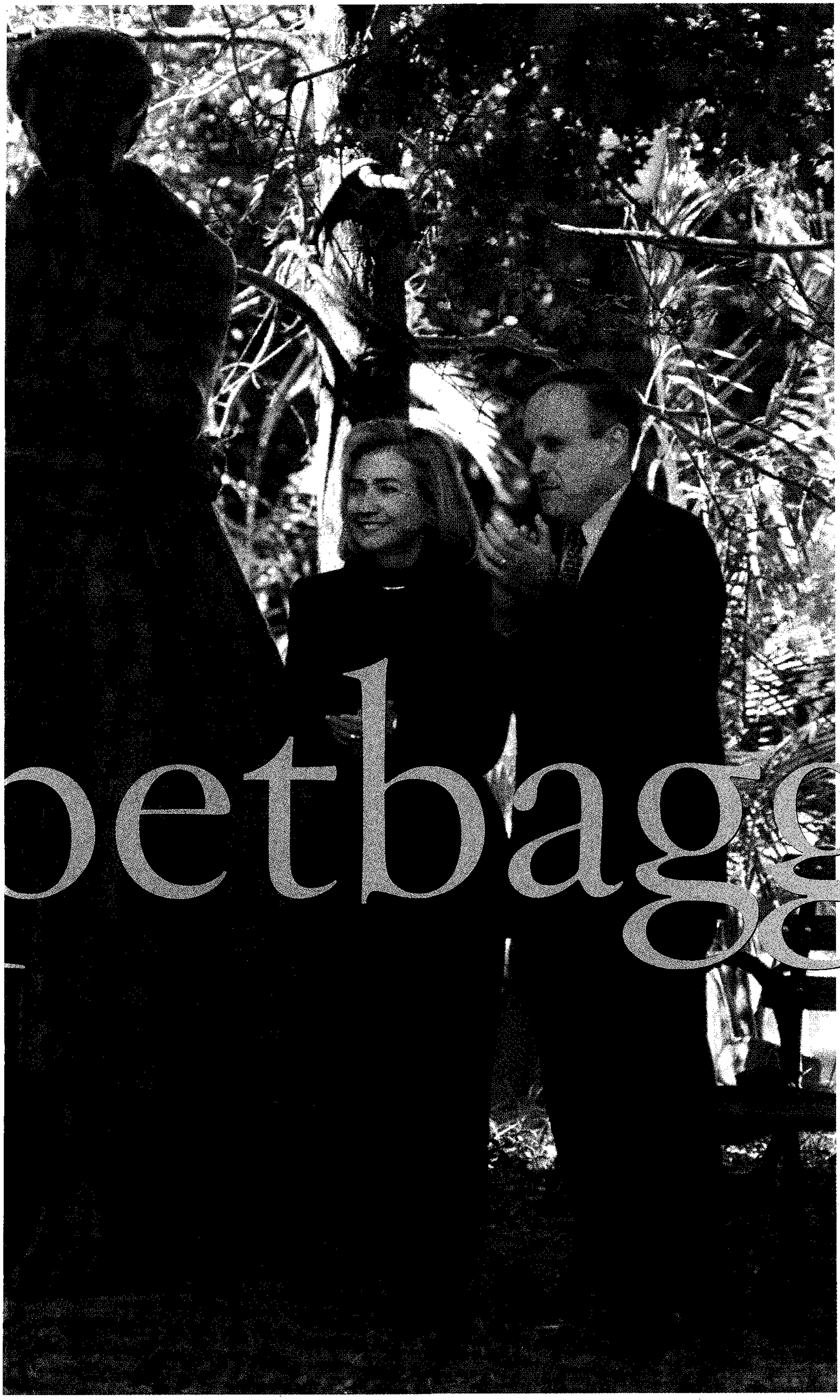
By Michael Tomasky

It Takes a...Ca

Political speculation comes, and political speculation goes. But this one, as far as New York Democrats are concerned, is the Mother of All Scenarios, a dream worthy of their sense of history: Hillary for Senate. • It seems, at first blush, ridiculous. Even she couldn't pull *this* one off. Wouldn't want to, for one thing. Run for Senate from a state she's never lived in? Only to go back to Washington—she *hates* Washington—back to the city of Ken Starr and Trent Lott and Chris Matthews and Sally Quinn, where they see her as an intruder and debaucher of pre-Clinton-era mores that were, um, unimpeachable? She should be dying to get the hell out of there, start making the kind of money she needs to pay those legal bills, hover in the penumbra of national politics for a while, live happily with her breathtaking transformation from ultra-liberal, anti-cookie immoralist to martyred feminist familial rock.

Photograph by Richard Levine.

etbagger



FIRST LADIES FIRST: Clinton with patron saint Eleanor Roosevelt and potential opponent Rudy Giuliani.

But hold on a minute. Surely, she wants a career and, after her husband's term ends, will be free to establish one on her own terms entirely. Surely, she hankers still to be at the center of things. Surely, having done the spade work of public service, having read to thousands of schoolchildren and lit hundreds of Christmas trees and been roped into lending her name to that silly little bestiary about Buddy and Socks, she wants more substance and less fluff. So why not?

"That's something that . . . I don't know how much of a possibility that is," says James Carville. "It's more fun to speculate than anything else."

"Off the record?" says a Senate Democratic staff person. "Not a chance in hell."

"She'd be a terrific candidate. She could win," says George Stephanopoulos. "SHE'S . . . NOT . . . RUNNING!"

One might ask, however, if George, given his own career change, is still in the loop. And others who know her aren't quite so fast to slam the door. "She's not about to make any Shermanesque statement," says Harold Ickes, who says he still talks to her every couple of weeks or so. "I'd be surprised, but, you know, you never know."

"People would see this as a race of redemption," Ickes says.

Nope, you never do. And unlikely as it may seem to some, it has to be said that the trajectory of her life these last tumultuous years has been pretty unlikely, too. Hillary for Senate? Call it improbable, but admit, too, given who she is and what New York is, that it makes a strange kind of sense.

THIS STORY HAS TWO PARTS. ONE PART, OF course, is about Hillary—her pilgrim's progress, as it were, her search for redemption and a future, the unprecedented and unique politico-cultural space she occupies. We'll come back around to that. But the other part, and in many ways the more interesting part, is about New York. Stephanopoulos is blunt on this point: "This is as much about the vanity of New York and New Yorkers as it is about Mrs. Clinton. And by using the word *vanity,* I affirm that I am not a candidate in this race."

The Hill-for-Senate boomlet emanates, in the first instance, from a few very specific political observations: (1) Rudy Giuliani is likely to be the Republican nominee for Pat Moynihan's seat in 2000, and the Democrats will be hard-pressed to find someone who can run credibly against him. (2) It follows that the national party risks losing a Senate seat at a moment in history the Democrats are hoping will propel them back into control of Congress, and the state party loses a major, and prestigious, power base. (3) The state Democratic Party is not, shall we say, rich with talent just now. (4) The state Democratic Party is not rich with money, either, and would not mind finding a candidate who can raise plenty, for both self and party. (5) There's one Democrat whom Democrats seem to love, love, love.

"I've been working on this ever since Senator Moynihan decided he wasn't going to run again," says Harlem congressman Charlie Rangel, who seems to be the one who came up with this idea and who has run it by both Clintons without getting a yes, but also without getting anything like a no. "It's just amazing how she's gained the respect of so many Democrats, here in New York and everywhere. She'd be a very viable candidate."

To whom? "I can't begin," Rangel gushes, "to give you the names of labor leaders and politicians and activists who believe it would be a fantastic thing for our state and our party."

Rangel is right—virtually every Democratic official and activist in New York is reduced to drool at the thought of her running. And money? Please. When New Jersey senator Robert Torricelli floated the idea of a Hillary candidacy in early January, it wasn't simply idle cheerleading: Torricelli is the chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, which means it's his job to scour the nation and find candidates who can make realistic runs for the Senate (i.e., can raise at least $10 million or so). Ten million, for Hillary, would be lowballing it. A Hillary-for-Senate campaign would have to employ half-a-dozen staffers just to open the checks.

It all sounds too good to be true to New York Democrats. Left for dead after the losses of David Dinkins and Mario Cuomo, they started to see daylight last year when Chuck Schumer toppled Al D'Amato. If Hillary ran, they say—especially if she ran against Giuliani—it'd be like the heavens opening up. "I think she would win if she ran," says Elizabeth Holtzman. "There'd be a tremendous amount of enthusiasm for her, tremendous excitement among women, in the African-American community. Her husband is very popular here, and she, if anything, might be more popular."

"Hillary would be an A-plus candidate," says Public Advocate Mark Green, "since she has the creativity, agenda, and resources necessary to compete against any Republican."

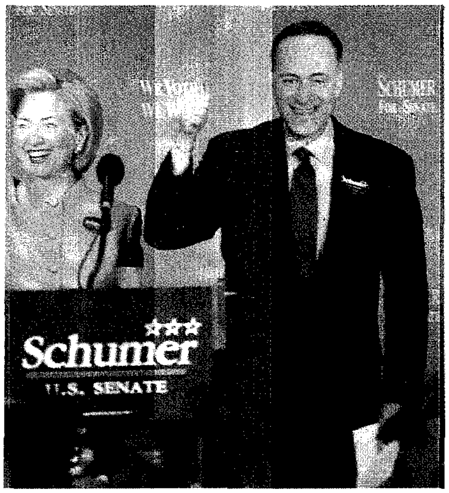
"She would," says one local Democratic consultant, "be a shoo-in. No argument."

"It'd be fun, man," Carville says. "Everybody would love it. You'd have the situation where, if those two ran, the New York Senate race would be more interesting than the presidential race."

Now we're getting to the heart of the matter. New York, of course, expects to be the center of attention in all matters. This is still true in many respects, but it's not true in politics. Yes, we have the country's most famous mayor, some would argue its most successful mayor. And we have a governor who, just because he's governor of New York and not of Montana, gets to mull a presidential run while reporters scribble down his thoughts. But the governor hasn't yet established himself as a Man of Stature, and the mayor, well, the mayor makes it kinda hard sometimes for the banned-from–City Hall citizenry to revel in his success. Schumer has the potential to earn a real place in the history books, but he's just getting started. Beyond that, they're all second-echelon—no great and powerful congressional chairmen, no larger-than-life figures. And the power centers? They've moved to the suburbs out past O'Hare (Henry Hyde's district) and, Godsakes, Mississippi.

New York—Democrats, naturally, but really the whole New York Establishment—yearns for the kind of starring role it hasn't had in years. But for a starring role, you need stars. Big, serious people, with brains and, what, elan. Herbert Lehman. Robert Wagner, the first. Adam Clayton

ON THE TRAIL: Hillary Clinton at P.S. 115 in Washington Heights; with potential colleague Chuck Schumer; with potential rabid supporter David Dinkins.



Powell. Bobby Kennedy. Pat Moynihan. Mario Cuomo, except that he never put his talents to the ultimate test. Sure, it makes more sense, given her personal history, to run from Arkansas or Illinois, but at the end of the day, they're . . . well, Arkansas and Illinois. Chicago's great and all, a world-class city; but who's she going to hobnob with in Chicago, that lady who writes the V. I. Warshawski novels? "I think people in this state like having glamorous representatives," says Diane Ravitch, New Yorker, former assistant secretary of Education, and, like Hillary, Wellesley alumna (though earlier; she matriculated alongside Madeleine Albright). "That's how Bobby Kennedy got in in '64."

Yes, Bobby. Everyone points to Bobby. He wanted to run for president in 1964, but with Lyndon Johnson already in the Oval Office, he decided against it. He wanted to be Lyndon's veep, but Johnson decided a Yankee wouldn't bring the ticket anything and he needed a Midwesterner (and, oh yeah, Lyndon hated his guts). Meanwhile, New York Democrats, riven by fighting between the regulars and the reformers, had lost the governorship to Nelson Rockefeller and, in the city, were reduced to leaning uncomfortably on a mayoral administration, that of Robert Wagner (the second), that was running on empty—indeed, in 1965, Republican John Lindsay would wrest Gracie Mansion away. A star like Kennedy and a beleaguered party seemed a perfect fit, so Bobby "moved" to New York, setting up residency in one of the family's homes, out in Glen Cove, even though he basically lived at the Carlyle until he bought his U.N. Plaza apartment.

It's nice narrative symmetry, but in fact the parallel between Bobby and Hillary is not exact. Bobby did not find the New York waters entirely smooth. The carpetbagging charge was the most obvious and the first to hit; his supporters fetched up the fact that he'd lived in Riverdale for a while as a youngster. He got caught up, also, in the reformers-regulars fight—his posthumous image of progressive honor is a bit misleading, as concerns the Bobby of 1964, who was in the main the candidate of the party bosses. "Bobby had to work," says Ronnie Eldridge, the West Side city councilwoman who was one of his reform supporters. "His brother had been assassinated, of course, there was a Kennedy legend, everybody felt sorry for him, and all that. But he had to fight for it. He was under attack."

The Bobby precedent has cleared Hillary's path, though, by making the residency point, for one, moot. Hillary, if she comes to New York, will face no such attacks, at least not from Democrats. "The president asked me what was the downside," Rangel says. "He was concerned about residence. I told him Bobby Kennedy and Buckley had done that before" (that's James Buckley he means, a GOP senator who filled the Kennedy seat in 1970. Bonus trivia question that will be popping up over the next year: Who held the seat from 1968 to 1970, after Bobby was killed? Upstate Republican Charles Goodell, appointed by Rocky). The *Times* editorial page, no great friend of La Clinton lately, opined that New York primaries should operate on "the general theory of the more the merrier, including those who move to New York to find work"—gee, who else could they have meant? And anyway, it's certainly not a legal issue. Lee Daghlian, spokesman for the state Board of Elections, says there's no real residency requirement to speak of for federal candidates. "She or anybody doesn't have to be a resident until Election Day," Daghlian says, adding that "you could be a resident just by moving into a hotel room." In the Carlyle, say.

So that's settled. And there aren't intraparty feuds anymore, mainly because there aren't enough Democratic activists even to have a feud anymore. And, of course, the state elected Kennedy in the end, bought its little acre of Camelot. There's every sign that New York will offer her a kindred balm. "She'd be an extremely strong candidate," says attorney Victor Kovner. "She's enormously popular. She's a great campaigner. She would evoke enormous excitement among Democrats of all stripes." Even *Post* editorial-page editor John Podhoretz said on New York 1 that, "much to my disgust," New York "would welcome her with open arms."

New York likes what she represents (there is that welfare bill, but there aren't enough Democrats around anymore to quibble about things like that, either); doesn't much care who she or her husband sleeps with; feels palpably sorry for her; would love one more chance to prove itself less hypocritical and more effortlessly sophisticated than the nation's gaseous capital, would get a kick out of being her giant base camp in the culture war that has swirled around her frequently recoiffed head over the past eight years.

SO THERE'S NEW YORK'S RATIONALE. What's hers? Here's Ickes: "A lot of people"—this "lot" would presumably include both Ickes and Hillary—"would see this as a sort of race of redemption. It's a multilayered thing. Go back to when [Bill Clinton] first started running, you had the two-for-one thing—you know, how she said, you elect him, you get me too. Then there was the co-presidency thing. Then came the health-care fiasco, which was I guess mostly laid at her doorstep. Then she went underground a bit. Then she had

Photographs: top, Frances M. Roberts; middle, Jason Szenes/Sygma; bottom, Marty Lederhandler/AP/Wide World.

the legal travails, the commodities-trading thing, and the questions about billing at the Rose Law Firm. Then came the pillorying of Hillary, you might say, and the constant effort to drive the president and Hillary out of office. For her to run and win a very, very prestigious seat would permit her supporters to say there was a lot more here than anybody thought, and you guys were wrong."

Her supporters would indeed say this. She would probably refrain from saying it, but she'd certainly think it. And, though in one sense the possible elevation of Hillary is a complex sociological story that takes in everyone from Tammy Wynette to Ellen DeGeneres, in another sense it's really that simple: Redemption. Without ever having run for office, she's been through everything people who run for office have to go through, and more. It's not as if she didn't ask for it—through the remark Ickes cites, and things like her old crack about having better things to do than baking cookies, she did leap smack into the hurricane's eye. But it's fair to say, too, that the other side got a little rough with her. Okay, more than a little. It's hard to think of things that would delight this political animal more than the knowledge that Trent Lott and Strom Thurmond and Jesse Helms would have to call her "colleague." And, with 19 Republicans (out of 33 senators total) up for re-election in 2000, and 21 (again, out of 33) up in 2002, odds are decent that Democrats can recapture the Senate, and then they'd have to call her "Madame Chairwoman." Redemption doesn't come much bigger.

THE N.Y.C. NUMBERS >

Hillary Clinton: 56 percent
Rudy Giuliani: 27 percent
Undecided: 17 percent

Poll of New York City registered voters by Global Strategy Group, Inc., January 12–15; margin of error, 5.6 percent.

What no one knows at this point is what she thinks about this. Ickes says he talks to her regularly and insists that "she hasn't given it any thought." Rangel spoke to her about it on a trip to the Dominican Republic, after Hurricane Mitch. "She wasn't offended, let me put it that way," he says. "And she didn't say it was impossible."

Rangel said reporters and others in the Dominican Republic, hot on a rumor, started asking her about it, "and she smiled and said, 'Don't tell me Charlie Rangel's got you too!' " She may just find it all amusing. Five percent of her may be waiting to see if anything like a groundswell builds. But this much is axiomatic: When politicians want to kill talk, really kill it, they say no.

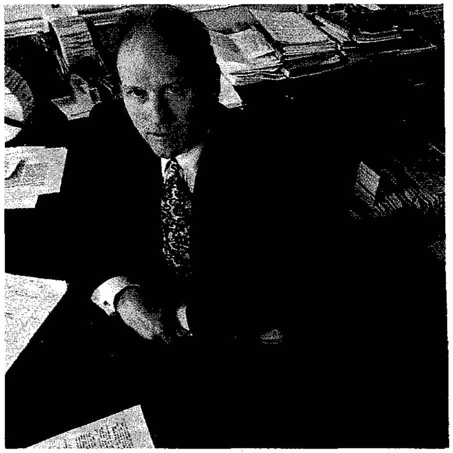
Running for office, it turns out, has been on her mind before. Dick Morris says that in 1990, Bill Clinton was originally leaning toward not running for reelection as governor, and Hillary, says Morris, thought about giving it a go. "She commissioned me to do two polls about it," Morris says. "They showed that while very popular, she hadn't really carved out the independent image for herself that she has now. That conclusion infuriated her. She hated it. In fact they made me go back and do a second poll, with more carefully worded questions and so on. That came up with much the same thing."

Obviously, developing a rationale means weighing these kinds of downsides. Right now, thanks to *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*, she is at the peak of her cultural moment. This kind of luster tends to dull when one becomes a declared candidate. "Once you announce," says Ickes, "your poll ratings drop fifteen or twenty points. And she knows that." And, even if legal residency is not an issue, the question of a First Lady moving out of the White House, of woman moving out on husband, even that husband, is salient. "Can you just imagine the kind of speculation that would cause?" Stephanopoulos asks. "That would become the whole race—'What does this really mean?' and all that sort of thing."

Maybe; Stephanopoulos knows his Washington press corps, and the national reporters and cable shows would surely fulminate over this question. But maybe not; after all, the New York press corps is the one that decided that, on balance, Rudy Giuliani's private life wasn't a thing of consequence or interest. The *Post* might work this angle, but the *Post* has better toys to play with here, like that quote about Palestinian statehood, which it plastered on its wood. Besides, there is precedent of a sort: Guess which First Lady spent lots of time in Greenwich Village during part of her husband's tenure (hint: She's looking over Hillary's and Rudy's shoulders in this very magazine)? Besides that, it must be admitted that Hillary is half of a couple that's turned social conventional wisdom on its head. If Bill can shoot up in the polls after what he did, there's no reason she couldn't hit 140 percent if she moved out on him.

There's another problem, though. "Of course she's enormously popular," says Victor Navasky, publisher and editorial director of *The Nation*. "First of all, there's the iconography of the situation, and then there are her own qualities. But she also has great baggage she comes with." Navasky recalled 1979–80, when the press urged Ted Kennedy to take on Carter, writing that the nomination would be his for the asking, and then, from the day he announced, screamed Chappaquiddick. Navasky asks: "Is she in the line of Robert Kennedy, or is she in the line of Senator Bill Moyers and Senator Ted Sorensen and Senator Walter Cronkite, all of whom were supposed to be elected at some point or another?" Moyers and Cronkite never ran, but Sorensen did, in 1970; David Halberstam wrote a blistering attack on him in *Harper's*, and Sorensen became one of the great flameouts of recent political history.

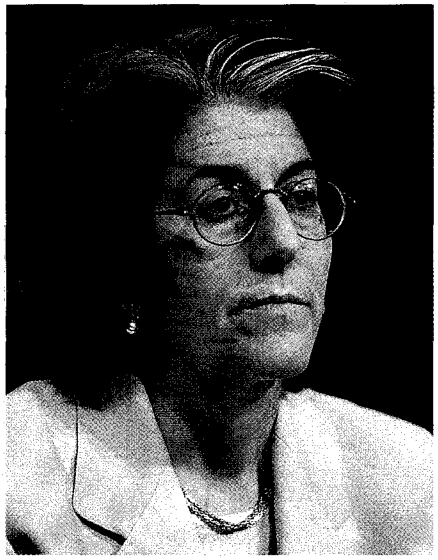
Halberstam says today that he was writing against "what I thought at the time was the worst of the Kennedy bullshit, the sense of entitlement and so forth." He had also been wary of Bobby in '64, but realized later that "I was wrong. He really grew." And now, with respect to Hillary? "The test is not fame," he says. "Rather, it's how good a public person one is. How much has the person been in the wars, how much has the person changed? Has she really been in the pit as a public person? The answer is dramatically yes."



There wouldn't be much questioning her qualifications. There would be some skepticism as to her rationale, but that would be skepticism she could handle, or at least prove wrong over the course of a campaign. But in all likelihood, she'd face one more barrier, and his name is Giuliani.

HILLARY V. RUDY. IT DOESN'T QUITE HAVE THE seamless story line that would present itself if Hillary were to move to Georgia and run gainst Bob Barr, since Giuliani has put lenty of space between himself and the ultural right. But it's still two icons who tand for pretty different things. Daughter f the Sixties against the Man Who Wants o Bring Back the Fifties. McGovernite verus He Who Jumped the Democratic Ship ecause of McGovern. It Takes a Village ersus Seal Off the Village.

"I don't think she would have a prayer gainst Giuliani," Morris says. "Giuliani is ne tough campaigner. If they think that a former prosecutor is not going to dredge up every last detail of Whitewater and her legal transactions, they're really kidding themselves. I think she knows this." Besides, he adds, "I mean, we don't know this for sure one way or the other, but there may still be a sealed indictment against her." Now *that* would be a deal-breaker.



KITCHEN CABINET: Harold Ickes (left) and Susan Thomases (above) are New York allies. Westchester representative Nita Lowey (top) will likely run if Hillary doesn't.

Democrats counter by saying that turnout for Hillary could be so massive, enthusiasm so seismic, that Giuliani or any Republican would simply be buried. "This is basically a Democratic state," Liz Holtzman says. "If people don't dislike the Democrat, as they did Mario Cuomo in 1994, I don't see any good reason why a Republican should win. And you talk about enthusiasm. People will want to come out and vote for her. There'd be tremendous excitement."

One scenario is hard to argue: Imagine black voter turnout for Hillary and against Rudy. Huge. Hillary Clinton, via her husband, sits on a record at which black voters, on paper, should cast a gimlet eye: Pro–death penalty, pro–welfare reform, this sort of thing. But it hasn't hurt her husband's popularity among blacks, and it sure won't hurt hers. "He can't run on crime, because crime's gone down nationally under her and her husband," Al Sharpton says. "If I was Hillary, I'd rob that from him. He couldn't even run on welfare. I don't say these things with pleasure, necessarily, but they're so."

Giuliani, against Hillary or anyone else, would probably run somewhat to the right of where he governs, which he has always done; think, for example, of the importance his campaigns have placed on the Orthodox Jewish vote. He'd definitely raise the carpetbagger issue. And Morris may be right about Whitewater and so forth, although that kind of campaign, against Hillary Clinton and in New York, carries the risk of backlash. Mostly, he'd run on his record. It is, as we know, a formidable one. He'd certainly do better among white voters in the city than your typical Republican, and chances are they're ga-ga over him in the suburbs.

But his record is a mayor's record. The Senate is something else, even putting aside the question—which, if he does run, will assuredly not be put aside—of whether his bearing is a senatorial one. "Senate races are about making a statement politically," says David Doak, a Washington-based Democratic consultant. "They're about philosophy and ideals. Mayoralties and governorships are about many things, about getting things done. I think a lot of people who voted for Giuliani because of squeegee men"—here, let's note that Doak worked on David Dinkins's campaigns—"wouldn't necessarily vote for him for the United States Senate."

To represent philosophy and ideals, Hillary Clinton just has to stand there. Her platform will involve education and health care and the standard run of issues, but really, the less specific she gets, the better. And speaking of Doak, who would be the cogs of a Hillary campaign? Maybe Doak, doing the media, or maybe Bob Squier or maybe Bob Shrum or maybe Mandy Grunwald. Certainly Ickes. In all likelihood Susan Thomases, Hillary's best New York friend. Victor and Sarah Kovner. Rangel, as black liaison and as the guy (every campaign has one) who says the things about the other side that the candidate can't afford to say. Throw in Maria Echaveste, White House deputy chief of staff, who's from the Bronx. She's married to election lawyer Stanley Schlein, who, perhaps with lawyer Henry Berger, would look after the legal paperwork. Where Ickes goes, you may find George Arzt, consultant and former aide to Ed Koch. Whither Arzt, you'll find John LoCicero, another old Koch hand. Bring in Dennis Rivera, for troops and phone banks. Throw in maybe a couple of Chuck Schumer's staff people, a couple from Mark Green's office—hell, throw in everybody. Who'd say no?

SURELY, THEY ALL DREAM OF GETTING THE call. But it's only a dream, and it's likely to remain so. Meanwhile, off to the side sits Nita Lowey, who, under other circumstances, would have been regarded as a perfectly satisfactory, even a quality, candidate.

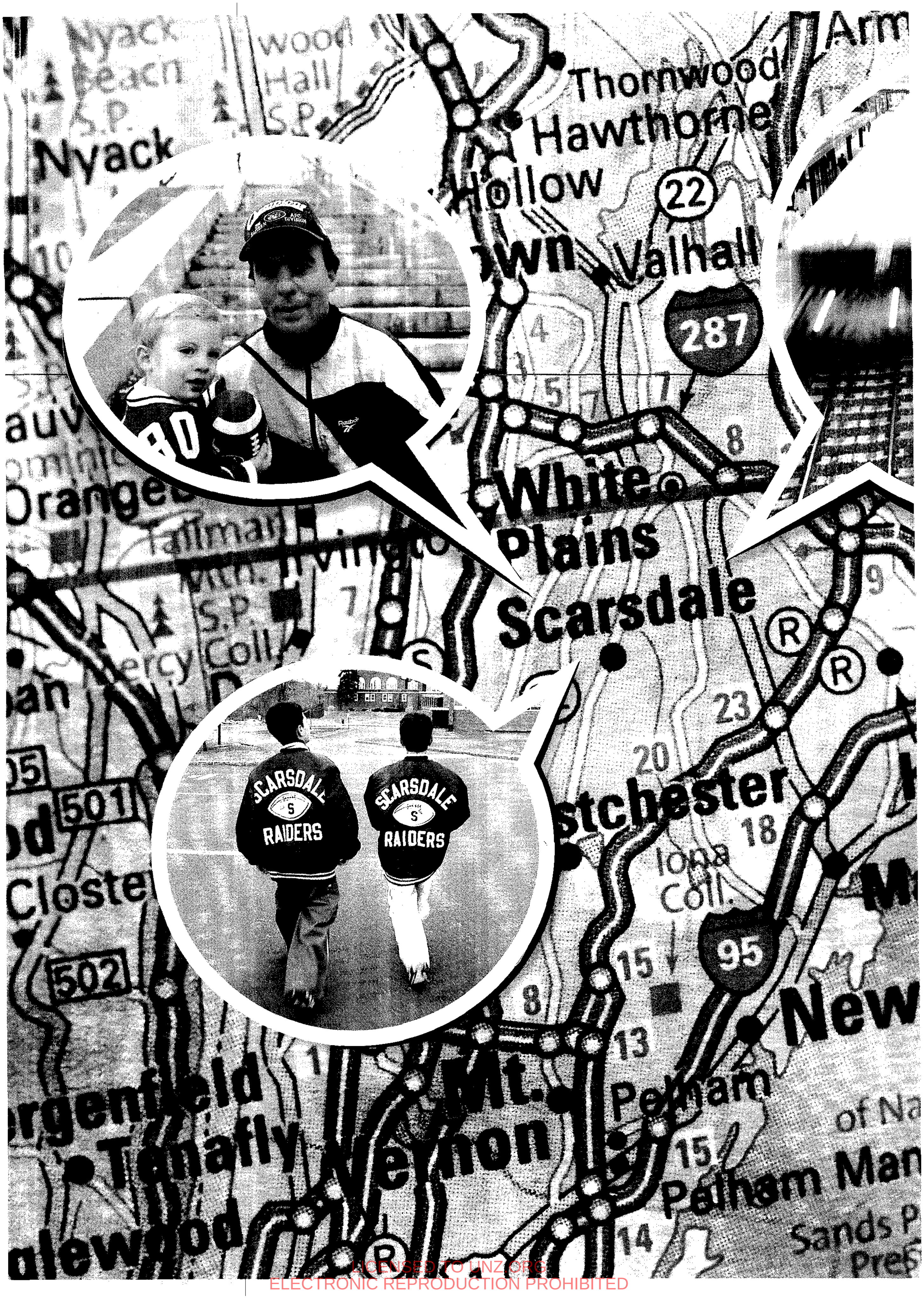
Who is Nita Lowey? She grew up in the Bronx, near Yankee Stadium. She raised her kids in Holliswood, Queens, "around the corner," as fate would have it, from a family by the name of Cuomo. Then she moved up to Westchester, to Harrison. With no electoral experience, she ran for Congress in 1988, against a well-financed GOP incumbent named Joseph DioGuardi, and she beat him. Again in a rematch in 1992. Whatever she's been doing for ten years, she's been doing it well enough by her constituents' lights that when she ran last year, she didn't even have a Republican opponent. It has to be said at the very least that she has a feel for her district, which includes parts of . . . the Bronx, Queens, and Westchester.

"I'm looking very seriously at the Senate race," Lowey says. "I've been encouraged by a lot of people to make the race—my county chairman, certainly, has been supportive, as have other county chairs. I'm talking to friends and supporters and other people and trying to figure out if it's the best way for me to serve." And, she notes, "I've made it very clear that if Hillary Clinton decides to run, the entire state party, including me, will be behind her."

Lowey might even be a strong candidate against Giuliani—woman, suburban, moderate. She's got personality, and the race would be lively.

But even the mere phrase "county chairman" brings the whole enterprise thuddingly back down to earth. County chairmen run races. Hillary would run a crusade. Crusades aren't necessarily more successful, but they sure are more fun. ■

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Joe Marquette/AP/Wide World; Robert Trippett/Sipa; Diana Walker/Gamma Liaison.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Mercy Coll.
Orangeburg
Closter
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Westchester
Iona Coll.
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New Rochelle
Mt. Vernon
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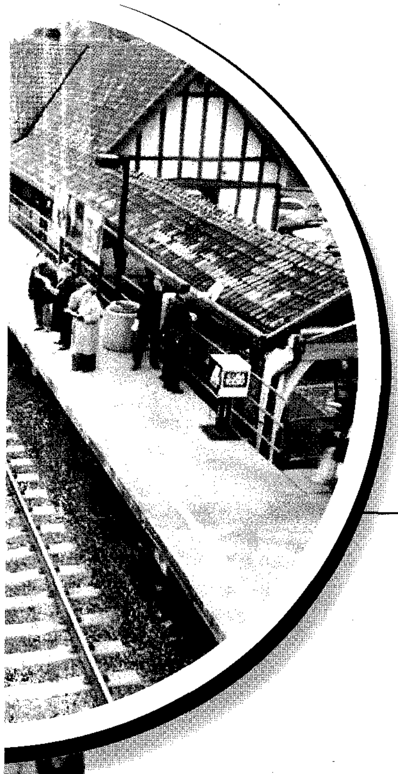


Back to the ’burbs: Clockwise from far left, Scarsdale native son Stephen Nicholas, with his son James; the morning rush hour; two future Scarsdale High students.

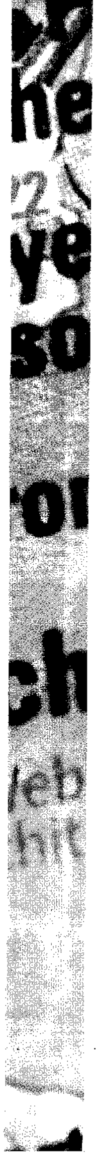
ROUND-TRIP

A generation of Scarsdale sons and daughters, motivated by quality-of-life issues and perhaps by a Nick at Nite–ish nostalgia for the leafy utopia of their youth, have gone home again. What it means to accept, even embrace, the suburbanite within.

By David Handelman

‘What was your yearbook quote, Judd?” Rippy Philipps is saying. “ ‘I’ve got some beer and the highway’s free’?” ■ It’s a Monday night, and on a porch in Scarsdale littered with empty pizza boxes, bowls of popcorn, and cans of Budweiser, Philipps, a barrel-chested 35-year-old, is in the midst of his biweekly low-stakes poker game with five other guys his age—three of whom were his teammates on the Scarsdale High football team, class of 1981. Ignoring Philipps’s inquiry, Judd Marmon puffs at his cigar and deals the next hand onto the green felt table. So Steve Friedlander joins in the guessing game: “ ‘It’s a town full of losers and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEGO/CUT THE FAT



Map from MapQuest.com ©1999

I'm pulling out of here to win'?"

"I think everybody at this table quoted Springsteen," says Paul Bauersfeld.

"Mine was Dan Fogelberg," counters the bearded Friedlander. " 'Lessons learned are like bridges burned—you only need to cross them but once.' "

Actually, that's a principle Friedlander's three classmates seem not to have heeded. In the past few years, Philipps, Marmon, and Bauersfeld have fled Manhattan (or, in Bauersfeld's case, San Carlos, California) and crossed back over the burned bridge of teenagerhood to buy houses in the fabled suburban utopia of their youth. Bauersfeld, a software designer at Nickelodeon, even married his high-school girlfriend, and now lives across the street from Philipps.

The guys reunite frequently. For instance, last summer, down by the Bronx River, they reenacted the night twenty years ago when each had chugged a six-pack and scribbled down where he thought he'd end up.

If their drunken scrawls could be deciphered, it's unlikely that in 1978 any of them would have predicted "Back in Scarsdale"—except Philipps, a senior VP at a major Wall Street firm, who's such a Scarsdale booster that his brother Michael, who also moved back, jokes, "Rippy wears maroon-and-white [the school colors] underwear." Marmon swore up and down he wouldn't be back. But he ended up in the family vitamin business in Queens, and when he'd had enough of city life, he realized that "the traffic in Westchester is so much better than Long Island or New Jersey"—and that he'd be among friends.

Even Friedlander hasn't strayed that far—only to Greenwich, to his stepmother's jewelry-manufacturing business—and tonight's poker game is being hosted by the guy who married Friedlander's prom date, Lorie Stewart (then Piro).

While the boys play cards, Stewart's out with two of her female Scarsdale High friends, attending a Marshall Tucker Band concert at a dinner theater in Elmsford. ("You can't make that up!" Philipps remarks.)

Sometimes it all seems a little *Twilight Zone*. During one of their first poker get-togethers, Philipps recalls, "we were in the backyard drinking beers and smoking cigars, and we all kind of looked at each other at the same time and said, 'Is this really going on, seventeen years after the fact? We don't have to worry about our parents anymore?' "

IF YOU GREW UP IN SCARSDALE IN THE past several decades (as I did, graduating in the class of 1979) and someone asked you where you were from, you'd probably mumble "Westchester" and avoid eye contact. The town's name is saddled with the baggage of surreal wealth (kids who get a BMW or a nose job on their 16th birthday), academic hegemony (a public high school whose college placement rivals that of private schools), and racial imbalance (the 1990 census tallied 2 percent of the 17,000 residents as black—a figure probably inflated by live-in help; the high school has since the sixties participated in a scholarship-like program that imports a few black students a year from the South.)

Yet a generational shift is under way: A growing number of Scarsdale alumni in their thirties are not only acknowledging their roots but replanting themselves in the same soil. (It's not just Scarsdale—anecdotal evidence suggests the same is happening all over the tri-state area; products of Tenafly, Darien, and Great Neck are all going back to their hometowns.) After delaying marriage and children, they've also come around on the suburbia question, retracing the sidewalks to their own success, hoping to ensure the same for their children.

"I spent the first half of my life trying to get out of Scarsdale," says Michael Iver, 38, a derivatives marketer at another Wall Street firm, "and the second half trying to get back in."

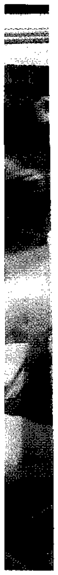
Some admit feeling conflicted—are they throwing in the towel, shunning culture and diversity, making the safe, retrograde choice?—but many seem to have simply concluded that their parents were right.

Rippy Philipps is decidedly one of the latter; four years ago, he purchased a $645,000 split-level ranch house with a pool, and volunteered to coach football—as a childless bachelor. In fact, he held off proposing to his wife, he says, because he first "wanted to make sure she was comfortable with Scarsdale."

Less zealous ex-residents who've circled back to the nest are surprised, and comforted, to learn how many others have done the same. Recently, Kim Schlesinger Meyers ('80) reports, she was shopping with a friend in the Scarsdale branch of Hay Day—a picture-perfect, pricey grocery boutique—and she bumped into four fellow returnees in five minutes. Her friend, who grew up on Long Island, finally asked, "What is it, do you all come back here?"

When Jeff Perry ('78), a principal at a hedge fund, moved back two years ago from York and 72nd, he discovered that "the train platform was a mini high-school reunion every day." Then, planning his twentieth reunion, he found that of his 400 classmates, 25 had moved back. When I called the local real-estate-brokerage firm, Julia B. Fee, for further evidence, the agent who answered the phone, Sheila Stone, volunteered that a colleague had just sold two houses to returnees—"She said she's driving around showing houses to kids she used to carpool"—and that Stone's own two sons had moved back. "Where do *you* live?" she inquired, somewhat accusatorially.

In the course of reporting, I amassed the names of 150 people who'd graduated between the late sixties and the mid-eighties and who'd returned, including numerous intra-Scarsdale marriages and several instances of people who'd bought their parents' house. Returnees are coaching and teaching at the high school, running the train-station coffee shop and the limo service, hawking wine at Zachys, brokering local real estate, installing security systems, editing



A shift is under way among Scarsdale alumni in their thirties. "I spent the first half of my life trying to get out of Scarsdale," says one who works on Wall Street, "and the second half trying to get back in."

the town newspaper, and supervising a firm that specializes in teardowns of local houses to build so-called McMansions.

Time warp? Clockwise from top, the poker game–reunion (from left, Judd Marmon, Rippy Phillipps, and Paul Bauersfeld); Jets physician Nicholas and son at Scarsdale High; John McCann with wife Erika and family at their home—the same one he grew up in.

Staying put may be the norm in rural areas, company towns, and the city, but New York suburbia has not traditionally inspired that kind of brand loyalty. It's too close to Manhattan to develop its own culture; instead it functions as a large playpen that shields commuters' progeny from the larger world (not from drugs, alcohol, or sex, of course, but at least from getting into real trouble for them). The suburb is analogous to a convenience store: Everything you'd want is in one overpriced place, but you wouldn't necessarily want to hang out there.

Still, Scarsdale reigns as the *Über*burb—for better and for worse. Founded in 1701, it didn't begin attracting urbanites until the New York Central railroad line was electrified around 1910. In the decades after World War II, the town came to represent a particular baby-boom ideal: You could work in the city but live like a country squire amid tree-lined streets, stately homes, very little crime, and schools that siphon students directly to the Ivy League. By the sixties, it was renowned as an enclave dominated by educated upper-middle-class commuters.

But it also came to be used as shorthand for nouveau riche insularity, snobbishness, materialism, provincialism, and conservatism, the Jewish counterpart of the Waspy New Canaan depicted in Rick Moody's *The Ice Storm.* In the fifties, *Guys and Dolls'* Sky Masterson sneered about a "Scarsdale Galahad, a breakfast-eating, Brooks Brothers type"; in the nineties, Jonathan Larson (who grew up in White Plains) made it the hometown of Mark the filmmaker and his nagging Jewish mother in *Rent.* Native daughter Gish Jen lightly lampooned it (as "Scarshill") in her novel *Mona in the Promised Land.*

The town is notoriously sheltered. Its biggest political strife concerns leaf-blower noise and property zoning; change is so abhorred that plans for downtown commercial development have remained stymied for decades. "People want to keep things here the same, keep it a bulwark of safety and peace," notes the editor of the Scarsdale *Inquirer,* Linda Leavitt, 52, herself a returnee following a divorce. "You read the police blotter—all these reports of 'suspicious people.' People seem nervous about outsiders and threats to their security."

Meanwhile, Scarsdale keeps getting ritzier. In 1996, *Worth* magazine estimated Scarsdale's average household income at $222,200, the highest in Westchester (and more than double the county's average). Houses that cost the previous generation $100,000 are selling for $1.5 million; the median is now around $650,000. In the small downtown, froufrou boutiques are replacing homey and service establishments, and in the high-school parking lot, shiny sport-utility vehicles far outnumber used rattle-heaps. At the annual sidewalk sale, I overheard two separate conversations about hair color.

Whereas 25 years ago doctors and lawyers could afford the nice homes, in recent years it's mostly people from Wall Street or with inherited wealth (or Japanese and Indian businessmen temporarily stationed in New York). This demographic holds less true for the returnees, who want in no matter how much it might stretch the budget. When software designers Paul and Penny Bauersfeld told their parents they wanted to move back, "if anything, our parents were trying to talk us out of it," says Bauersfeld. "They thought it was going to be too expensive."

For the previous generation, Scarsdale represented the upper rung of a climb that in many cases began on Ellis Island and the Lower East Side. This unwittingly created a conundrum for their kids: Though they were being groomed for even further success, where could they go that was "better"?

John McCann, 36, who sells ads for CNBC, first lived on 108th and Amsterdam, then in Tuckahoe; he looked at Chappaqua, Rye, and elsewhere, but, he says, "in terms of house prices, taxes, and everything offered—all the reasons my parents moved here from Eastchester—there wasn't a place that could compare." He bought a small house in Scarsdale's less expensive Edgewood neighborhood. A few years later he bought out his parents, and now he sleeps in their former bedroom. ("We made some changes in how it looks," he stresses.) He enjoys being recognized by teachers and store owners, though, he admits, "my wife says she doesn't want to hear anymore what store that was twenty years ago." And at his tenth reunion, she asked him, "What's the big deal? You see these people every day."

ONCE THEY LEARN TO LIVE WITH the cost and the déja vù, former residents returning to this rarefied environment—even if their experience was positive—must accept or ignore many of its aspects that may have rankled when they were kids. Israeli-born real-estate developer Sarit Rozycki ('78) says that when she and her husband decided to leave the city, "we thought, *We can't move to Scarsdale—it's against our religion!*" Even after several years there, she still gets queasy when she hears women competing about their kitchens. A classmate of Rozycki's, the Manhattan writer Eric Alterman, remains adamant that he'd never move back, recalling all too vividly seeing a fellow eighth-grader "cry over a B on an algebra exam, worrying that it would hurt his ability to get into Princeton."

There's a large number to whom going back still seems unthinkable—especially if their parents haven't left (despite the free baby-sitting). It would be the ultimate co-opting—becoming your parents. When Bingham Ray ('72), a co-president of October Films, moved back East from L.A. in 1992, he opted for the less expensive, more northern Westchester town of Chappaqua (as have many other ex-Scarsdalians). "You have to forge your own path," Ray explains. Even though it was in a Scarsdale High classroom that he first became enamored of art movies after seeing *Breathless*, and even though he vividly recalls watching Ali MacGraw film scenes for *Goodbye Columbus* in town, "it didn't seem attractive to me to go back," Ray says. "It didn't make any sense, emotionally or intellectually. I'm *not* my parents, and I don't have the same ideas and beliefs." (Ray also had hoped to protect his children from Scarsdale's academic pressure cooker—yet Chappaqua now boasts an even higher average combined SAT score, 1,277 to Scarsdale's 1,233.)

Dan Biederman ('71), the head of several New York City redevelopment districts, also moved to Chappaqua; Biederman says, "It's a nicer prospect to be in a town where you don't constantly encounter people who remember you as a 14-year-old."

Some of those farther removed from the sixties, however, are finding that familiarity comforting. Asked "Why Scarsdale?," they all mention the schools, the public facilities (municipal pool complex, ball fields, and tennis courts), and the short (35-minute) commute. And though most concede Scarsdale's limitations—unrealistic affluence, warped values, peer pressures—all have concluded that its known evils are preferable to unknown ones elsewhere. One returnee says his wife, who grew up in a more rural area, "sometimes feels that Scarsdale people are mean or rich or whatever, and I have to tell her that would be true of any suburb. I'm sure if we were in Roslyn or Upper Saddle River, we'd also have professionals who are intense about their children, and bad drivers with expensive cars." All of them (except Philipps) looked at other communities and found them lacking: One woman lived briefly in Montclair but says she "heard about knives and guns at schools"; another contends that Mamaroneck "had racial issues." Pressed for details, both admit they didn't research it that deeply.

Deciding to move back East with their three kids, Paul and Penny Bauersfeld stayed at Paul's parents' while they shopped for a house. "We were looking for something better," says Penny, "and when we couldn't find that, we felt, why leave?" Scarsdale, she says, "just feels like home." Penny's younger sister Kimberly, who lives in Pennsylvania, is only ten years out of high school but says that she and her friends "all talk about moving back to Westchester."

Picking Scarsdale "was a no-brainer," says Lyndon Tretter ('78), a litigator who works near Grand Central. Since arriving two and a half years ago, Tretter has occasionally brought his daughters by the house where he grew up. "I showed them where Susie Hodas stole my ray gun and threw it down the sewer, and talked about how upset I was," Tretter says. "And for them, that's an amazing story, because it's what they're going through nowadays. The pink cement turtle at Heathcote School is still there, and my daughter says, 'I want to play on Daddy's turtle.' It gives you some warmth, because there's a connection."

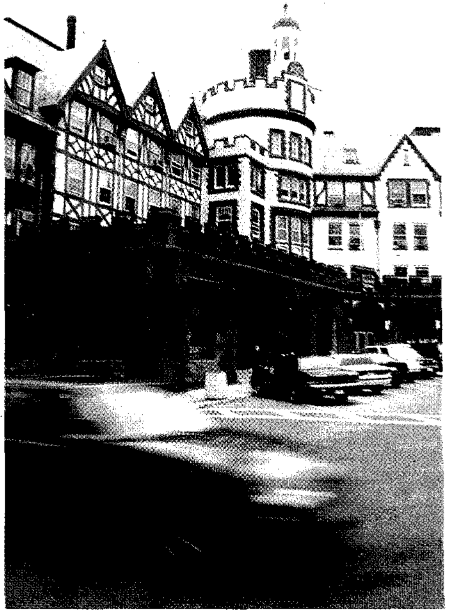
Tretter's classmate Stephen Nicholas is part of a huge contingent of returnees from the high-school football team. Their fondness for the town is logical: Back in the seventies, they were the local heroes, though football has since been eclipsed by soccer. Nicholas went into his father James's business; he's the team physician for the Jets and Islanders.

"I never missed a step moving in," he says, pointing out that despite years away attending Harvard and medical school and living in the city, he never bothered to change his driver's license from his parents' address until he moved back: "I've always considered Scarsdale home." He adds, "I was exposed to good things; there's no reason to run away from them." Nicholas jokes that the real reason he returned is that "the football team was so bad, we had to move back and repopulate the team, bring it back up."

Parenthood made others see the world—and Scarsdale—differently. "When I left for college, there was no way in my mind I was gonna move back here—I was gonna take on the world," says Tom Reno, 36, who works in public relations and married a fellow Scarsdale graduate he met during a summer break from college. Before returning, they lived in Ohio, Manhattan, and Florida. "But when I had children," Reno says, "it started to affect my thought process. On visits home to my parents, you start to make comparisons. I was a suburbanite, and have suburban attitudes about raising kids. Like after coming home, the kid can go back to school and play with his friends. It captures a bit of the fifties lifestyle. Scarsdale's not Mayberry, but it's still a small town; you get to know your neighbors." Some nights, Reno walks by his old house and hallucinates: "I'm almost like a kid again, like my mom'll be there, she'll have some food, I'll go watch television—that whole *Leave It to Beaver* thing."

Mayberry, Beaver—these are the touchstones of the Nick at Nite generation. Instead of rebelling against their parents, they're feeling a *Wonder Years* nostalgia for their carefree youth, trying to re-create a safe haven in less-safe times.

And though times are prosperous, their families' upward mobility may have peaked with their parents. "Having grown up in Scarsdale, a lot of these people can never top what their parents did," says Audrey Pierot ('80), who moved back with twin daughters after a divorce, with the help of money inherited after her father died. "The ones who succeeded came



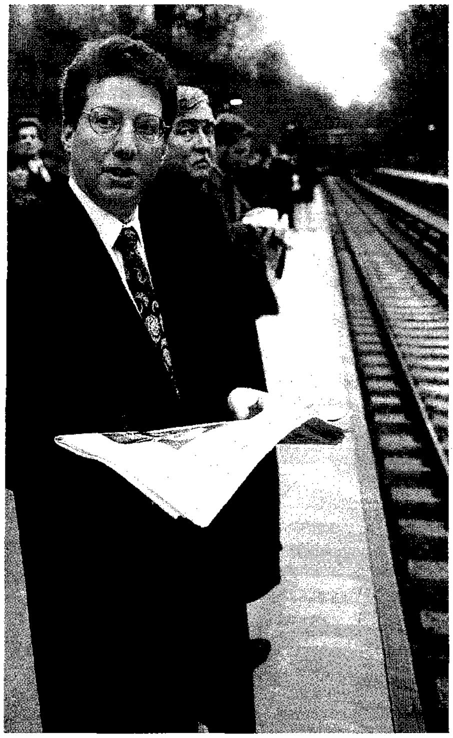
Safe at home: Counterclockwise from top, downtown Scarsdale; returnees Tom and Wendy Reno and kids at the high school; Lyndon Tretter on his morning commute.

back and are more appreciative of what they had growing up. We thought everyone lived the way we did. I got a Mercedes when I graduated from high school; it's hard for me to top that."

Even though Lyndon Tretter became a lawyer like his father, he says he has found that "you have to work that much harder to keep in place—not even in place, because I don't have as nice a house as my parents did. I am very jealous of the people who bought my parents' house. I could never afford to buy the house I grew up in, and that kills me."

THE LINGERING QUESTION IS WHETHER the Scarsdale they've bought back into is still the place they remember—and whether it's possible, with all the changes in society of the last several decades, to experience it the same way.

"You have to work that much harder to keep in place," says one attorney who returned to Scarsdale. "I don't have as nice a house as my parents did. I could never afford to buy the house I grew up in, and that kills me."



Physically, it hasn't changed that much, though the houses are getting bigger and closer together, and the schools are that much older. Academically, the quality remains high, even though most of the teachers who taught these returnees will have retired by the time the returnees' kids reach the same grades. Demographically, the biggest change is the influx of international businessmen and diplomats.

But the lifestyles are definitely in flux. The divorce rate seems lower than during their parents' swinging seventies—though it might just be too soon to tell. Most of the men say they work longer hours than their fathers did; many more women are working, at least part-time, to pay the bills. This has led to a shortage of volunteers for village organizations, sports, and after-school activities, which are the backbone of the community.

"If you're an at-home mom, there's a lot more pressure to do volunteering," says one returnee, Andrea McDonald ('80), who works as a Realtor. "I'm into the PTA up to my eyeballs." And her den of Cub Scouts recently disbanded because the fourth-graders were already burdened with so many other responsibilities—sports, religious school, after-school programs (not unlike their peers in the city).

"It's sort of a split population," says Penny Bauersfeld. "There are a lot of dual careers, nannies, juggling and shuffling; it seems a lot more tense and stressful. Then there are still that group of women who play tennis, have their nails done, hang out at Hay Day and the Coffee Tree." She adds that it's difficult "if you teach your kids money isn't everything, but they see everybody going to Bermuda every year. There are people who judge other people by their level of affluence—do you belong to a country club, have live-in help? But not a lot of the people who grew up here are like that."

Penny and Paul represent one big change from their parents' generation: They're a mixed marriage (Penny, née Feinberg, is Jewish; Paul is Catholic). The aspect of Scarsdale they hadn't anticipated, despite having grown up there, is how much of the community still defines itself by houses of worship.

"Temple and spirituality are very much on the increase—there's a deep longing to connect, even by interfaith couples," says Rabbi Richard Jacobs of the Westchester Reform Temple, who estimates that 10 percent of the younger families are interfaith. "But usually by the time they come to temple, they've worked it out—the ones who have the problems with it are their parents' generation."

"If anything blindsided us," Paul Bauersfeld says, "it was coming from the West Coast, where people are more open-minded. Our kids are Jewish, and we'll probably join a temple, but we don't know if we want a *serious* temple environment. There's definitely a clear division [between Jews and non-Jews]. We thought it had to have gotten better, but it hadn't. It made it harder for us to socialize and fit in." Yet ultimately, he says, "I feel very motivated being here. It's always been a very inspiring place for me, and I owe a lot to it."

For Mary Evans ('77), returning was "therapeutic. It's not our childhood, and never will be. I'm not reliving my youth. I'm middle-aged, okay? I'm changing diapers, doing shopping. Not pool-hopping and keg parties. If anyone's trying to relive it, that's pathetic."

Most say that experiencing the town through their children's eyes makes it new. That doesn't stop the occasional flashback: Penny Bauersfeld's troop of Brownies marches up the same street she did. Sarit Rozycki says, "At times I catch myself laughing. Someone was mentioning a house: I thought, 'That's where I had my first make-out party, listening to Elton John.' " She adds, "In a lot of ways, I feel we never grew up. I feel like I'm still in high school, but with a lot more responsibility."

For some, it was returning that made them finally come to terms with the realities of adulthood. Bruce Blum ('78), president of Doral Hotels & Resorts, says the fact that he comes home to Scarsdale reminds him every day to aspire to be different from his father, who Blum feels wasn't involved enough in his children's activities. "I want to be my children's hero," Blum says. As a kid, he says, "I was always embarrassed about living there; there was this stigma. Whereas today, I'm proud to live in Scarsdale. So we all grow up, I guess."

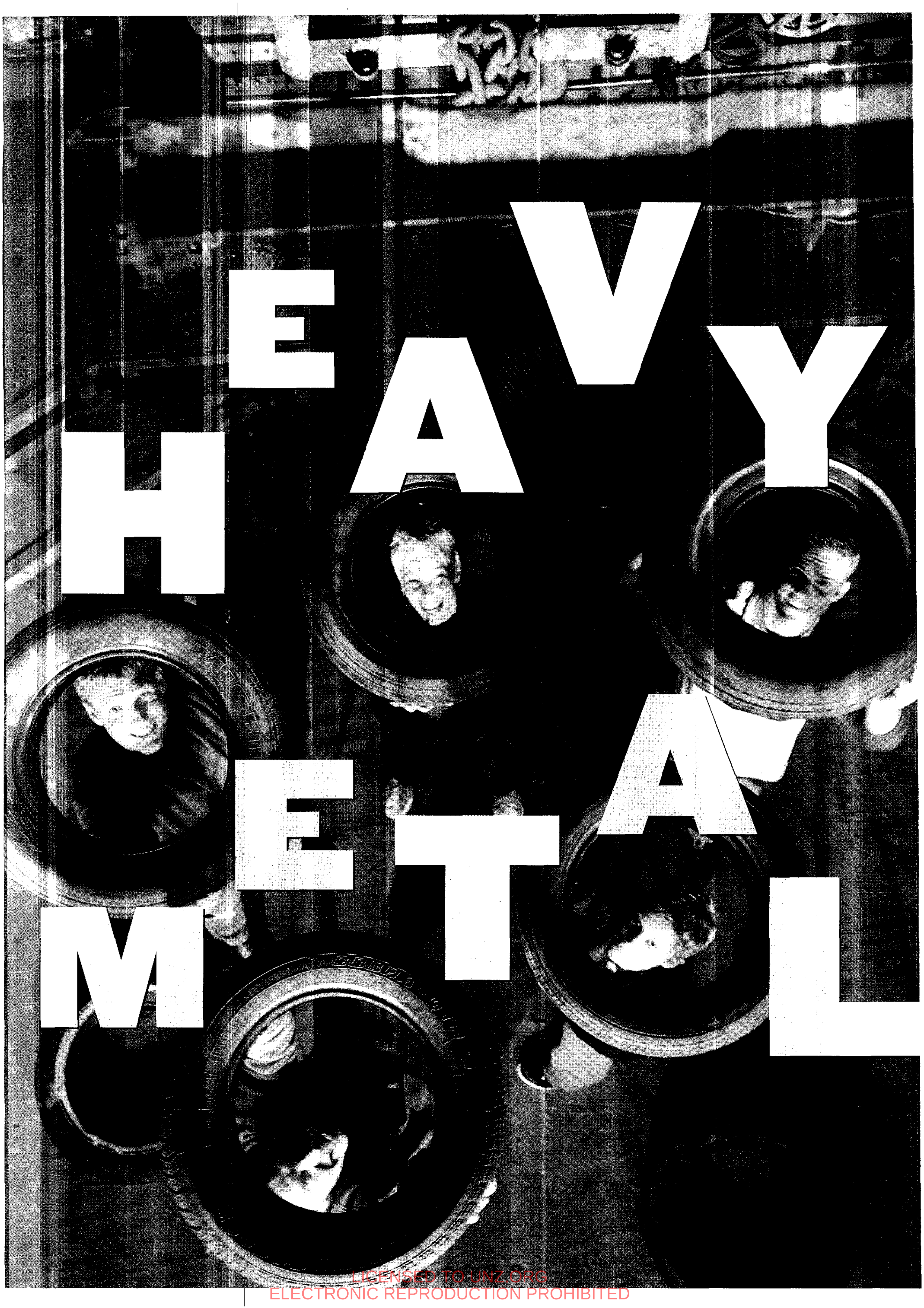
RIPPY PHILIPPS'S POKER GAME IS winding down. It used to go till 11 o'clock, but with jobs and kids, everybody calls it quits by 10:30.

Lorie Stewart gets back from the Marshall Tucker concert, reporting it was less than thrilling. "The sound was terrible," she says. "And they were *old*."

As Philipps heads outside, I ask him if there's any downside to living in his hometown. He thinks for a while and finally says, "I guess occasionally seeing my parents in a Chinese restaurant when I don't want to."

He heads for his silver BMW and calls over to his neighbor Bauersfeld, who's getting into his Ford Explorer. "Hey, Paul!" Philipps says. "I'll beat you home!" But he's joking: As they head off into the night, they're obeying the speed limit. ■

HEAVY METAL



These dancing steelworkers from Down Under let loose after giving their all onstage—and it isn't Disneyland they head for. By Logan Hill

IMAGINE XENA AND HERCULES STRAPPING ON TAPS after a few tankards of mead. Or Men at Work—dancing with women like Rosie the Riveter. Thirteen dancers in ripped sweats and cut-off jeans are pounding dents into the floor of a mid-town rehearsal studio, hurling tires and swinging heavy chains. Shod in Blundstone work boots, they look more like rugby players celebrating a victory than hoofers as they sweat and stomp through the end of an eight-hour rehearsal under the watchful eye of steelworker turned choreographer Dein Perry. This Rivet-Dance is Australian for tap. The *Steel City* dancers, says set designer Brian Thomson, "try to do all the things that tap dancing represents, in a way that's more like what would happen at a pub."

Though a full band will blast the wall-shaking score by former Crowded House and Split Enz member Tim Finn when *Steel City* kicks off a 35-city American tour at Radio City Music Hall, January 26 to 30, only a drummer plays at the rehearsal. As Perry, whose *Tap Dogs* is still touring around the world, barks his orders, the tip of his cigarette jerks to the longhaired bloke's backbeat. Two months before their New York debut, the Aussie dancers, aged 17 through 25, are sweating their all for Perry. Wooden palettes tended to splinter dangerously mid-routine, so now they limit themselves to safe props—jackhammers, forklifts, wrenches, cars, and trucks—as they turn some eight tons of Newcastle steel into a massive drum kit.

Perry finally calls it a day. Damp from exertion, the kids clear out and return to their rooms but don't, as you might expect, pass out. Nor do they rest their bodies before another hard round of rehearsals. These dancers—many from Sydney or Newcastle and thrilled to roam Manhattan for the first time—light up a smoke and duck into their hotel for quick showers and a change of clothes before fleeing middle-aged midtown and heading due south in search of odd Irish pubs and loud bars.

I meet four muscular, mostly black-leather-clad tappers—Mel, Nigel, Aaron, and Rebecca—in the Holiday Inn lobby. Rebecca and Nigel grab a cab; I tumble into another with lanky Aaron and bleached-blonde tough girl Mel. As we speed toward the East Village, they assault me with questions: *Where d'ya buy shoes in SoHo? What's rent like? Where d'ya go clubbing? Ya like tequila? Where are we?* The two rubberneck so violently at the sight of the Flatiron Building, they bash heads, Larry-and-Moe-style, while describing the view from the Empire State Building, the hot dogs in Times Square, hats plucked off the heads of flirtatious Central Park policemen, guards who booted them out of Carnegie Hall, and the "awesome" *Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk.*

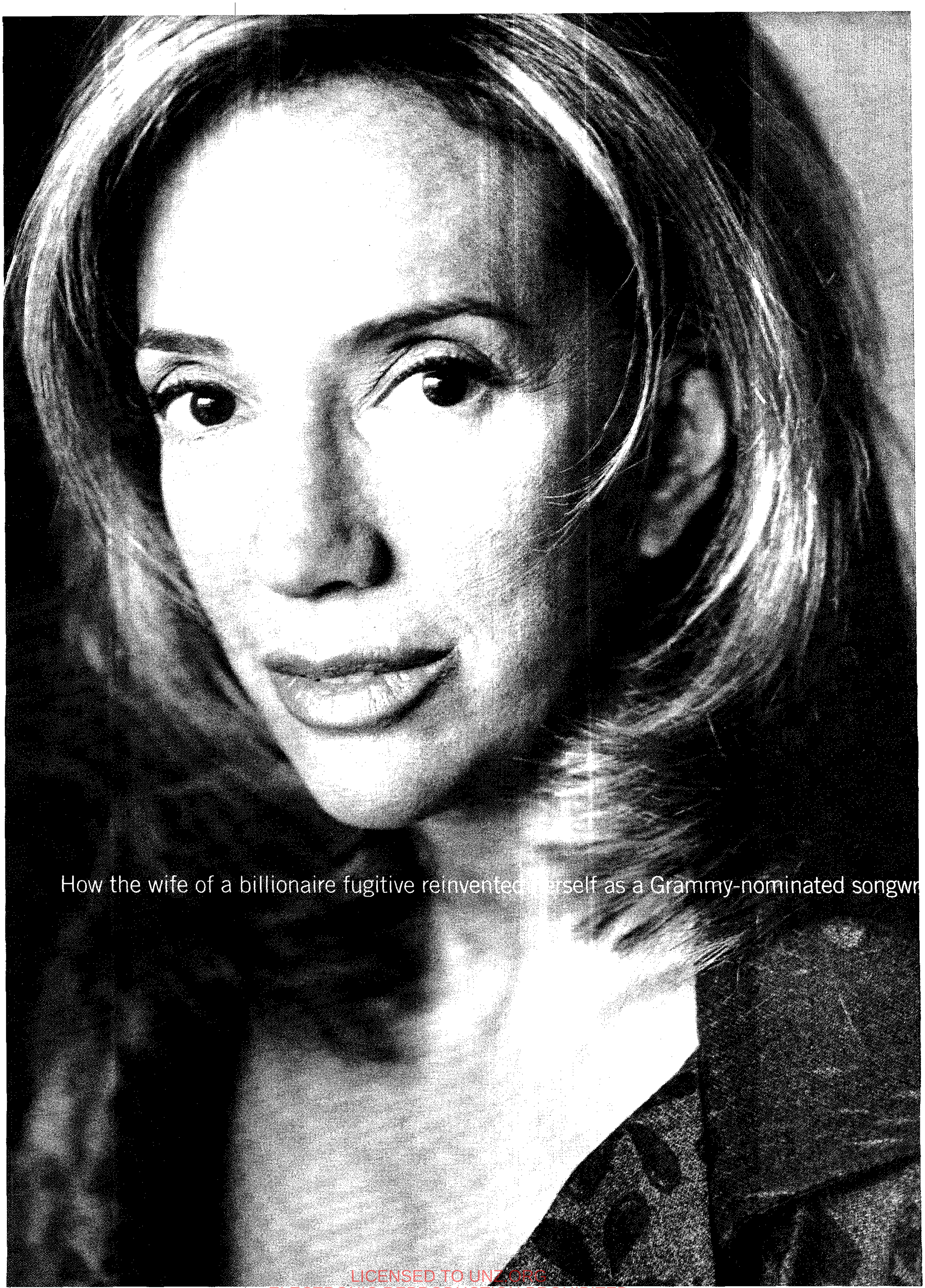
We join up with Nigel and Rebecca on 4th Street and attack a heaping pasta dinner and several bottles of wine as the women describe the professional-forklifting crash course they were required to complete before they were allowed to spin their machines about the stage. Rebecca, the only woman in a class with twelve career forklifters, didn't crash, and aced the course. "She's good, mate," brags Aaron. "A friend of mine works in a warehouse—says she's better than the blokes he works with." Nigel, a buff dancer with a chiseled jaw who's more interested in drinking and scoping out the scene than in telling war stories, is ready to move on, so we tromp over to B Bar, where we're forced to chase rapid-fire double shots of tequila with Heineken because they don't stock the exotic American export my Australian companions desire—Budweiser. The dancers do scope out our indigenous Marlboro reds—they puff smoke from them like the Newcastle steel factories that inspired their production. Winking, with a lime peel clenched between her teeth and a cigarette pinned between her fingers, Mel jokes, "We're not just taking a bite out of the Big Apple; we're gently sucking it," which becomes a kind of bizarre mantra repeated throughout the night. Suddenly it dawns on me: It may be late autumn in Manhattan, but it's just warming up in Sydney. I'm trapped in the spring break from Oz.

"They party harder than any rock band I've ever toured with," Finn told me. After more tequila, bawdy stories, and smooching in the back of a cab on the way to 5 A.M. jazz at Zinc Bar, they finally call it a night. Aaron and Nigel averaged about three hours of sleep on their American tour; Rebecca survived with about four; while Mel dozed for only a combined nine hours in four days. All this before waking early for yet another rehearsal—stopping traffic along 51st Street by stomping on top of a yellow cab. Even with tap-enhanced work boots slamming, drums pounding, and kids crying among blaring taxis, the tappers seem hardly to feel the headache that I, squinting and cringing, nurse with Gatorade and slow, deliberate movements.

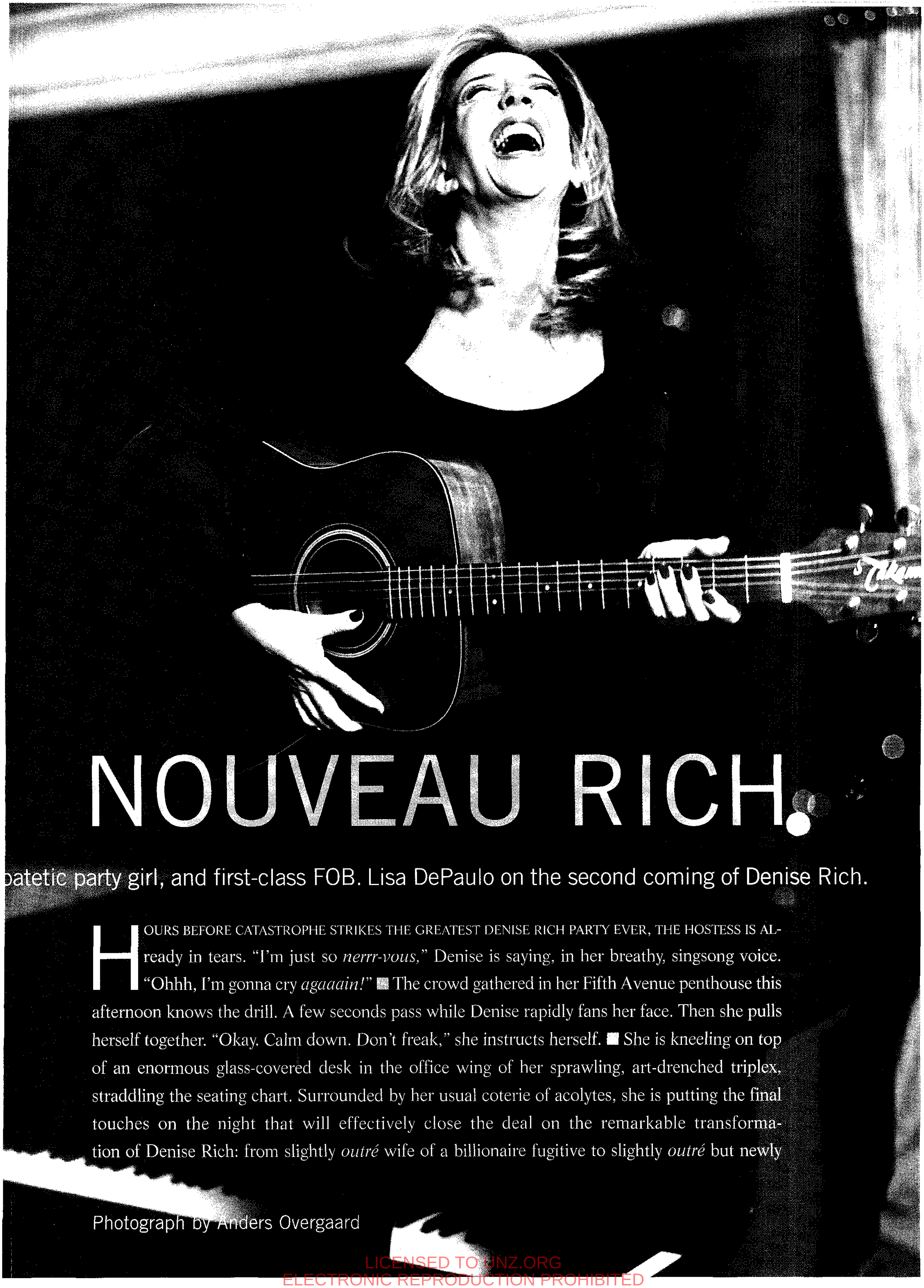
IT'S WITH NO LITTLE TREPIDATION THAT I FACE JANUARY 26, WHEN the troupe has vowed to keep me up dancing all night after they tap onstage for 90 minutes to open *Steel City. Tap Dogs* was a sort of *"Stomp* Meets *The Full Monty"* in which Perry and six sweaty men turned the resounding beats of their workday into a percussive, seductive floor show that went on to gross $15 million worldwide (and counting). And though it was not his intention, Perry says audiences have been lusting after his new group, too. "A couple of the boys started taking their shirts off," he explains. "I had to put a stop to that because it started turning into bloody Chippendales." So what's different? "Well, I got girls," he says, smiling. "Everyone's got something to look at. When I put *Tap Dogs* together, I just wanted to get a lot of guys together that really didn't look like dancers, you know? And that's the charm of the whole thing. Just like average street blokes or workers or whatever." Audiences responded like the thrilled biddies in *The Full Monty,* though Perry says Mayor Giuliani will have no reason to worry: "The women'll keep their shirts on." As for the men of *Steel City:* "We only go to two shirts off now. That's the max, yeah." ■

STEELING: From Newcastle, a brawny band of dancers, eight tons of metal to bang, and more energy than you can shake a wrench at.

Photograph by Danny Clinch



How the wife of a billionaire fugitive reinvented herself as a Grammy-nominated songwr



NOUVEAU RICH.

patetic party girl, and first-class FOB. Lisa DePaulo on the second coming of Denise Rich.

HOURS BEFORE CATASTROPHE STRIKES THE GREATEST DENISE RICH PARTY EVER, THE HOSTESS IS already in tears. “I’m just so *nerrr-vous,*” Denise is saying, in her breathy, singsong voice. “Ohhh, I’m gonna cry *agaaain!*” ■ The crowd gathered in her Fifth Avenue penthouse this afternoon knows the drill. A few seconds pass while Denise rapidly fans her face. Then she pulls herself together. “Okay. Calm down. Don’t freak,” she instructs herself. ■ She is kneeling on top of an enormous glass-covered desk in the office wing of her sprawling, art-drenched triplex, straddling the seating chart. Surrounded by her usual coterie of acolytes, she is putting the final touches on the night that will effectively close the deal on the remarkable transformation of Denise Rich: from slightly *outré* wife of a billionaire fugitive to slightly *outré* but newly

Photograph by Anders Overgaard

powerful pillar of philanthropy, politics, and pop music. Before this party's over, everyone from the president of the United States to the Duchess of York will have attested to the fabulousness of Denise, and Celine Dion will have serenaded her by satellite.

But for now Denise is frantic. The phone rings and she hops off the desk, making a perfect landing on three-inch Manolo Blahniks. "*Yesss!*" she sings into the telephone. "The president is coming! At first they thought he might be busy bombing Bosnia, or whatever they're bombing . . ." But as Steve Grossman, the chairman of the DNC, later puts it, "He would never have missed Denise's party."

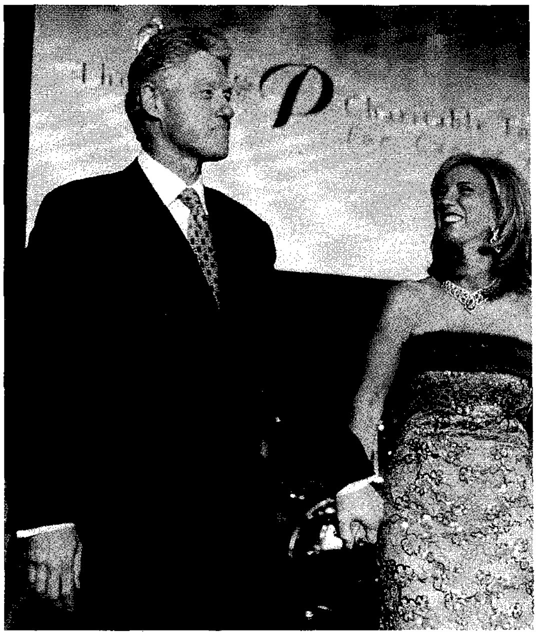
Denise's party. The phrase has taken on a life of its own in New York, where even the most peevish can't resist the chance to partake of one of Denise's trademark blowouts, if not for the entertainment factor (who could forget the gold-painted women ice-skating out on the terrace during her Grammy party?), then for the chance to see, up close and personal, the colorful doyenne-in-the-making herself. The Versace-clad songwriter, and fortyish former wife of Marc Rich—the most celebrated white-collar fugitive in U.S history—has become such a darling of the Clinton White House that the Monday after the Starr Report was released, the president made his first public appearance at Denise's place for lunch, with Hillary, Al, and Tipper in tow. "It was the first time," says Grossman, "that I ever saw the four principals in one place for such an event. It was something of an historic moment." And one that netted the DNC a quick $2.5 million before the lemon cake was served.

But the October 12 gala isn't just another Rich party. Denise spent a major part of the past two years planning this one—since the night she lay in a Seattle cancer ward, cradling her 27-year-old daughter in her arms, numb with the realization "that all the love and all the money in the world couldn't save Gabrielle," an ethereal beauty with an honors degree from Oxford who wanted to be an actress. It was her daughter's dying wish that her mother channel her considerable energy into creating a foundation for cancer research. And nothing would stand in Denise Rich's way when it came to the G&P Charitable Foundation (named after her daughter and Philip, the young husband she left behind). The party will mark the foundation's formal kickoff.

AS ALWAYS, NO DETAIL HAS BEEN OVERlooked, from a poem of Gabrielle's daintily engraved on 1,500 white chocolates to the twelve-foot-tall bird centerpieces painted in screaming jewel tones. Five hours before showtime, the only major detail to be dealt with is the crucial "final, final" seating plan. Denise has been laboring for weeks finessing the details: Is Goldie close enough to the stage? Should Fergie be seated beside the chairman of Escada? Where to put Alan Alda? And Stevie Wonder, Martha Stewart, Joe Torre, Katie Couric? Can Star Jones be squeezed in next to Patti LaBelle? Are Donald and Ivana seated far enough apart? And the Fiji people! "Omigod," says Denise. "They donated all that bottled water and we're seating them way back here? *Sssss,*" she says, visibly deflating. "Maybe if I cry again now, I won't cry during my speech," she decides, sniffling loudly. "I hate sobbing people on the podium. It's *sooo* tacky."

"Denise!" Her father, an elegant man in head-to-toe black cashmere, calls sharply from the corner of the room. "Denise. Why are you crying? You have to realize that everyone will be unhappy and insulted *wherever* they're sitting." He pauses. "Enough already!"

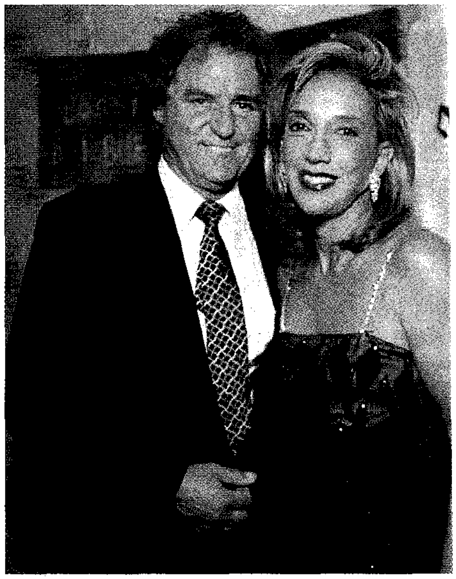
As if.



FIVE HOURS LATER, A RADIANT DENISE Rich, cloaked in fur-trimmed Escada, garnished with several pounds of diamonds and rubies, is greeting her guests at the Sheraton. Glued to her side is her boyfriend of seven years, Niels Lauersen, the Park Avenue gynecologist, fertility expert to the stars, and renowned author of *The Complete Book of Breast Care.* In a matter of weeks, Lauersen will be indicted for insurance fraud, but tonight he is all smiles, greeting the surreal assortment of boldface names streaming into the Sheraton ballroom.

Here's Milton Berle (celebrating his 90th birthday for about the 90th time tonight) chatting up Sabrina the Teenage Witch. The president—the benefit's honorary chairman—sharing the stage with Stevie Wonder, Star Jones, Plácido Domingo, and, yes, Robin Leach, who will auction off a Ferrari donated by Ivana's boyfriend.

The Monday after the St
place for lunch with Hillar



Things couldn't be going better when flashing lights signal the guests to take their seats. Suddenly a look of sheer terror crosses Denise's face, as a functionary whispers into her ear what guests trying to locate their tables have already learned. The social equivalent of Armageddon has struck Denise's party: The seating chart is stuck in a cab in midtown traffic, leaving all 1,500 guests with no idea of where to sit.

Geraldo Rivera, who's been tight with Denise ever since Lauersen helped his wife get pregnant, tries to save the night by standing with a microphone and reading off 1,500 seating assignments ("Bill Cosby, table 3 . . .") from the just-arrived

Photographs: preceding page, hair and makeup by Nick Chavez; styling by Brad Boles and SABBAH; shirt and jacket by Vivienne Westwood (left photo); top by Versace, pants and shoes by Dolce & Gabbana (right photo).

list. But finally, he gives up, advising the crowd to get their seats from Barbara Walters, who has another copy, or “just sit down anywhere.”

By this point, even Denise’s publicist, Bobby Zarem, is plotting a quick exit to Elaine’s. No one can find Michael Bolton; Ahmet Ertegun is poking around the ballroom with his cane, trying to divine his table; a total stranger is eating Bill Cosby’s appetizer. Backstage, Denise is “freaking.” “All I could hear was people saying, ‘Stevie Wonder’s walking out. Milton Berle’s walking out,’ “ she remembers later. “But maybe they were just going to the bathroom!”

t was released, Clinton made his first public appearance—showing up at Denise’s

, and Tipper in tow. “It was a historic moment,” says a DNC staff member.

Clockwise from top right, Denise Rich with ex-husband and current fugitive Marc Rich; with daughters Daniella, Ilona, and Gabrielle; with beau Dr. Niels Lauersen; with Chuck Schumer and Alec Baldwin; and with President Clinton, whom she has supported since 1992.

In fact, *everybody* stayed. The following day, the gossips called Denise’s party, catastrophe and all, the social event of the year. Jeannie Williams did a full-column gush in *USA Today*. “Woodstock for rich people,” proclaimed the *Daily News’s* Mitchell Fink. Better than *Time’s* star-studded anniversary party, Liz Smith declared. And, not incidentally, it raised $3 million for Denise’s charity.

An astounding feat when you consider how much easier it would have been for New York’s swell set to dis Denise Rich. Go to her parties maybe; cash her checks for sure—but in that time-honored tradition of New York society, trash her mercilessly. Which is precisely what happened when Denise returned to New York from Switzerland in the early nineties, having shed her fugitive husband, but not all of his billions, to re-create herself as a successful songwriter. “No one could believe she was really a songwriter,” says her close friend the Broadway producer Marty Richards. At best, they assumed music must be “like, some hobby,” says Denise.

Her special brand of spacey spirituality didn’t help much. At parties, she would talk about channeling her dead relatives in the shower. Or how her psychic helped her pick out the perfect plastic surgeon. Then there was the matter of her wardrobe. “Sausage casing” is how one society wag describes Denise’s ensembles, which tend to be long on cleavage and short on length. Marty Richards remembers advising Denise, “You know, it wouldn’t hurt to wear your skirts a little longer.” (“When I was married to my husband,” Denise says by way of explanation, “he made me dress like a nun.”)

As Rich began to shimmy her way into Democratic politics, the sniping got even worse: One way or another, cynics declared, she was seeing that Marc Rich’s money went to the government. This is the only swipe that makes Denise bristle. “It’s mine,” she says firmly. But they underestimated Denise, who was busy disarming even her staunchest critics with her gushy goodwill. Everyone has a story about the first time he or she met Denise—a story that usually begins with eyes rolling and inevitably ends with “and we became instant friends.”

“She’s like a little baby, very vulnerable,” says her friend Patti LaBelle. “She’s a lady who has so much wealth, but you wouldn’t think she had a dollar.” “I’m telling you, there isn’t a mean bone in this woman’s body,” says her pal Star Jones, who claims that she would “drive the Bronco for Denise.”

“The first time I met her, I was having dinner in St. Barts with Clive Davis, and she came over to the table,” says Richards. “I thought she was one of Clive’s *performers*. She was very showy, very bubbly, very up.” Richards had just lost his docking space for the annual New Year’s Eve extravaganza he throws on his yacht, and Denise offered a deal: “If I give you my docking space, can I come to the party?” Richards wondered: Who *is* this chick?

“I knew she was a songwriter, so I thought she was a broke songwriter,” says another of her closest friends, Michele Laurent-Rella, who met her in 1991, when both had just arrived in New York, and who is now development director of Denise’s foundation. “Then I went to her home and was like, ‘Who *are* you?’ And she looked at me and said, ‘You mean, you liked me for me?’ ”

NONE OF THIS SEEMED TO BE IN THE cards for Denise during her last incarnation as a New Yorker, a stint that came to an abrupt end in 1983, when then–U.S. Attorney Rudy Giuliani went after Marc Rich, the billionaire commodities trader, for tax evasion, fraud, racketeering, and trading with the enemy (Iran). Rich bolted to Switzerland as Denise—or so the story goes—begged him not to leave. Friends say she was literally on her knees in the doorway, pulling at his pants legs, as he headed for the airport.

Denise herself downplays the drama: “Well, it’s true that I didn’t want him to leave. . . . I really believed that everything could work out.” She thought maybe he could “settle or something.” Instead, he settled into a palatial estate in Zug. Several months later, Denise and their three daughters joined him. To Denise, following the fugitive was a no-brainer. “It was like, ‘It’s my husband. I’m his wife. This is life,’ you know? . . . I mean, of course there was anger there, too, but on the other hand, it was like, shit happens.”

A great deal more would happen after Denise settled into life on the lam, only to realize that her marriage was beginning to fall apart—abetted by the discovery that

Photographs: this page, top, Corbis/Reuters; bottom, Karen Dolan; opposite page, top, courtesy of the White House; center, Marion Curtis/DMI; bottom, Karen Dolan.

her husband had a 48-year-old German blonde on the side. “Oh, yes,” says Denise. “There was that too.” It’s a topic she has kept from addressing all these years, but today, as she sits curled up on a sofa in her penthouse, her breakup with Marc is one of the few topics that doesn’t make her cry. “That started, um, actually, the day my mother died.” She pauses. “I mean, I understand, he was not happy at the time because of everything that was coming down on him. And I was traveling so much, and so he was alone quite a bit . . .”

Unlike her husband, Denise could return home without getting arrested, and when her mother was dying of cancer (which also claimed her only sibling, a sister), she traveled to her hometown of Worcester, Massachusetts, to be at her bedside. “And I remember, the day she died, I called Marc to find out how he was. And he was like, ‘Don’t worry, I’m with people and friends and they’re taking care of me.’ “ She didn’t know just how well he was being taken care of until some friends clued her in.

Denise had been married to Marc Rich since 1966. “I was young, *sooo* young, and I had a baby, like, immediately,” she says. The couple met on a blind date arranged by her father and were married six months later. “I just knew,” says Denise, “that I would have a fascinating life with this man.” Marc was already a mini–Master of the Universe when he married Denise Eisenberg, but in many ways it was he who’d married up. Denise’s parents were Holocaust survivors who left a family fur business in Berlin when they fled Hitler. Penniless when he arrived in Worcester, her father started a shoe factory that would eventually make millions. “I think that’s where I get my shoe fetish from,” says Denise. In any event, “it was my father,” says Denise, “who gave Marc the money to start his own business.”

After she discovered her husband’s girlfriend, Denise hung in for almost two years, hoping that if she ignored the mistress she would go away: “I fought so hard. But she was very aggressive, you know? It was sort of an Ivana kind of situation.”

DENISE FIRST TRIED HER HAND AT songwriting “as a way to communicate with” Marc Rich. “Like, when I would fight with him, I would get so emotional. Because he was all about business. And I was about, *you know*, feelings and love. I had a hard time putting my feelings into words. So I put them into songs.”

It didn’t exactly work. “I remember her telling me how she’d come up with these wonderful songs and lyrics,” says Zarem, “and he would turn up the radio in the car to drown her out.”

She soon discovered a more appreciative audience. By the late eighties, she already had a No. 1 hit, “Frankie,” a song that came to her “in a dream on an airplane” after she visited her dying sister in 1984. Though it was one of the first songs she’d ever written, it was picked up and recorded by Sister Sledge and soon topped the international charts. (“*Sister*, see? There are no coincidences,” says Denise, who has a tendency to divine deep spiritual significance from the most mundane events.) Her husband called it a fluke, “which really pissed me off.”

When she finally left Marc, in 1991, one of the first new songs she wrote, “Free Yourself,” was recorded by Chaka Khan. Her next giant hit would become the theme song for *The First Wives Club*. By the time she wrote “Love Is on the Way,” she was living in New York, but still dealing with her feelings for Marc Rich. “I was so hurt,” says Denise. “But I wanted to believe, you know? The whole positive thing: ‘I’ll get over you.’ “ And so she wrote a song about “starting on my own” and “not hanging on to heartbreak.” (Kind of an Ivana song.)

It would become more than Denise Rich’s mantra. At one of Denise’s blowouts, in January 1995, Bette Midler happened to be among the guests when the singer Billy Porter (who is signed to Denise’s record company) jumped to the piano and belted out “Love Is on the Way.” “That song,” Midler declared, “has to be in my movie!” Later, Celine Dion, after seeing *The First Wives Club*, recorded the song again, turning it platinum. In recent months, Denise has also written for Diana Ross and Aretha Franklin.

Denise’s songs have turned up in some unlikely places. It was she who wrote the city’s last theme song, “New York, It Ain’t Over.” And “All I Wanna Be Is Understood”—which was written while she was exiled in Switzerland—became the theme song for the Civil Rights Museum. “Isn’t that the weirdest?” says Denise, who often says she feels like “I’m really black.” Her “soul sister” Patti LaBelle, whose ’98 Grammy-nominated album included two songs by Denise Rich, describes her as “a white woman with a black woman inside her screaming to get out.”

When Rich moved back to the city permanently in the mid-nineties, she found herself a social outcast. But several shrewd moves and an endless flow of cash ensured that she wouldn’t remain one for long. She hired, in quick succession, a publicist, cranky legend Bobby Zarem, who made sure she appeared in all the right columns, and an “imagist” (he prefers to be called “family friend”), Brad Boles, who says he helps “realize Denise’s vision for parties and events” and helps pick out her clothes.

On off nights, Rich would make the scene with her posse, which consisted largely of black music associates and gay retainers. Even Zarem has been heard to grumble, “They drag her out to all these ditzy, drecky things at these stupid clubs, and here I am trying to maintain a prestigious image. I don’t think much of any of them, but then, I’m not a hairdresser.” Under Zarem’s tutelage, Denise also set out to prove herself in a slightly loftier realm: politics. She wrote her first check to Bill Clinton during the Gennifer Flowers, draft-dodging days of his beleaguered campaign. Denise, after all, knew a thing or two about scandal, and says she felt an affinity with the charming candidate. “He is a beautiful person,” says Denise. “We’re all human, you know?”

Covering all bases, she has also generously supported Rudy Giuliani, the very man who chased her husband out of the country. “I came back here, and people thought I’d hang my head in shame,” says Denise. “Why? I’m proud to be an American.”

Even “during the darkest moments,” the Clintons could count on Denise Rich, says Steve Grossman of the DNC. “She made it very clear she would do anything to help. And I don’t just mean she writes checks. Lots of people write checks. But there are few who have, well, a sense of wonderment about it.”

“You remind me of those rubber ducks that keep popping up and sm

Gabrielle, who died of leukemia two years ago, at age 27. “I love you so much

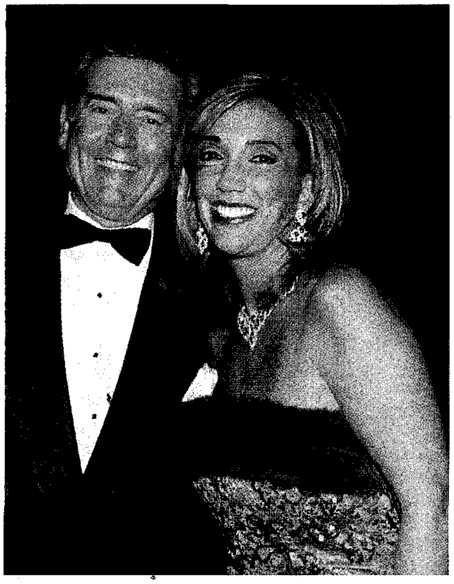
Photograph by Karen Dolan.

But didn't anyone have a sense of wonderment about the source of her money? Denise says the subject of her ex-husband “never, never, never” came up with the president or his operatives. “For what purpose?” says Denise. “That is totally behind me.”

But politicians aren't the only beneficiaries of her largesse. Rich has also (quietly) donated millions to various charities, with a special emphasis on AIDS and cancer. “There was a time, four or five years ago,” says Zarem, “that no matter who you were, if you went to her for money, she'd give it to you. I used to beg her to stop, to be more discerning.” Zarem believes her ex-husband's history has spurred her charity work. “I think she tries a little harder to be constructive.”

,” wrote her daughter,

e little Mommy.”



One night at Tatou, soon after Denise returned to New York, she was introduced to Niels Lauersen, a lumbering Danish doctor with a practice on Park Avenue. They immediately started holding hands. “I felt like I knew him in another life,” says Denise. “They're both quite physical people,” adds Denise's daughter Ilona, a sculptor whose two children were delivered by Lauersen. Denise's other daughter, Daniella, is an actress.

In 1994, Denise and her daughters settled into a huge duplex overlooking Central Park that houses a state-of-the-art recording studio and a vast art collection. Music mogul David Geffen lives underneath her. He once had to replace his wardrobe after Denise's hot tub leaked into his closet. Denise promptly picked up the tab.

It was in her new digs that Denise began to forge a reputation as Brooke Astor in spandex. But, as her friend and associate Jimmy Hester likes to point out, “Denise's parties always have a purpose.” She's either “promoting someone” or fund-raising for some charity. There've been numerous parties to “increase awareness” of Lifebeat, the music industry's AIDS group, one of which featured seventeen cupids in scarlet short-shorts (for Valentine's Day). To celebrate Francesco Scavullo's fiftieth year in fashion, she dressed the help in shocking-pink-and-orange wigs, and at her party for Henry Kissinger, Larry King was flown in to serve as emcee. Then there was Patti LaBelle's birthday bash, for which Denise scoured the downtown bars in search of the perfect drag-queen Patti clone to lip-synch Patti's songs.

Clockwise from above, Rich with Henry Kissinger, at a dinner in his honor; with Dan Rather; with music-industry friends (left to right) Mariah Carey, Luther Vandross, Patti LaBelle, and Sami McKinney; and with Barbara Walters and Star Jones.

There are other blowouts on Red Mountain in Aspen, where “Denise has one of the killer houses and gives the best party of the year, bar none,” says her friend Caroline Davis, who, along with Denise, was a member of a ski-for-charity group, Chicks on Sticks. Until her divorce settlement from Marc—she reportedly demanded $500 million—friends were often invited to jet over to Marbella, where Denise once owned a sprawling Spanish villa with her husband.

It was while she was yachting off Italy with Niels and some friends several summers ago that Denise received a phone call from her second child, who'd found a lump on her neck that turned out to be cancerous. At the time, Gabrielle was 24 years old. Three years later, seemingly in remission, she discovered she had leukemia. Gabrielle underwent a bone-marrow transplant in Seattle; Denise was the donor. Friends say that even as the marrow was taken from her bones, Denise spent every waking hour railing at the doctors, whose pessimistic reports were not allowed in front of Gabrielle. “If there is anyone in this hospital who doesn't believe my daughter will survive, get out now,” she told them, once pinning a doctor up against the wall. Then she'd climb into the bed with Gabrielle and sing to her. At night, friends say, Denise would sleep holding a stuffed animal.

Gabrielle's husband, Philip, served as the telephone point man between the hospital room and Marc Rich, who couldn't leave Switzerland to say good-bye to his dying daughter. “To tell you the truth?” says Denise. “I think that was payment enough.” On one of the last days her daughter was conscious, Denise brought a string quartet to the hospital, lined them up in folding chairs outside her daughter's room, and asked them to play Tchaikovsky. Gabrielle died in her arms a few days later.

Today, she pulls out a note from her daughter. “You remind me of those rubber ducks that keep popping up and smiling . . .” Gabrielle wrote. “I love you so much, my brave little Mommy.”

AS DENISE LIKES TO SAY, “THERE'S A reason for everything.” Two nights after her big party, she is still in tears over the seating fiasco, but she will eventually come to the conclusion that this, too, was meant to be. “She thinks that maybe Gabrielle channeled the confusion,” says Michele Laurent-Rella. “Yes, she would have loved the mix-up,” says Denise, “because she always used to say to me, ‘Mom, you're surrounded by such bullshit!’ “

Nevertheless, Denise has spent the past 48 hours calling up her guests and apologizing. Even an onslaught of floral arrangements sent by guests doesn't have her convinced. She's already started “her thing where she starts sending flowers thanking people for the flowers,” says Marty Richards. “I just got a Baccarat crystal angel. I said, ‘Denise, we're on to 30 affairs since then. Get over it!’ “

“I'm trying,” says Denise.

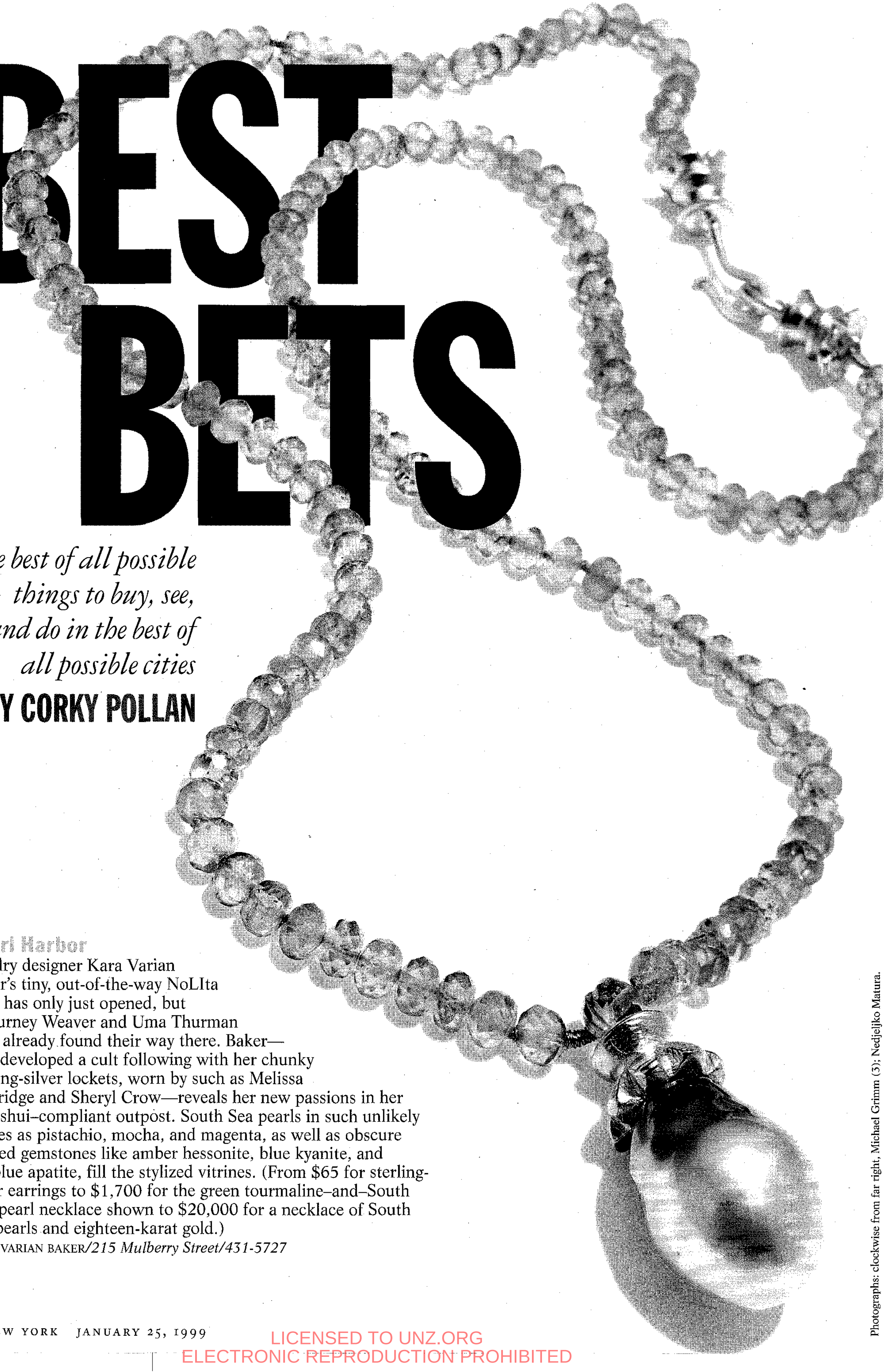
She is off to a *(continued on page 73)*

Photographs by Karen Dolan.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Pearl Harbor

Jewelry designer Kara Varian Baker's tiny, out-of-the-way NoLIta shop has only just opened, but Sigourney Weaver and Uma Thurman have already found their way there. Baker—who developed a cult following with her chunky sterling-silver lockets, worn by such as Melissa Etheridge and Sheryl Crow—reveals her new passions in her feng shui–compliant outpost. South Sea pearls in such unlikely shades as pistachio, mocha, and magenta, as well as obscure faceted gemstones like amber hessonite, blue kyanite, and sea-blue apatite, fill the stylized vitrines. (From $65 for sterling-silver earrings to $1,700 for the green tourmaline–and–South Sea–pearl necklace shown to $20,000 for a necklace of South Sea pearls and eighteen-karat gold.)

KARA VARIAN BAKER/*215 Mulberry Street/431-5727*

Photographs: clockwise from far right, Michael Grimm (3); Nedjeljko Matura.

A Really Compleat Angler

The Inuit (and later Yankee whalers) carved whalebone into scrimshaw sculptures and brooches; Victorians turned shark and sting-ray skins into shagreen frames and desk accessories. Now New Yorker Daphne Dor of Chista is the latest to transform creatures of the deep into unlikely decorative *objets:* She designs handbags using fish vertebrae. They're made in Indonesia, where each tiny piece is cut and beaded by hand; then the finished bag is lined in satin and adorned with satin handles. The fine workmanship is no surprise; the beauty of these purses certainly is ($90).

BREUKELEN/*369 Atlantic Avenue, near Hoyt Street, Brooklyn/718-246-0024*

The Golden Bowls

Though Smyer's Glassworks is a California company, its designers looked to North Africa for inspiration when they created Harlequin bowls. They're handblown and delicately hand-painted and -gilded with ancient Moroccan patterns and designs. Even the sizes—condiment, candy, and serving—are traditional ($48, $68, and $125).

ZONA/*97 Greene Street/925-6750*

The Lion King

Mention bookends to Kimo Jung of Leo Design, and you quickly realize he's something of an expert. They're his favorite things to buy, so his West Village shop is crowded with a varied assortment. Most are American from the turn of the century through the twenties, and he has everything from Arts & Crafts metalwork to heroic figures to architectural motifs to Egyptian Revival themes to animals of all kinds—including lions, of course. (From $95 for cast-iron elephants to $195 for neoclassical temples to $495 for Roycroft hammered-copper windowpanes.)

LEO DESIGN/*413 Bleecker Street/929-8466*

SMARTCITY

Bar Keepers

Trendy bars are fine when you want to see and be seen. But after a hard day's work, nothing beats a neighborhood hangout that will never be called "hot," "cool," or, worst of all, "over." **BY ALEXANDRA RINGE**

THE WORKDAY IS DONE, and you and your fellow wage slaves need a drink. What you *don't* need is the hot spot du jour, where one cocktail costs $12, screaming and lip-reading are the only forms of communication, and you can't find a place to stand, let alone a seat.

You're looking for a hangout, not a scene; a place that has inexpensive beer on tap, bartenders who actually seem happy to see you, a jukebox, some snacks—and enough chairs and stools to go around.

Although that may sound more like the description of a small town's beloved tavern, such bars do exist in New York. To find them, we asked New Yorkers in various occupations their favorite places to hang out after work. You don't have to be a local to lift your spirits at these off-the-beaten-path saloons—just loosen your collar (whatever color it happens to be).

Doctors' orders: M.D.'s and nurses recuperate at Waterfront Ale House.

MCQUAID'S PUBLIC HOUSE
589 Eleventh Avenue,
at 44th Street
582-6359

If you find yourself in the neighborhood of the *Intrepid* and UPS's gigantic distribution center, you have several bars to choose from just before you cross the West Side Highway. Follow the UPS handlers' advice and deliver yourself to McQuaid's. Run by Irish brothers Sean and Patrick McQuaid, the pub is an unabashedly cheerful place with yellow walls, a blond-wood bar, and a whiskey lazy susan. The McQuaids serve corned beef and fish-and-chips until midnight and liquor till 4 A.M.

WATERFRONT ALE HOUSE
540 Second Avenue,
at 30th Street
696-4104

Only at the Waterfront can you enjoy a glass of port and a $6 cigar while fetching free popcorn for your table from a self-serve popper. The doctors, nurses, and doctors-to-be from Bellevue and the NYU Medical Center prescribe the bar's sublime combination of the haute and the down-home—the menu ranges from a plate of grilled vegetables to a smoked-pork sandwich better known as "the pulled pig." Inoculate yourself with $4 shots of the house spirit, Grandma's Apple Pie vodka, which steeps for at least three weeks before appearing in a glass jar behind the bar, apple rings and all.

BLARNEY ROCK PUB
137 West 33rd Street
947-0825

So you and your pals want to see the game and yell about it in the company of fellow fans? Team up at the Blarney Rock, which has no fewer

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Screen Savers

So you bought an iMac, and you thought it was all going to be so simple. In spite of that warm and cuddly corporate image, you soon realized that it was still a *computer,* with all the attendant frustrations and hidden logic that come with "advanced technology." When the darkness becomes too overpowering, turn to Info-Connect (868-3148). Recommended by George Lemus, co-owner of one of our favorite computer repair shops, ABC Computer Services, I-C's staff can serve as your Virgil through the circles of any computer-related hell (they do Windows too, by the way). The beauty part: Info-Connect does house calls in addition to the usual phone support. Rates (starting at $75 per hour) vary depending on distance traveled and work required. **SAM GROBART**

Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

than nine TVs to choose from. The bartender will likely be wearing a jersey, and during commercials you can examine team photos of the 1980 Rangers and the 1955 Dodgers in the mishmash of athletic memorabilia behind the bar. Along with Madison Square Garden habitués, you'll also meet elevator repairmen, Amtrak staff, carpenters, Empire State Building guides, and, when they're not in Antwerp or in the air, Belgian stewardesses employed by Sabena Airlines. (The Blarney Rock is *not* the place to discuss your plans to build or renovate with nonunion labor.)

NO IDEA
30 West 20th Street
777-0100
The phrase *first-name basis* applies to the relationship between barkeeps and regulars at most of the spots on this list, but No Idea actually makes a game of it. Every day, the management honors a different first name, and if your driver's license matches up, you drink free. This ritual provides a bonding moment for all of the young professional Amys and Justins who frequent No Idea—business consultants at Arthur Andersen, Web-page builders at Poppe Tyson, clerks at Paragon Sporting Goods, and editors at *Parents* magazine. Even if it's not your name day, you'll stay amused with games in the slightly hidden pool room, trips to the jukebox, and rounds of cheap drinks.

TRACY J'S WATERING HOLE
106 East 19th Street
674-5783
Staff from the nearby Con Edison and Federal Express line up at Tracy J's long bar—in front of an equally lengthy mural depicting various animals dressed in nightclub attire—for a happy hour spiced up with free food (pizza or wings). But over the course of an evening, the Watering Hole crowd shifts from nine-to-fivers to four-to-twelvers—the wait staff from Angelo & Maxie's, City Crab, Park Avalon, and the Blue Water Grill. Manager Anthony Frazier calls the Watering Hole "a comfort zone" for those who have spent the past eight hours repeating the night's specials.

PETER MCMANUS CAFE
152 Seventh Avenue,
at 19th Street
729-4602
The newspaper clipping on the wall is headlined PETER MCMANUS AND SONS: TAVERNMEN FOR MANY YEARS. The date? August 23, 1948—when the bar had already been in business for twelve years. This explains McManus's Tiffany glass, wooden phone booths, and overall time-capsule atmosphere. These days, neighborhood workers from bike messengers and electricians to lawyers and musicians drop in to chat with James "Jamo" McManus, the founder's grandson, who is on hand nearly every night.

SWIFT
34 East 4th Street
260-3600
This bar is dedicated to Mr. Modest Proposal, and his likeness is everywhere, serving as both a decorating motif and a compelling argument for big hair. But the Tower Records clerks and Balthazar wait staff don't come to Swift for a satirist's fashion tips—the draw is the beer selection (30 brews on tap) and the kitchen's willingness to serve cottage pie (Irish for shepherd's pie) until the smallest hours.

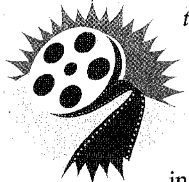
JEREMY'S ALE HOUSE
254 Front Street,
next to the
Brooklyn Bridge
964-3537
To give you a sense of its size: Jeremy's used to be a garage for garbage trucks. It still has an asphalt floor and cinder-block walls but otherwise has been completely transformed by the hundreds of ties and bras festooning the ceiling. Traders, cops, Fulton-fish-market dealers, firemen, brokers, and a mailman known, perhaps inevitably, as Cliffie celebrate their good fortune with draft beer in "two-pint buckets," paper bowls of calamari, and the tie-and-bra ritual: If you've had a bit of good luck—promotion, marriage, baby, or some other ego boost—you donate your brassiere or cravat to the house. Jeremy's opens at 8 A.M., and since that's just about when the fish-market guys get off work, the party lasts all day long.

MANDUCATIS
13-27 Jackson Avenue,
Long Island City
718-729-4602
Going to Manducatis (Latin for "you eat") is like going to a friend's house for dinner—except your friend is from Naples and really knows how to cook. And while the place may be known for its dining room, it feels more like one big living room, complete

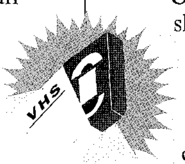
(continued on page 85)

THE NAVIGATOR

Q: *I've got a bunch of old Super 8 movies and a few old LPs (recordings not available on CD) I just can't part with. Any suggestions on preserving a bit of my analog past in this digital age?*



A: There's a certain charm to rolling out ye ole movie projector, or warming to the snap, crackle, and pop of the turntable, but of course your old A/V equipment can't last forever. Your movies and music, however, can—if you transfer them.



One of the best image shops around, **Spectra Photo** (six locations in town, including 77 Christopher Street, 989-0626) does more converting than Evangelical missionaries. For 15 cents a foot (with a 400-foot minimum; a three-minute reel is 50 feet), Spectra will transfer your filmed memories to VHS.

Coming to the rescue of those albums that didn't make it through the Great Format Conversion of the mid-eighties is **Audio Mixers** (213-5335), a recording studio that will take your beloved LPs and faithfully duplicate them onto more durable CDs. Work can be done within two days, but a word to the wise—at around $100 an album, it's cost-effective only for a few records. Anything more, and you'd be better off buying a CD recorder (if you're PC-equipped and tech-literate) and doing the job yourself. SAM GROBART

Illustrations by Anton Ioukhnovets.

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Out, Damned Spot

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STAIN
STAIN
STAIN
STAIN

THIS SEASON'S CASUAL MUST-haves (like wool flannels and cashmere sweats) look so effortless that fashion followers may forget manufacturers' warnings to DRY CLEAN ONLY. According to Dan Eisen, the chief garment analyst for the Neighborhood Cleaners Association International, it *is* possible to save cash by tackling simple spots yourself—especially on wool, cotton, and synthetics.

First, stock an arsenal of cleaning potions. Try **Kmart**, where the whole lot will cost less than spot-cleaning one gown; use the leftovers to clean your bathroom. You'll need detergent (16 pounds of Tide is $20.89), white vinegar (32 ounces of Heinz is $1.41), ammonia (16 ounces of Kmart's American Fare is $1.08), and acetone-free nail-polish remover (8 ounces of American Fare is $1.29).

Next, identify the stain. Vegetable-based "tannin" stains (coffee, ketchup, wine) dissolve in a solution of detergent and vinegar. Protein-based stains (blood, eggs, sweat) need detergent and ammonia. And "dry-side" stains (grease, ink, and other non-animal, non-vegetable matter) succumb to non-acetone nail-polish remover.

Before attacking the stain itself, test the fabric by rubbing a hidden section with a rag dipped in cleaner. If the rag absorbs dye, take the item to a pro; if it doesn't, place the garment on a towel and forge ahead. For tannin and protein stains, dampen the garment with water, and dab on solution. Never rub; keep pressing to break up and lift the stain. Dab with water to rinse. (For stains with two or more components, like lasagna or apple pie, apply water between applications of a separate solution for each component. Repeat dabbing and rinsing until the stain is out. For dry-side stains, follow the directions above without water. Finally, avoid leaving a watermark by dabbing the edges of the wet area to blend in with the dry fabric. Steam iron when dry.

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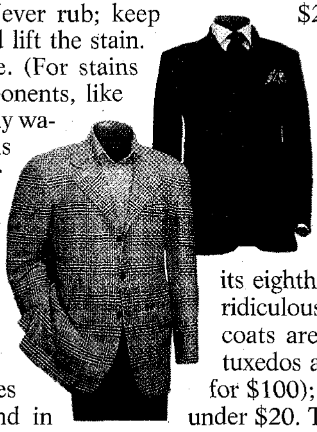
Picks of the Week

Pumpkin Maternity keeps fashionable moms-to-be in the style to which they're accustomed. Usually sold by catalogue only (call 877-936-8935 to order), the collection's now on sale at the showroom, with most summer and winter styles 30 to 50 percent off: Silk evening dress, was $290, now $80; white capri pants, were $64, now $32. *67 E. 3rd St., Room B (674-7476); A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; 1/21–1/23.*

Jill Stuart's SoHo shop is packed with luxurious renditions of the season's coolest styles, like A-line skirts and funnel-neck tops. Now Stuart's filling it with leftover winter stock and unloading the pile at more than half off: A pony tote bag is $160; a hand-painted organza evening dress is $195; an ankle-length pleated cashmere skirt is $175. Sizes 2 through 10. *100 Greene St. (343-2300); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–6; 1/18–1/31.*



Harrison James outfits stylish gents in the traditional English style—at traditionally high prices. But now winter clothing and accessories (pictured) are on sale for up to 70 percent off: Suits, were $2,450, now $595; cashmere sweaters, were $695, now $195; cashmere coats, were $3,500, now $995. *5 W. 54th St. (for information, call 718-747-1656); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sat. 9–6; 1/19–1/23.*

Moe Ginsburg is clearing out its eighth-floor men's outlet center at ridiculously low prices: suits and overcoats are $99 each (two for $150); tuxedos and raincoats $69 each (two for $100); and slacks and shoes are all under $20. There's a lot to pick through, but you might find a steal. Sizes 36R–56XL. *162 Fifth Ave., at 21st. St. (242-3482); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Wed, Fri. 9:30–7; Thurs. till 8; Sat.–Sun. till 6; 1/18–1/31.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Illustration by Nick Dewar. Photograph by Shyama Patel.

PETER RAINER

Mind Over Mother

Annette Bening is a soothsaying headcase in 'In Dreams,' a thriller shrink-wrapped in clichés; 'The Winners' looks ruefully at virtuosos cursed with promise.

Aw, chute: Annette Bening tries to escape from killer Robert Downey Jr. in Neil Jordan's *In Dreams.*

WHAT IN THE BLAZES HAPPENS TO Neil Jordan when he makes movies in this country? You can just about bet the farm on the likelihood that his British- and Irish-made films will be wonderful and his American films will be bad. And yet he keeps trying to make a go of it in Hollywood. He's followed *The Butcher Boy,* one of last year's finest, with **In Dreams**, a dollop of supernatural claptrap starring Annette Bening. Completed many months ago, it's finally making its appearance in the January compost heap traditionally reserved for stinkos the studios didn't have the nerve to release earlier into a more competitive field.

Bening's Claire Cooper is a children's-book illustrator whose dreams are being commandeered by a killer (Robert Downey Jr.). He does a Vulcan-mind-meld number on her in which she is made to see the murders he will soon commit. Unable for a long time to persuade her jet-pilot husband (Aidan Quinn) or the local police detective (Paul Guilfoyle) or psychiatrist (Stephen Rea) to take her warnings seriously, she loses her daughter to the creepo and ends up in a padded cell, complete with bullyboy orderlies and stone-faced headshrinkers. Even though we're in rural Massachusetts, you'd think this film was taking place in some medieval dungeon. The only things missing are the toads and the tongs. The American Psychiatric Association should sue.

By making it clear from the beginning that Claire is dreaming real murders, Jordan discounts any alternative, psychological explanation for her unraveling—which under the circumstances would have been more interesting. But he still seems vaguely drawn to that approach: Claire's messed-up marriage, for example, sometimes provokes her visions. And although Bening is supposed to be playing an essentially sane seer, her performance is prime bughouse. Everything she speaks sounds italicized—stentorian—and she does a lot of eyeball-rolling under her close-cropped hair. (She looks sheared.) When she finally has her showdown with the killer, you're afraid he's going to boost the fruitcake quotient, but no, Downey plays it cool. He's a slow-motion nut in a flibbertigibbet pageant.

Jordan is the wrong director for a supernatural horror thriller in which we are supposed to draw a line between the "real" and the imagined. At his best, he's beyond such distinctions; his genius is for conveying the visionary in the everyday. It's a peculiarly Irish gift, which is why, when his movies really sing, you think not of other filmmakers but of, say, Yeats or Heaney. Maybe the reason he can't be an artist in Hollywood is that he lacks the peculiarly American gift of turning dross into gold. He requires rich material from the get-go. The trash essence of *In Dreams* works upon his talent like battery acid.

The Winners, AT THE FILM FORUM, IS A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT what became of a handful of violinists and pianists who at various times copped first prize at Belgium's prestigious Queen Elisabeth Competition. The Dutch director, Paul Cohen, limits his lineup to artists who won back in the fifties through the seventies and went on to middling performing careers—or less. It's a fascinating subject, and even though in many ways Cohen's approach is wrongheaded, you're still left with something resonant. So few movies convey the almost transcendental exhilaration of great classical concert performing that here, where we see that exhilaration dampened and bollixed and thwarted, it seems more heartbreakingly beautiful than ever. The sheer fragility of the performer's life has rarely been so manifest onscreen.

Where the film goes awry is in romanticizing that fragility—or, worse, implying that artistic sensibility and self-destruction are linked. It's a pop-cult cliché that continues to have tremendous high-art currency, and nowhere more so than in the movies. Audience members who consider themselves too elevated of brow to accept Paul Henreid cracking apart as Schumann in *Song of Love* have no trouble buying into essentially the same thing tricked up in art-house duds in such movies as *Thirty-Two Short Films About Glenn Gould* and *Shine* and *Hilary and Jackie.* Geniuses like Gould and Jacqueline Du Pré are held up as sacrificial martyrs; there's something unseemly in the way they are brought

Photograph by Francois Duhamel/DreamWorks.

down. Emily Watson's Jackie, in particular, is portrayed as such a mass of madnesses that the film doesn't even clearly make the point that much of her psychological turmoil was brought on by her multiple sclerosis. Her physical affliction is made to seem merely the outer manifestation of an innate warp of character. This is a disservice to a great artist.

There's a mad-artist type in *The Winners*—the Russian violinist Philipp Hirschhorn, whom we see winning the Queen Elisabeth in 1967 in a startling black-and-white movie clip where he seems, for that one moment, the equal of any violinist on the planet. Then we watch him being interviewed as he was in 1996 (he died shortly after the film was shot). The Byronic smolder of his youth has given way to a pudgy formlessness; and he can barely stand to watch himself in that old clip. "I did something tricky to fool the jury," he says finally. Hirschhorn is an unfortunate case, but Cohen makes too much of his fall. His demise is presented as the flameout of an angel whose wings got too close to the sun. Meanwhile, the debilitating illness that held up Hirschhorn's concert career is never even described. *The Winners* is about the tragedy of artistry denied, but Cohen's view of the artist's predicament is too winner-oriented. Berl Senofsky, who is featured in the film, gave up his pressure-cooker concert career decades ago and now teaches violin at Baltimore's Peabody Conservatory; he is shown there teaching a gifted young violinist, and even though Cohen gives the scene short shrift, it's an ecstatic moment—for us, and for teacher and pupil. How can we feel this man has wasted his life? When Senofsky is asked by the interviewer at one point to produce his Queen Elisabeth medal, he rummages around without finding it, and we're meant to think, *How sad.* But it's not, really. It's a sign of life. He's moved on.

In brief: SET IN THE WANING DAYS OF WORLD War II, Shohei Imamura's **Dr. Akagi** is a gracefully perverse black comedy about a local physician (Akira Emoto) obsessed with eradicating hepatitis. Scampering through his seaside village in his straw boater and white coat, he's on perpetual house call to his patients; his fanaticism attracts oddball cohorts, including a morphine-addicted doctor, a Dutch POW escapee, a mad monk, and an enraptured hooker, who complains to Akagi: "You think only of your patients and at night you think only of bacteria." When, in the end, Akagi sees an A-bomb cloud in the far horizon, his only thought is that it resembles a hypertrophied liver. He's right, of course. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Cue

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More Than Zero

For a few hundred pages of his new novel, Bret Ellis makes art out of vacuous night crawlers and brand names. Then—too bad—he tries to make a point.

Glamorama
BY BRET EASTON ELLIS
Knopf; 482 pages; $25

BRET EASTON ELLIS WOULDN'T KNOW A GOOD novel if he wrote one himself. The proof is that he *has* written one himself: the first couple hundred pages of *Glamorama,* an epic of subversive product placement that does for Prada, Snapple, E!, and practically every other snazzy trademark that clutters the lives of the young and fabulous approximately what the Bhopal disaster did for Union Carbide. The book is a grand act of cultural slate-swiping that leaves no proper noun unsullied, no famous name unlibeled, in its giddy assault on branded reality. Until he gives in to the pull toward intellectual responsibility, betraying what's best about the book with what he seems to feel is best *for* it (relevancy, an overarching theme), Ellis's achievement is pristine. The play of the disaffected human mind over the forms and textures of its surroundings, no matter how ephemeral they may be, is a primal pleasure that needs no justification.

Glamorama ought to be awful, and is, at times, what with its presold moral hysteria over the links between hedonism and fascism. No one needs to hear again from anyone else besides George Will and company that empty souls make for cruel societies or that fashion is a kind of violence, perpetually demolishing to make room for the newer. We know all that. What's fresh and arresting in *Glamorama,* though, is its uncompromising triviality, its rigorous transience. In a one-man race to the literary bottom, Ellis completes in a single book, alone, a process of degradation that ought to have taken years and scores of books by a whole generation of writers. Of all the fine arts, it's literary fiction that seems most stuck on the idea of permanence, of somehow outlasting its time and place in a way that nothing else does anymore, and though this may be an admirable aim, it's an inhibition, finally. By casting it off entirely, with no regrets, Ellis releases a massive energy pulse.

Glam-
orama
Bret
Easton
Ellis

The human maggot feeding at the center of *Glamorama's* brilliant garage pile is Victor Ward, a sort-of-famous model whose father happens to be a U.S. senator. Victor is less a human being than an ambulative digestive tract constipated with third-rate pop songs, slick-magazine ads, club-kid gibberish, and the residues of every drug available in Manhattan after dark.

When we meet Ward, he's fronting for a hot new nightclub on the eve of its star-studded grand opening. For while he's thick as a brick in every other way, he has a Talmudic scholar's sensitivity to the specific vibrations of well-known names. He can discern the tiny difference, buzz-wise, between, say, Matthew Broderick alone and Broderick in the company of his girlfriend Sarah Jessica Parker. He can measure the fame gap between Smashing Pumpkins band members. In a memorable set piece, he runs through a long guest list containing these and other names, assigning coefficients of cool with decimal-point precision. Since the novel is set in the mid-nineties, half of these people are already obscure, but you don't have to know who they are to get the joke. Victor's mind is a celebrity spreadsheet. What's more, the market values his talent and wouldn't be able to function without it. Down on the trading floor of trendy faces, someone has to set the prices.

Victor's personal life is not so highly organized. Good-looking and backed by a healthy trust fund, he buzzes around from store to store, hot spot to hot spot, picking up women like burrs. He's part of a high-profile couple, officially, but so is almost everyone he knows who wants to get somewhere in life. Like Warren Beatty's character in *Shampoo* or one of those Tennessee Williams gigolos who lounge around the hotel rooms of faded starlets, Victor is an untroubled opportunist with killer abs and an endless line of patter, most of it stolen from Top-40 song lyrics. His interior monologue sounds like a surreal gossip column: "Alison spots me, stubs out a joint and gets up from a table where she's on her Nokia 232 cell phone to Nan Kempner and eating cake with Peter Gabriel, David LaChapelle, Janeane Garofalo and David

In a single book, Bret Easton Ellis completes a process of degradation that ought to have taken scores of books by a whole generation of writers.

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Koresh, all of them discussing lacrosse and the new monkey virus . . ."

The above doesn't read like deathless prose, admittedly, but its cumulative effect is oddly creepy, like listening to a cocktail-party motormouth and slowly realizing that he's psychotic. Ellis has written this way before, of course, but never with such crazy focus. His run-on sentences only seem lazy, his strings of references only feel ad hoc; in fact, they're as calculated as Victor's guest list. This premeditation shows most clearly in the dialogue, which manages to be pointed and hilarious just when it seems most casual and screwy. " 'The extras are cool kids but I want to portray a lifestyle that people can relate to,' Taylor explains. I'm nodding deeply. 'My vision is to create the opposite of whatever smuggling Pervitin back from Prague in a rented Toyota means.' "

As the sand drizzles down through Victor's hourglass, measuring out the time until the club opening, which is predictably hectic and farcical, nothing of much importance happens and no real story line is carried forward. That's as it should be in this inverted world, where a haircut appointment is high drama and a friend's fatal overdose mere static. The problem comes when the book gets serious and suddenly starts lurching toward a statement. Condemning nihilism is a redundancy if there ever was one. It's like speaking out against stupidity.

BOOKS

Yet Ellis for some reason feels the need to go the unnecessary extra mile. Out of nowhere, he concocts an artsy horror show filled with terrorist supermodels and plastic explosives concealed in Gucci bags. The destruction that went on between the lines in the earlier part of the book starts going off in earnest now, spattering gallons of ketchupy fake blood and even phonier ideas. At one point, Victor—in Paris now, having been kidnapped by glitzy evil geniuses and trapped in a film-within-a-film parallel universe—asks a shadowy spy type who's come to free him: "So you're telling me that we can't believe anything we're shown anymore? . . . That *everything* is altered? That everything's a lie?" Answers the shadowy relativist: "I'm not sure those terms are applicable anymore."

It's hard to know if Ellis is truly alarmed by such dark ontological conundrums or if he just feels obliged to act like it. My guess is that he doesn't really care but sincerely wishes he did. Either way, it doesn't matter. There's enough high amusement in *Glamorama*, enough illegitimate literary fun, to more than make up for its tedious tilt toward meaning. ■

Walter Kirn's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

SHORTS

WHAT CHALLENGES FACE THE TOUGH GUY AT the millennium? Same old, same old. Thom Jones's tired men are boxers and grunts, mentally unstable and often unemployed, trying to make their amphetamine-addled bodies go the extra mile. In the collection **Sonny Liston Was a Friend of Mine** (Little, Brown; $23), Jones's physical descriptions are inspired—every jungle maneuver or Round One feint seems to be enacted before you. Movement and danger inspire him. Physical descriptions don't—they're flat and awkward, as if someone had said, *Here's where you gotta describe the girl.* The title story is best: Kid Dynamite's bullheaded desire to box his way out of real life plays as poignant, not posturing. He runs eight miles each morning in lead boots, pausing only to move boxes and eat pumpkin pie at his grandmother's store. That's dedication. ALEXANDRA LANGE

SUPPOSEDLY SUBMITTED TO A PARISIAN EDITOR under the pen-name Chimo, the erotic novel **Lila Says** (Scribner; $20) spurred best-seller sales and unresolved front-page debates over the author's identity in Europe in 1996. Removed from that frenzy, it reads like an old man's pulp literotica. In the text, Chimo is a male North African teen who broods in the rough Old Oak housing projects near Paris, where his fascination with Lila, a raunchy Catholic schoolgirl, leads him to record her phallocentric stories of sex with older men, multiple men, and even the devil, who singes her with his smoke-spewing crimson erection. Chimo's much-lauded narrative voice may have been lost among the ragged clichés and trite get-out-of-the-ghetto-blues monologues of this translation. Regardless, it's sad that such hackneyed plots are the illegitimate legacy of classic mid-century works that editors like Barney Rosset risked jail to protect. LOGAN HILL

"I WAS A THIRTY-YEAR-OLD WOMAN WITH A high-profile, dead-end job and no real prospects," writes Susan Cheever in **Note Found in a Bottle** (Simon & Schuster; $23). "I was writing copy about swimsuit fashions. . . . I cared about nothing. I was involved with two married men. I had nothing better to do than hang around my parents' house on weekends." This is a rare moment of awareness in Cheever's memoir about alcoholism, which soured her life for more than 30 years. Sad, sexually charged yet disappointingly vague, the story begins with adolescent drinking in backstabbing Cheever Country and follows her to a boring internship at "two-*Time*" magazine, through uninspiring tours of Europe and those suffocating parties in her 90-room mansion. Chronic infidelity suffuses all, she says—would that she remembered it better the morning after. VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Poetry in Motion

Boldly defying an insurmountable language barrier, BAM *imports two of Racine's masterpieces, 'Phèdre' and 'Britannicus,' to America; 'Far East' is not far enough.*

JEAN RACINE WAS ARGUABLY THE GREATEST DRAMATIC poet after Euripides. Not the greatest poetic dramatist; that was Shakespeare. In Racine the poetry preponderates, with the drama a close second. Rimbaud, probably the foremost poetic revolutionary the world has ever known, famously rejected all poetry since the classical Greek as "the game of countless idiotic generations"; Racine alone was "the pure, the strong, the great." Rimbaud may have been right: In rhythm, melody, and imagery, with which Racine conveyed emotion and dramatic movement while using an austere reduced vocabulary, he may have no equal. But he must be heard in French: Such lyrical-dramatic poetry is untranslatable.

Still, we must welcome Britain's Almeida Theatre for the gallant effort to bring Racine to Anglophone audiences, imperfect as such an enterprise must be. The alexandrine, France's strict hexameter verse—twelve syllables, a preferably medial caesura (break), and alternating masculine (one-syllable) and feminine (two-syllable) rhymed couplets—cannot be replicated in English. Our hearing is indissolubly wedded to five-beat Shakespearean blank verse, usually unrhymed iambic pentameter. Almeida came to BAM with **Phèdre** in Ted Hughes's free-verse version and **Britannicus** in Robert David MacDonald's rhymed-hexameter translation. The former takes too many alienating liberties; the latter succumbs to its literalism: A sixth foot, rhymed to boot, clanks hobnailed across our ears.

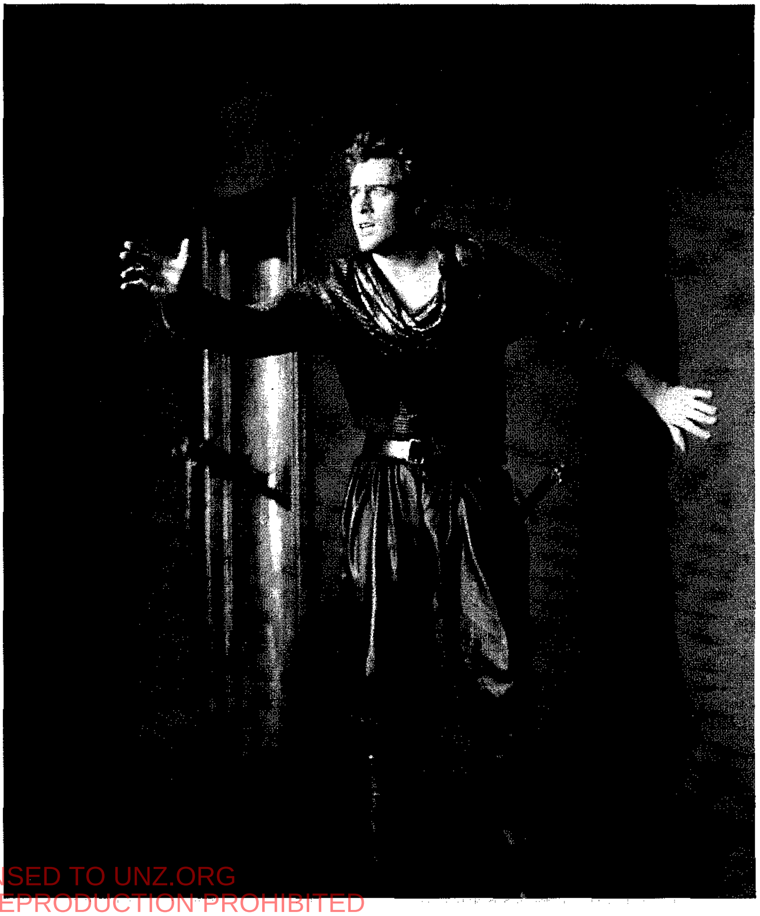
Herewith a brief, barely adequate example. Hippolytus describes his stepmother Phaedra in a famous verse as "la fille de Minos et de Pasiphaé." In English, this becomes "the daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë," as ordinary as a glass of beer. In French, the reiterated high-pitched *ee* sound in *fille* and *Minos* suggest lightness and grace, Phaedra's beauty; the emphasis on the two dark *ah*s in *Pasiphaé,* the second turning into an outcry with that strongly accented *é,* is filled with somber foreboding. The English line, lacking even the middle caesura, does nothing; the very *aë* gets near-diphthongized into a dying fall.

Racine's speeches tend to be long, allowing them to turn into dramatic poems. Translated into English, they are not only prosy; they also become wearisome. I am not sure whether transcendent acting could overcome this; there are hints in these Almeida productions that it might. But what we mostly get is stylish performing, often intense but very rarely exciting.

Generally, this is not a problem of verse-speaking; only one of the actors, David Bradley, is a reciting clockwork. What helps muddle matters is the vagueness, often contradictoriness, in time and place. In *Britannicus,* we have Anglicized names (Nero, Agrippina—not Néron, Agrippine) but strict, quasi-French versification. The festive set by Maria Björnson is of Racine's period, but the costumes are today's. In *Phèdre,* Hughes's free verse is modern in diction, but the Björnson set and costumes are Racinian. Phaedra remains French, Phèdre, but we get a Theseus and Hippolytus—not Thésée and Hippolite. Jonathan Dove's music is classicizing in *Phèdre* but jazzy in *Britannicus.* A bit of a mismatch or, as we say in French, mishmash.

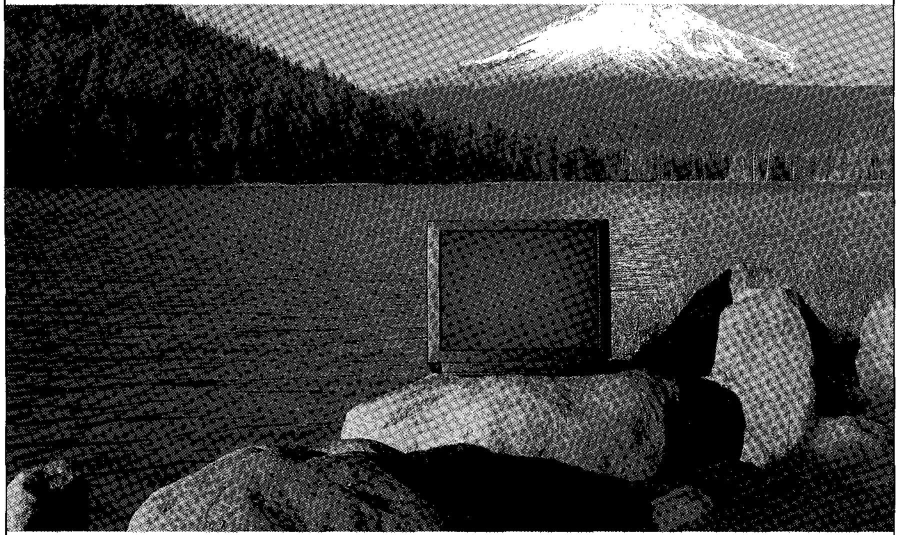
Ingeniously and economically, the same framework supports both unit sets, but for all the differences in detail, the basic inverted-L shape in both grates a little. John A. Leonard's sound is muddy for distant crowds, e.g., the killing of Narcissus in *B.* and the approach of Theseus in *P.* seemingly by rattling trolley car. But the sound of Neptune's fateful waves lapping the nearby shore is masterly. Mark Henderson's lighting does wonders in *P.* by the changing times of day outside the majestic row of windows (and powerfully adds Tony Palmer's film of giant, swirling breakers). In *B.,* however, Henderson experiments with patches of light that range from painterly to distracting.

Jonathan Kent has directed with a nice blend of realism and stylization, though he too often has someone hug the walls in a cross between a caryatid and a horror-film actor. He does justice, though, to making visible the motivations of the characters, and gets good results from his cast.



Racine demon: Toby Stephens in *Phèdre.*

Photograph by Alastair Muir, courtesy of the Brooklyn Academy of Music.



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Diana Rigg cuts a fine figure as Agrippina and, despite a ragingly rutilant Louise Brooks wig, as Phèdre. But there is something very contemporary-Freudian about her enactment of grand passions, and too self-consciously sexy about her low, come-hitherish voice, even when her line readings are duly controlled. Toby Stephens is believable as the spoiled, weak, sinister young Nero with tidily slicked-down hair; as a circusily costumed Hippolytus, his punk hair stands up, but his performance does not. There is nothing pure or heroic about him.

Outstanding among the rest are Julian Glover (more as Theseus than as Narcissus), Barbara Jefford (beautifully spoken as Oenone and Albina), and charming young Joanna Roth of wonderful presence and an assured future. Almeida's *Phèdre* is a sometimes rewarding piece of adult education; *Britannicus,* flawed but fascinating.

A. R. GURNEY IS THE MASTER OF SUPERFICIALity, but he has the misfortune of being neither Jewish nor homosexual, at least one of which seems to be a prerequisite nowadays for sophisticated comedy. At its best, this can be most entertaining and even say something worthwhile; at its worst, it lines up one-liners like golf balls and drives them into the audience. Gurney, in decline, sometimes misses the ball altogether.

Far East, about a wealthy Milwaukee socialite with earnest aspirations, stationed as a Navy lieutenant in Japan during the Korean troubles, is yet another semi-autobiographical piece, full of facile charm and having nothing to say, artfully packaged in the finest Japanese wrapping paper. The insubstantial parcel is stuffed with trendy this and that. Racism: Our hero wants to marry his Japanese-waitress sweetheart, but his family and his C.O.'s jealous wife throw monkey wrenches in his way. Homosexuality: His buddy, Ensign Bob, is homosexual and blackmailed into petty espionage. Mild anti-militarism: Not all is tiptop in the U.S. Navy. And a kind of triangle: young man, older man, and his in-between-age wife. It starts out as the movie *Sayonara,* turns into *Madama Butterfly,* and ends as a shaggy-dog story. The Japanese girlfriend never appears.

Daniel Sullivan has cannily directed, using devices from every form of Japanese theater, and Thomas Lynch's Japanesy décor is delightful. Two performances stand out: Bill Smitrovich's commanding officer and Connor Trinneer's Ensign Bob. The overrated Michael Hayden is unwinning as the hero; the mannered Lisa Emery, annoying as the heroine. *Far East* contains a goodly amount of jokiness and seriousness; the difficulty is in telling them apart. ▬

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

ART **MARK STEVENS**

Court Jester

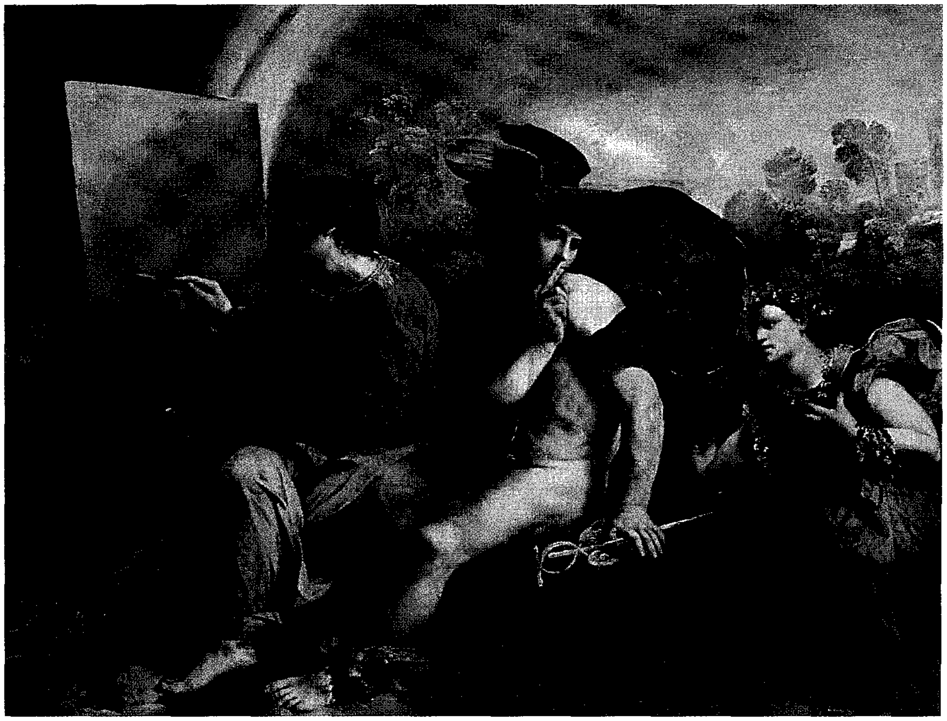
Dosso Dossi, an overlooked Renaissance painter more concerned with art for its own sake than with any lofty ideals, gets a reputation-building show.

THE RENAISSANCE HAS MANY MOODS, NOT ALL OF them profound. Dosso Dossi (1486?–1542), a great secondary figure of the period, was a quintessential court painter who gave himself to the witty, playful, and theatrical. He might paint a religious picture if properly paid, but would then devote his deepest energies to, say, the pretty trim on the cloak of the Virgin or the fluttering of the tree near St. Something. For most of his life, he worked for Duke Alfonso I of Ferrara, a man of great social aspirations—often the most useful kind of patron—who hoped to turn his city into a model of Renaissance splendor. Dossi generated much of the visual panoply of Alfonso's court, creating theatrical sets, helping with decorations, painting palace frescoes, even designing the streamers for trumpets.

Unfortunately, history has not been kind to him. When Ferrara came under the control of the papacy in the late sixteenth century, the city's art was disbursed. Dossi's frescoes were mostly destroyed; paintings were sent in all directions; numerous works and bits of delightful ephemera were lost. Over the centuries, many surviving paintings have been badly washed and scraped and generally knocked about, losing their delicate tones, which is a particularly cruel fate for a Venetian-inspired art of soft mood and atmosphere. Just as important, perhaps, the influential Renaissance artist-critic Giorgio Vasari did not approve of Dossi, regarding him as not quite serious enough. As a result, Dossi's character as an artist, never powerfully distinctive, has not developed a vivid historical profile.

"Dosso Dossi: Court Painter in Renaissance Ferrara," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—jointly organized by Andrea Bayer of the Met, Dawson Carr of the J. Paul Getty Museum, and Andrea Buzzoni of the Civiche Gallerie d'Arte Moderna e Contemporanea di Ferrara—should add some luster to Dossi's reputation. Nowadays, Renaissance artists are rarely given substantial retrospectives; many works of the time were painted on wood and are too delicate to travel. This exhibit of 60 works, mostly on canvas, is large enough to represent most phases of Dossi's painting. It also conveys how complex the period was—how crisscrossed by contrary ideas. Dossi's main inspiration was the Venetian art of Giorgone and Titian, but he was also one of art's great crows, willing to pick up interesting bits of sparkle and shape from Raphael, Michelangelo, and Giulio Romano, to say nothing of Netherlandish painting and the prints of Dürer and Altdorfer. Dossi seems to have felt no need to escape, transcend, or dominate his sources. Instead, he played among them, creating an art of jazzy improvisation. He refused to bother with preparatory drawings, for example, simply beginning a picture and adding and removing figures depending upon the whim of his eye. When illustrating a story, he had no qualms about changing it.

Melissa, a sweetly bizarre picture, is a particularly good example of Dossi's sensibility. A rather early work, it depicts a lavishly dressed sorceress—almost certainly benign—who seems to be breaking an evil spell that has turned a number of knights into animals, plants, and stones. Seated in an opulent landscape blooming with details that would please court taste, she is about to awaken several little doll-like humans who appear to be half grown into the vegetation. In the foreground below these trapped dolls lies a great hunk of empty armor upon which sits a bird; at any moment, it seems, a knight will suddenly flash into full form—and assume his abandoned armor. Dossi's scene-stealer, however, is a great gray dog who is staring spellbound at the armor and the bird. He could be either a bewitched knight or an animal waiting, loyally, for his master to reappear in the armor. In any case, his eyes convey an unworldly but also very human intensity, that of the trapped person who cannot get out. Dossi heightens the anticipation by including a bird, for this particular dog *(continued on page 56)*



Dossi's *Jupiter, Mercury and Virtue* (ca. 1523–24).

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

DANCE

TOBI TOBIAS

Tarnished Silver

In its fiftieth-anniversary re-creation of Balanchine's best works, the New York City Ballet leaves out an essential ingredient: imagination.

CELEBRATING ITS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY, THE **New York City Ballet** plans to present 100 works from its formidable repertory in the course of the winter and spring seasons. This project was launched just after the new year with a week's worth of performances devoted exclusively to Balanchine's most rigorous masterworks. (The series was called "Balanchine Black + White Celebration," after the choreography's minimalist dress.) A more stimulating and exquisite collection of ballets can scarcely be imagined, though it was not Balanchine's custom to program in this manner. Wise in the ways of the theater, he would use excursions into lush Romanticism, scintillating bravura, or sheer fun to offset the neoclassic severity of *Agon*, *Concerto Barocco*, and *The Four Temperaments* or the futuristic impact of *Symphony in Three Movements*, *Episodes*, and *Movements for Piano and Orchestra*. While all of Balanchine's works are characterized by his profound musical and architectural sense, the "leotard ballets," as we used to term them, display the brilliance of his gifts naked, as it were.

I doubt that anyone would dispute the claim that the NYCB is the company best equipped to dance these key ballets in the style—remarkable for its speed and clarity, to name just two elements—that Balanchine evolved over the years. Yet today's renditions of the choreography are, in the end, gravely disappointing. Why?

Overall, the dancing is conscientiously schooled, scrupulously careful in its individual segments (the step, even the phrase), but without an overarching sense of the imaginary world, complete with a subliminal drama, that a given ballet embodies. Indeed, the renditions are so placidly matter-of-fact that one wonders if there's anyone at all on the scene—dancers or ballet masters—even aware of the universes Balanchine called into being through his choreography. What we're looking at now are facsimiles—highly polished ones, to be sure, but nonetheless ballets that have, to a significant degree, lost their original impulse.

Other shortcomings stem from the prevailing efficiency-without-inspiration approach. The dancing tends to be bland in its dynamics, unspontaneous, and diminished in energy. Most of the time, the stage picture looks significantly smaller and flatter than it once did, and the experience the ballets yield is far tamer. I regularly question my own impression that this is so, knowing full well that veteran viewers can be obdurately and foolishly nostalgic for past glories as amplified by their own fantasy. And then I see an individual dancer—Albert Evans, who infallibly ignites the stage with his imagination (he's a man whose every action tells), or the lusty newcomer Jennie Somogyi, who moves as if three dimensions aren't quite enough to contain her—and I am reminded of what Balanchine dancing once meant. Time was, one left a performance of the New York City Ballet with one's mind and senses stirred, disturbed, sublimely rewarded. Those of us who were fortunate enough and naïve enough to take this repeated experience for granted—to become addicted to it—have since learned some tough truths about the ephemeral nature of dance, even in its most prodigious manifestations.

The NYCB facsimile of Balanchine's *Symphony in Three Movements*.

Photograph by Costas.

A more specific problem in the NYCB's current productions of Balanchine lies in their casting. When a choreographer creates a ballet, choreography and casting are tightly bonded. The choreographer selects from among the dancers available to him those suited to his vision for the work he's gestating, and the dancing he proceeds to create is informed by those dancers' particular skills and temperaments. (If he doesn't have the dancers

(continued on page 56)

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET **JOSEPH O'NEILL**

Flee the Market

When bargain hunting in Chelsea wears you out, the offbeat restaurant row on West 25th Street—Antique Cafe, Milanes, and Johny's—is the perfect refuge.

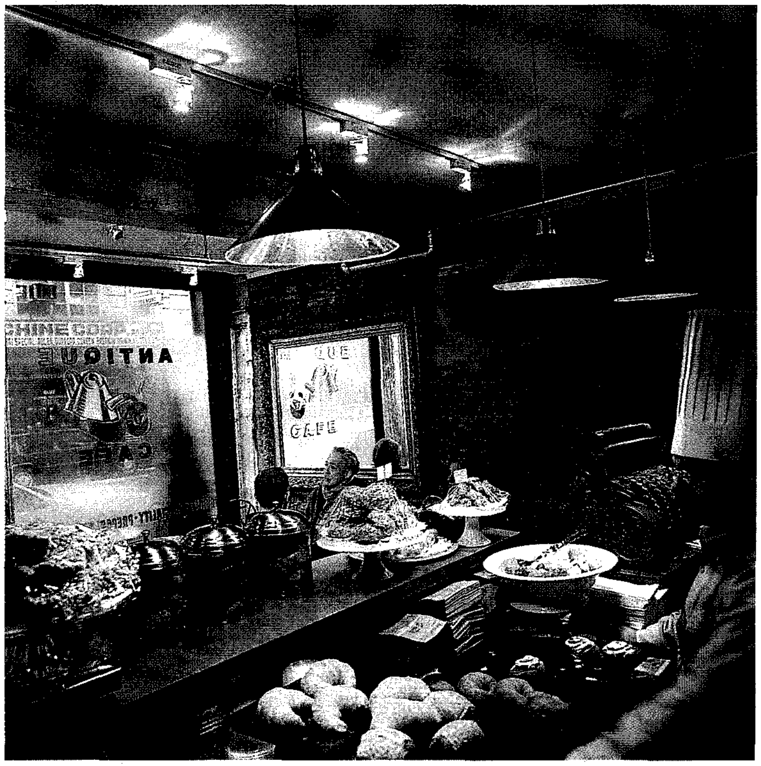
THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET REGULARLY HAUNTS the flea markets in the Garment District, attracted not so much by the prospect of picking up a rare edition of the poems of Lord Dunsany or a monkey-fur jacket as by the edible snips to be had in a reputedly unfoody locality. At first light, I join the dealers, collectors, and other early birds who sip truly good coffee (95 cents) and mumble bargain-basement confidences at the **Antique Cafe** (101 West 25th Street; 675-1663), a pint-size establishment with six tables, a cheery Gallic atmosphere, and surprisingly deep culinary pockets.

For breakfast at the cold crack of dawn, warm up with soup (cream of mushroom with sherry, or French onion with Dijon mustard; $3.50 with roll) or a peanut-butter-and-jelly cookie ($1.25), a saucer-size biscuit that fractures into dunkable, ungainsayable fragments. Other home-baked cookies, white-chocolate-cherry, honey-raisin-nut, and chocolate-chunk, are also available (three for $1.75).

For lunch—hungry work, all that searching high and low for claw-footed bathtubs—tuck in to the excellent sandwiches and salads. The modus operandi in the kitchen involves taking a bunch of fresh ingredients and jumbling them up in accordance with the changeable inclinations of the chef. You might find a grilled-chicken salad of mixed field greens sweetened with red and white grapes and pomegranate seeds ($5.25); big, fruity ingots of roasted pumpkin with cranberries, apricots, and raisins ($4.25); smallish poppers with jalapeño and cheese (three for $1.75); and a salad with mushrooms stuffed with black beans and dandelion ($5.25) created that morning by co-proprietor Jon Wolohojian without (he freely confessed) the foggiest notion of how it would turn out. Fine, it transpired, but perhaps not substantial enough to gratify the more voracious customer.

To fill your boots, tackle the grilled-vegetable-and-smoked-Gouda sandwich ($4.95), which crams yellow squash, eggplant, zucchini, green beans, carrots, and broccoli between doorstop slabs of peasant bread smeared with a superb spicy-mustard dressing. Or try the ratatouille-and-goat-cheese sandwich, an appropriately squelchy coming-together of chèvre, mushrooms, onions, tomato, and eggplant ($5.25), or the hearty meat loaf (comes with salad; $5.95).

In case anyone got the wrong idea, Antique Cafe buzzes throughout the week as well as on weekends. Also, parents of small children should note, it has developed a sideline of hosting children's afternoon parties: You can certainly see how the Cafe's take on the Rice Krispies treat ($1.45)—marshmallow-bound Krispies bejeweled with bits of Cap'n Crunch, Froot Loops, and Cocoa Puffs—would make 9-year-olds delirious (the Underground Gourmet enjoyed them just a bit himself).



For the hungry haggler: Antique Cafe offers inventive cookies, soups, and sandwiches.

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Wolohojian said that he and Marcial Cavero opened Antique Cafe last September because they and their pals needed somewhere to have a coffee and a snack while flea-marketeering. Now their pals go flea-marketeering in order to have an excuse for eating at the Cafe.

Antique Cafe is open for breakfast and lunch seven days a week. Monday through Friday 7:30 A.M. to 7:30 P.M., Saturday 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., Sunday 6:30 A.M. to 6 P.M. Cash only.

THE SEAM OF RARE EDIBLES DOESN'T END THERE, THOUGH. Just a few sewing-machine outlets away from the Antique Cafe is the wonderfully inauspicious **Milanes** (162 West 25th Street; 243-9797). Dwarfed by towering commercial lofts, hidden from view by double-parked trucks, fogged in by the condensation that perpetually mists up its two windowpanes, this Dominican-run coffeehouse-diner will be missed by all—the Underground Gourmet modestly observes—save the most inquisitive or discerning.

With just eight tables and a dozen or so counter seats, Milanes has the magical atmosphere of an unself-conscious success. A terrifically friendly, chattering all-woman team (managed by Grecia Milanes) serves up the food with gusto and smarts, and the décor (pink leatherette and metal chairs; a bouquet of red and pink silk roses on each table) has a distinctively feminine prettiness. Which goes a long way toward civilizing the hulking males who largely make up the clientele: cable guys, Spanish-speaking cops, construction workers covered in dust, the odd FIT student, solitary Latino businessmen. All feed in an appreciative silence that contrasts with the hustle and bustle behind the counter. What brings them here is, in the main, dishes of extreme carnivorousness: tripe soup ($2), goat meat (with French fries or Spanish rice and beans, $5), oxtail (ditto), and meat balls (ditto). The tripe soup (mondongo) is perhaps the most challenging of these offerings: a murky, slightly whiffy red pool stocked with vegetables and floating chunks of cow stomach. These chewy strips of fat—which in texture and appearance are perhaps not entirely dissimilar to strips torn from an old carpet—give the soup an oiliness that, depending on your taste and constitution, is either an unsavory no-no or an unbeatable stiffener against a cold winter's day.

My boiled goat meat (chivo), served with rice and beans and fried plantain, was properly flaky and entirely satisfactory (leave the cheerless potato-and-avocado salad you may be offered with it). My trio of meatballs were juicy and of a very good consistency, coalescing neatly around vegetable fragments and breaking, when pressurized by a fork, into bite-size pieces: What more could you ask for? Milanes is, in every sense, a real find.

Milanes is open Monday through Saturday 7 A.M. to 5 P.M. Cash only.

THERE IS ONE SPOT SITUATED BETWEEN Milanes and the Antique Cafe so small and secretive it makes these two look like monuments of self-advertisement. **Johny's** (124 West 25th Street; 243-6230) is a galley diner operated by John Pilapos—a human whirlwind at the grill—and his proud father, Larry, who rustles up the specials in the kitchen. Larry ran a restaurant at the Milanes site for 22 years before moving into this crevice, and his know-how shines through in the pizza pitas ($2.95 to $4.25, depending on the topping), which come with a terrific homemade tomato sauce seasoned with garlic, basil, onions, lemon juice, and a touch of tomato paste. Also try the daily specials, which include baked chicken and chicken marsala (with bread; beans; rice, mash, or fries; and vegetable or salad; $5.50). This son-and-father joint is the mother of all holes in the wall.

Johny's serves breakfast and lunch Monday through Friday 7 A.M. to 3 P.M., Saturday 8:30 A.M. to 3 P.M. Cash only. ■

Joseph O'Neill's 1999 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Tobias *continued from page 54*

he needs, he's likely to modify or abandon his vision; dance-makers may be poets, but they are realists as well.) Rarely is a featured dancer "wrong" for a role designed on him or her. When, as is inevitable, a ballet worth preserving must be recast, no dancer is entirely right for any of its principal roles. If a performer is the same type as the one he's succeeding, the results are at best satisfying. Miranda Weese, for instance, regularly does a creditable job in allegro roles that require confident, precise technique and unfussy presentation. A dancer of extraordinary gifts who is quite different from the role's originator may offer a marvelous interpretation that reveals latent dimensions in the choreography; Suzanne Farrell managed this feat again and again.

Too often, the New York City Ballet under Peter Martins's leadership provides neither of these acceptable options—options that not only ensure gratifying performances today but also help to keep an exemplary dance alive for posterity. (A ballet that is not rightly understood by being astutely cast is already moribund.) For some time now—the "Black + White" occasion simply trained a spotlight on a chronic failing—the NYCB's casting of important ballets has gone carelessly or defiantly against the original type without bringing into being luminous new, yet clearly valid, interpretations. This regrettable state of affairs is linked to inadequate coaching in specific roles and, more generally, to insufficient development and support of burgeoning talent—but these issues constitute a story for another occasion.

Meanwhile, essential distinctions, such as the one between the nature of the two duets at the heart of *Stravinsky Violin Concerto*, are ignored, so that this exhilarating ballet no longer possesses the striking contrast it once offered between the grotesque and the poetic aspects of erotic communication. Similarly, the two main women's roles in *Agon*—the cheeky and the sensuous—have had their personalities reversed, while dancers promoted to principal rank despite limited ability are unfairly (to themselves and their audience) sent out to tackle roles once the property of lions.

The NYCB being the august institution it is, the anniversary season will sail on as an event, suavely guided by marketing-department devices. But if it's to have any significant aesthetic impact, and if the company has any hope of maintaining its onetime primacy as an artistic force, Martins and his policy-making associates must devote themselves to some radical rethinking and action. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Stevens *continued from page 53*

has the focus of a cat about to spring.

Dossi was especially admired among contemporaries for his rendering of landscapes. Drawing upon both Venetian and Northern European traditions, he loved to depict a town in the misty distance, half hidden by rolling hills and the plumes of trees. Often, he appeared more interested in a bit of fanciful countryside than in the literal subject of a picture. Like many landscape and still-life artists, he seemed to prefer a mood of dreamy implication to one of clear, direct statement. (The strewn flower petals in his *Allegory With Pan* contain more genuine erotic life than the flashy but rather formulaic nude.) While Dossi could charm the Duke's courtiers with such works, he differed from most successful court painters in one important respect: He did few portraits. He must have found them constraining. They demanded too much fealty to appearances; the brush could not play at will. Still, a few great individuals emerge in his work, notably a wonderful old sot. Instead of depicting the usual rotund slobberer, Dossi portrays a drunk who thinks he is still in control, the sort who walks on eggshells as he approaches you, with fixed eyes, wanting to have a serious *convershation.*

Probably the work closest to the artist's heart is *Jupiter, Mercury and Virtue,* which directly confronts the sort of criticism traditionally directed at a court painter like Dossi. In art, there is a never-ending argument between moralists and aesthetes—between those who think art must serve a lofty purpose and those who think art need serve only art. Depending upon the players and circumstances, this argument ranges from the shaded and subtle to the simplistic and hotly partisan. There can be no doubt where Dossi stood, though he presented his views with a light, almost comic touch. The story he chose to illustrate tells of Virtue coming to complain to Jupiter about her ill treatment by, among others, Fortune. For a month, she has been forced to wait outside the palace while the gods spend their time making cucumbers blossom and painting the wings of butterflies; finally, Mercury tells Virtue that Jupiter has no wish to quarrel with Fortune—and sends her away. In the painting, Dossi presents the ruler of Olympus as an effete, cross-legged painter who has put aside his thunderbolt because he would rather dream of rainbows and daub the wings of butterflies onto his canvas. Certainly, he wants nothing to do with this loud woman who clasps her breast in earnest supplication. And so Mercury tells her to hush. Art must not be bothered by Virtue's tiresome demands. ■

Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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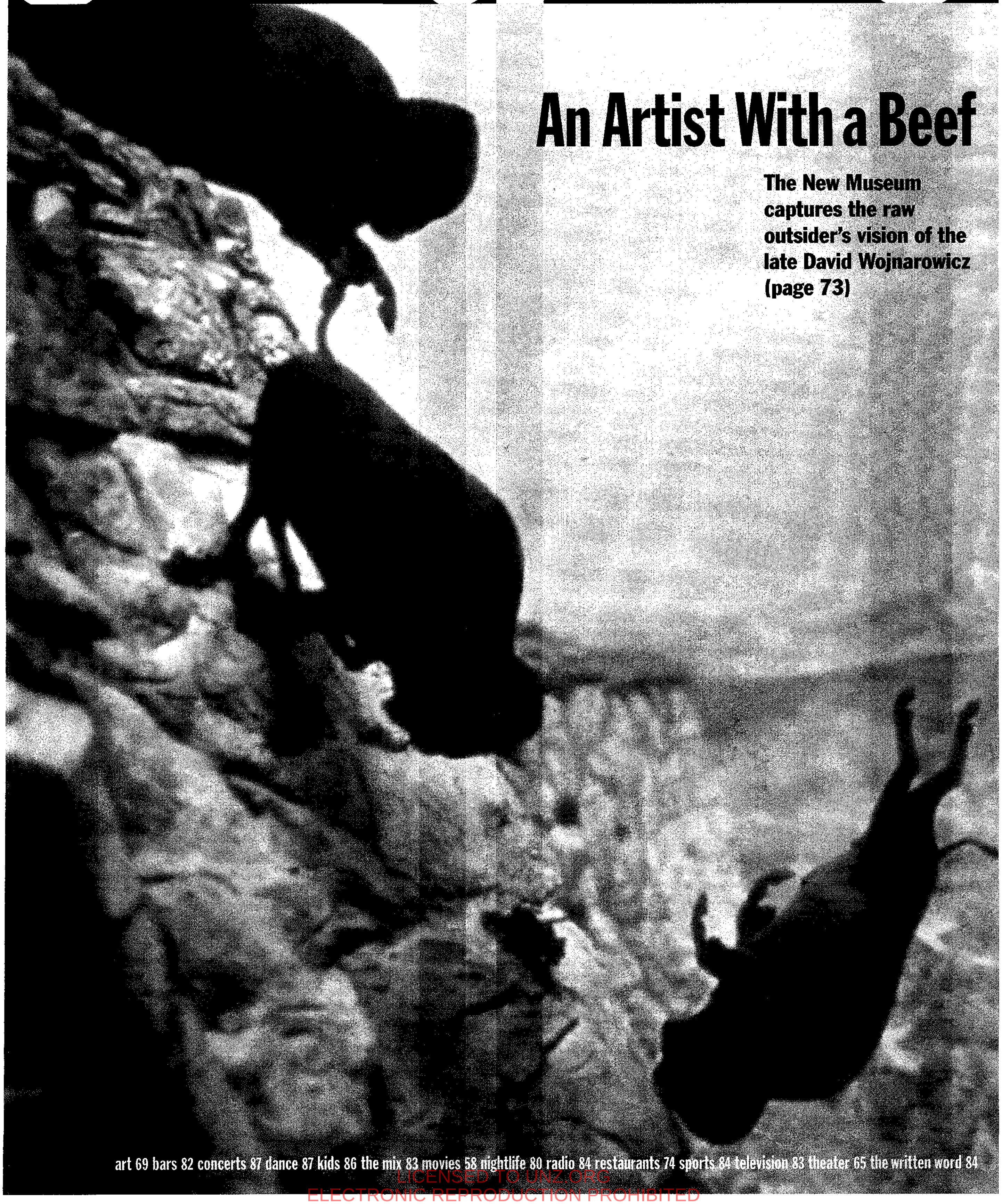
A Weekly Guide to Enter m and the Arts in New Y



An Artist With a Beef

The New Museum captures the raw outsider's vision of the late David Wojnarowicz (page 73)

art 69 bars 82 concerts 87 dance 87 kids 86 the mix 83 movies 58 nightlife 80 radio 84 restaurants 74 sports 84 television 83 theater 65 the written word 84

movies

Lee Marvin, Remembered...*Children of Heaven*

New Films

★**Affliction**—Writer-director Paul Schrader's adaptation of the 1989 Russell Banks novel is a heavy dose of oppressiveness. Small-town New Hampshire looks like hell frozen over. It's a meat-locker of a locale, except the dead meat is walking around instead of hung up on hooks. Barreling his way through this frostbitten inferno, Wade Whitehouse (Nick Nolte) is the archetypal walking wounded. He may try to wriggle out of his fate, but it's bigger than he is. He's a good man gnarled by primal circumstance. The world of this movie is framed as a battlefield of male privilege, and even if you reject the hallucinatory machismo at its core, it holds you. There's excellent supporting work by Sissy Spacek, Willem Dafoe, Mary Beth Hurt, and James Coburn. Nolte is near the top of his form. The character he plays is afflicted all right—beyond reckoning. The movie is his dirge. (Rainer; 1/11/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

American History X—Edward Norton is a neo-Nazi skinhead named Derek. The film's point is that this monster wasn't born that way: His firefighter father taught him to be racist. After Dad is shot dead trying to put out a blaze in a crack house controlled by black dealers, Derek becomes the youth leader of a Venice Beach white-power movement. His younger brother, Danny (Edward Furlong), is also brought into the fold. Derek ends up jailed for three years for killing two black kids, but his prison experiences transform him. Realizing that his Aryan brothers in the clink aren't exactly soul mates—they gang-rape him in the shower for being friendly around a black inmate (Guy Torry, in a superb cameo)—he emerges clear-eyed and with a full head of hair, yet. He returns home to salvage Danny before it's too late. The filmmakers are trying to make a case for how his hate is a learned response to social misery, but with its deadweight social conscience, the film ultimately resembles nothing so much as an Oliver Stone special. The message seems to be: If you gang-rape a skinhead, he'll come to his senses. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village East.*

Another Day in Paradise—James Woods and Melanie Griffith are criminals who take a younger couple under their wing. With Natasha Gregson Wagner and Vincent Kartheiser. Based on the novel by Eddie Little. Directed by Larry Clark. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Opens Friday, January 22.*

At First Sight—Mira Sorvino is an architect who falls in love with her blind masseur (Val Kilmer) and persuades him to undergo experimental surgery to gain sight. Directed by Irwin Winkler. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Babe: Pig in the City**—This is every bit as funny as its predecessor, but it's funny in a screwier, twistier way. By bringing the pig into the urban hell of strays and pet impounders, director George Miller—with his co-writers, Judy Morris and Mark Lamprell, and his animal trainers and animatronic experts—opens up a brave new world. Babe is first brought to the city by Farmer Hoggett's ovoid wife, Esme (Magda Szubanski), in a botched plan to feature him in a fair and use the fee to stave off the farm's foreclosure. They end up residents in a four-story rooming house—the Flealands Hotel—catering to pets. Babe is the country rube in the big city, but he's also the rube as holy fool. By the film's end, his goodness triumphs over the Gotham grunge. ("I'm just a pig on a mission," he says.) In *Babe*, he was a leader of sheep. Now he's a leader of men—and ducks, chimps, poodles, even pit bulls. His innocence proves cast-iron. Babe brings together dogs and cats, pink poodles and pit bulls. Kids barred from this movie by wary parents are missing out on a helluva role model. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *Centre Sunnyside.*

★**A Bug's Life**—Disney's new computer-animated film is an iridescent marvel. It's also buggy with tie-ins, but that should not get in the way of our enjoyment of this wiseacre Aesop's fable. The ants on Ant Island have been terrorized by grasshoppers into harvesting food each fall as ritual offerings. When one of the ants, the perky Flik, accidentally spills the grasshoppers' bounty, the colony is endangered. Exiled, he seeks help from the bugs in a traveling flea circus. The troupe is more like a menagerie of knockabout vaudevillians. The bashful rhino bug takes his place beside Heimlich, the chubby green caterpillar who sounds like a cranky Katzenjammer Kid. Slim, the walking stick, is effetely studious; Francis, the ladybug, is no lady—he's a guy with a macho complex. Co-directors John Lasseter and Andrew Stanton position these bugs in ways that make witty use of the wide-screen frame. One reason the bugs come across so well here is that the sheen of the wings and exoskeletons, and the segmented way in which these critters move, are tailor-made for the technical requirements of computer animation. But there's another explanation for why bugs are naturals in this family-entertainment universe: They bring out the kid in everybody. (Rainer; 12/7/98) (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) *Village East; Chelsea West; Sutton; Lincoln Square; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinema City; The Movies at Staten Island.*

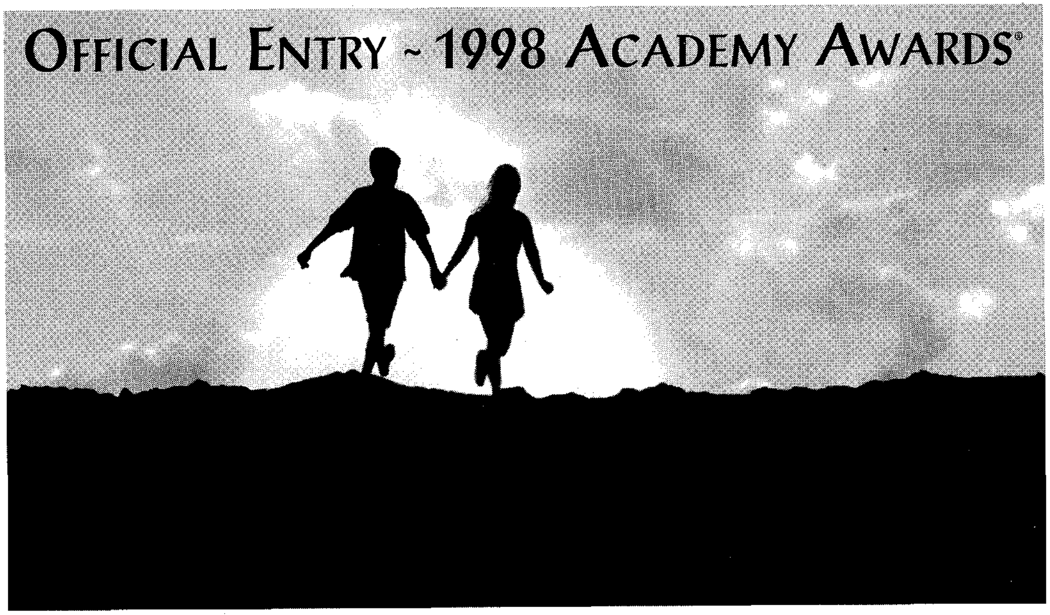
The Celebration—A family reunites for its patriarch's 60th-birthday party and certain horrible secrets spill out over dinner. Directed by Thomas Vinterberg. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; 62nd and Broadway.*

Celebrity—Woody Allen doesn't physically appear here, but he seems to be inhabiting the corporeal substance of at least two of his stars. Kenneth Branagh is doing Allen at least as well as Allen's been doing himself lately. Judy Davis plays Branagh's bitter ex-wife, and she seems dubbed, too. When these two go at each other, we might as well be seeing double. Shot in austere black-and-white, the film has its sly amusements, but it's a minor entry in the canon. Allen really doesn't have much to say about the nature of fame, because his

Opening
Lonely Hunters

A group of disparate Los Angelenos search for love or just try to maintain it in 'Playing by Heart,' an ensemble piece starring Sean Connery and Gena Rowlands as a couple who have arrived at their fortieth anniversary and Angelina Jolie as an aspiring actress doggedly pursuing a connection with Ryan Phillippe (below). Opens January 22.

'Cue' cover photograph courtesy of the New Museum of Contemporary Art.



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Opening

Brotherly Love

In the simply entrancing *The Children of Heaven*, a boy sets in motion a series of trials when he loses his sister's only pair of shoes—and must rely on his resourcefulness and her understanding to make things right again. Starts Friday, January 22, at Lincoln Plaza.

whole persona disdains it. Branagh's Lee Simon is a hack magazine writer, and he has three celebrity-subject encounters that are meant to be illustrative. In the first, he accompanies a movie queen (Melanie Griffith) back to her childhood home, where he puts the make on her and she responds. Later, a supermodel (Charlize Theron) at a fashion show comes on to him and plays him for a gaga fool. Then he walks in on a hot movie star (Leonardo DiCaprio) as the brat tears up his hotel suite. It all comes across as so much slapstick sleaze. The only aspect that rings true in all this is that Lee wants to buy into the sleaze. Judy Davis's Robin is a schoolteacher involved with a guy (Joe Mantegna), and her story is instructive, too. Instead of being frazzled by the celebrity circus, she settles into its lunacy. She ends up an on-air host for a top-rated schlock TV interview show and can finally say of herself, "I've become the kind of woman I've always hated, but I'm happier." Which may be the most uplifting words anybody has spoken in a Woody Allen movie in a very long time. (Rainer; 11/30/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East.*

★**Central Station**—I can't join in with the prevailing opinion that Walter Salles's *Central Station* is on par with early De Sica—I love early De Sica too much. But in this otherwise rather schematic swatch of social catharsis, Brazil's Fernanda Montenegro gives the best performance by an actress I've seen all year. De Sica might not have made this movie, but he would have recognized in her bitter, beseeching portrayal a kindred character. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; bam Rose Cinemas.*

Children of Heaven—A young boy loses his sister's only pair of shoes and tries to get them back without letting his parents know they are missing. Written and directed by Majid Majidi. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Opens Friday, January 22.*

A Civil Action—Jonathan Harr's nonfiction best-seller is being used as a textbook in law schools, but the movie that has been made from it is unlikely to be a model in film schools. Written and directed by Steve Zaillian, it has more negative virtues than positive. It's commendable for not doing many of the things we expect from legal thrillers in this Grisham era, but we're left with a long trudge through the ambiguities of civic virtue. John Travolta, not at his best, plays the personal-injury attorney who starts out as a high-gloss ambulance chaser and ends up obsessed with the moral rightness of his wrongful-death suit even as it drags down the resources of his firm; Robert Duvall, in an expertly malicious performance, plays his legal adversary. He says stuff like "The courtroom is not a place to look for truth." No kidding. (Rainer; 1/11/99) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Dancing at Lughnasa—Five sisters in rural thirties Ireland struggle with the harsh hand life has given them. Starring Meryl Streep, Sophie Thompson, Michael Gambon, Catherine McCormack, Kathy Burke, Brid Brennan, and Rhys Ifans. Directed by Pat O'Connor. From the stage play by Brian Friel. (2 hrs.; PG) *Waverly; 59th Street East.*

Down in the Delta—A Chicago grandmother moves her daughter and grandchildren back to Mississippi in hopes of pulling them away from the problems of the city. With Alfre Woodard, Al Freeman Jr., Esther Rolle, Mary Alice, Loretta Devine, Wesley Snipes, Mpho Koaho, and Kulani Hassen. Directed by Maya Angelou. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea West; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; BAM Rose Cinemas; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

★**Dr. Akagi**—See Rainer, page 48. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Elizabeth—This film, about the daughter of King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, has real verve. It's not all that great even so, but in the historical-bio genre, liveliness counts for a lot. Cate Blanchett plays the young Elizabeth from the time she is nearly rendered headless by her half-sister Queen Mary (Kathy Burke) to her final ascension as the Virgin Queen. We are not to take that moniker literally. The Elizabeth on view here is a frolicker who knows how to dangle her spinsterhood before her panting suitors. She's a sexy queen, especially when she realizes she needs to ensure her power by lopping off a few heads of her own. The Indian director Shekhar Kapur and his screenwriter, Michael Hirst, would like us to see her as a feminist icon: She could do it all—dance the volta with her lover Robert Dudley (Joseph Fiennes) in full scandalous view of her court and lord it over the old fuds in Parliament. "I am no man's Elizabeth," she cries out while still in her marriageable mode. Later, she amends that: "I am married to England." Lucky England. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

The Emperor's Shadow—The epic story of the formation of China's first ruling dynasty and the first emperor's star-crossed love affair. With Jiang Wen, Ge You, and Xu Qing. Directed by Zhou Xiaowen. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Enemy of the State—This film is set against the backdrop of top-secret government surveillance, and I suppose it's all meant to be Kafkaesque. But since this is a Jerry Bruckheimer production, it's more like Kafka on steroids. Gene Hackman (ostensibly Will Smith's co-star) doesn't even make it onto the wall until an hour into the show. He plays a kind of defrocked former CIA agent named Brill who knows all sorts of clever secret-agent-type things. Brill reluctantly surfaces to offer his aid when a Washington lawyer, Robert Clayton Dean (Smith), is targeted by rogue National Security Agency operatives under the command of Thomas Brian Reynolds (Jon Voight). Reynolds has already engineered the garroting of a senator (an unbilled Jason Robards) opposed to an over-the-top domestic snoop-and-spy bill. By accident, Dean finds himself in possession of a videotape of the murder, and runs for his life. If you're going to make a movie about how easy it is for our identities to be electronically stolen by the government, shouldn't you at least create people with identities worth stealing? The only character in the movie with any resonance is Brill, and that's largely because Hackman is playing him like a follow-up to his Harry Caul, the professional surveillance expert in *The Conversation.* (Rainer; 11/30/98) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Criterion Center; Sutton; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinema City.*

The Faculty—High-school students realize their teachers are from another planet. With Elijah Wood, Bebe Neuwirth, Salma Hayek, and Jon Stewart. Written by Kevin Williamson. Directed by Robert Rodriguez. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Chelsea; State; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Crossbay II; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The General**—Few movie characters are as rollickingly, disturbingly complex as Martin Cahill, the real-life Irish gangster in John Boorman's mesmerizing new movie. As Cahill, Brendan Gleeson doesn't try to soften him for us or explain him away. He keeps us perplexed right up until the end about this fanatically anti-authoritarian crook, who despised equally the Church, the state, the IRA, the police. It's a great performance. The film has the structure of an American gangster classic and yet it doesn't remind you of anything else—even other Boorman films. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Gloria—Sharon Stone becomes the caretaker of a young boy who teaches her a lesson about love. With Jeremy Northam, Cathy Moriarty, and George C. Scott. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Opens Friday, January 22.*

Gods and Monsters—The story of aging director James Whale (Ian McKellen) and his relationship with his lawn-boy, played by Brendan Fraser. With Lynn Redgrave. Written and directed by Bill Condon. Based on the novel *Father of Frankenstein.* (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Gemini.*

Happiness—This scandalous American independent film, written and directed by Todd Solondz, is, of course, about misery. The characters try to make connections and wind up nowhere; they love the wrong person, the forbidden person; they degrade themselves, destroy other people. Each scene offers one or another aspect of the alleged anxiety and terror lurking beneath the respectable surface of middle-class life. A retired couple in their sixties (Ben Gazzara and Louise Lasser) have nothing left to say to one another. One of their daughters, Joy (Jane Adams), a scared, talentless girl, can't hold a job or a man. Her older sibling Helen, the slinky writer, is a parody of chic, attitudinizing success, a suburban Kathryn Harrison. The other sister, Trish, played by the gurgling Cynthia Stevenson, lives happily as an apple-pie-fascist mom, married to what seems to be a solid husband and dad—Bill (Dylan Baker). Bill lusts after little boys, perhaps even after his own little boy. Aren't the American suburbs a fairly easy target by now? Solondz subverts what has already been subverted. *Happiness* is a brilliant, disturbing, but unstable and half-crazy piece of work. (Denby; 10/19/98) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; NR) *Village East; Crown Gotham.*

Hilary & Jackie—Emily Watson is the celebrated British cellist Jacqueline du Pré, who developed multiple sclerosis at 28. With Rachel Griffiths as her sister Hilary. Based on the book by Hilary and Piers du Pré, *A Genius in the Family.* Directed by Anand Tucker. (2 hrs.; R) *Coronet; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Hurly Burly—There's a whole lot of overacting going on in this David Rabe–adapted movie of his 1984 play, directed by Anthony Drazan. The cast, playing a mixed-nuts assortment of Hollywood trash, is impressive: Sean Penn, Kevin Spacey, Robin Wright Penn, Anna Paquin, Garry Schandling, Chazz Palminteri, Meg Ryan. But Rabe wants to turn the sex-swapping, coke-snorting L.A. eightiess scene into a template for how spiritually bereft we all are, and it doesn't wash. The sleazoids in this movie don't stand for anything—not even themselves. They should call the film *A Bug's Life.* (Rainer; 1/18/99) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

In Dreams—See Rainer, page 47. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; State; First &*

Photograph courtesy of Miramax Films.

62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; Cinemart; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Staten Island.

Jack Frost—Michael Keaton is an often-absent father whose death—and reincarnation as a snowman—brings him closer to his family. With Kelly Preston and Joseph Cross. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Kings Plaza; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

Little Voice—A young girl who barely speaks but who can belt out impersonations of singing stars is persuaded to give a concert. Based on the play by Jim Cartwright. Starring Jane Horrocks, Brenda Blethyn, Michael Caine, and Ewan McGregor. Directed by Mark Herman. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Beekman.*

★**Living Out Loud**—Two lonely people—Holly Hunter's Judith and Danny DeVito's Pat—find each other and feel less alone. Writer-director Richard LaGravanese keeps things open and a little messy, just like life. At the beginning, Judith finds herself suddenly single after years as the wife of a prominent cardiologist (Martin Donovan) who has dropped her for a younger woman. Pat is the doorman in Judith's co-op. He's been turned out by his wife after 25 years. They get friendly, but because their emotions are so up-front, we never think of their involvement in class terms. Standard movie romances are fond of bringing mismatches together; writer-director LaGravanese shows us why they might be kept apart. Judith and Pat are made for each other, but they may not be right for each other, and therein lies the rub of this rueful duet. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Eastside Playhouse.*

Mighty Joe Young—When an African gorilla is moved to a Los Angeles animal conservancy for safety, his life is endangered. With Charlize Theron and Bill Paxton. Directed by Ron Underwood. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Mississippi Mermaid—François Truffaut's 1969 film of a lonely tobacco planter who orders a bride through the mail. Starring Catherine Deneuve and Jean-Paul Belmondo. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

My Name Is Joe—A recovering alcoholic begins a relationship with a social worker in working-class Edinburgh. Starring Peter Mullan and Louise Goodal. Directed by Ken Loach. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Opens Friday, January 22.*

Patch Adams—Robin Williams plays a smiling-through-tears doctor who pushes the medicinal value of laughter in this goopy weepie that inexplicably is the holiday season's biggest hit. What's next for him—a remake of *Stella Dallas,* perhaps? He's playing out an old, sad showbiz story—the dulling out, at premium prices, of a once firebrand talent. (Rainer; 1/18/99) (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Prince of Egypt—There's a lot of smiting and plaguing going in this epic DreamWorks animated feature about Moses, but what really hurts is all the kitsch. The movie resembles one of those DeMille Biblical epics minus the hoochie-koochie he used to work in to show us what a terrible thing sin is. The mixture of 2- and 3-D effects is technically amazing, and at least one sequence, the parting of the Red Sea, is a knockout. But conceptually the film is cheeseball. Why should we applaud an animated movie for doing the same emptily monumental things as live-action directors? (Rainer; 12/14/98) (About 2 hrs.; G) *Chelsea; State; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows.*

Private Confessions—A married woman's affair leads to a series of encounters with her lover and her husband. Starring Max von Sydow. Written by Ingmar Bergman. Directed by Liv Ullmann. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The RugRats Movie—A new baby joins the Pickles family and sibling rivalry ensues. Based on the animated television show. Directed by Norton Virgien and Igor Kovalyov. (1 hr. 45 mins.; G) *Worldwide Cinemas; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone.* (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Fresh Meadows.*

★**A Simple Plan**—A crashed small plane with four million bucks in tow is discovered in a remote game preserve by three local townspeople. Theft, murder, double-crosses ensue. Director Sam Raimi is primarily known as a gonzo goremeister with a hyperkinetic visual style, but he's pared down his act here. In his new film, wintry rural Minnesota gets the dark, elemental treatment. The snowdrifts seem to be covering up some vast horror and the *noir* fatalism is limiting. Once again we are told that greed turns good men into bad—it doth make suckers of us all. But the action is compelling and the performances by Bill Paxton and Billy Bob Thornton, playing night-and-day brothers, as well as Brent Briscoe and Bridget Fonda, are superb. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Cinemart.*

Six-String Samarai—A fantasy about a guitar-playing master swordsman who thinks he's the next Elvis. On his way to "Lost Vegas" to claim his rightful title, he saves an orphan and is pursued by Death and the Russian Army. Directed by Lance Mungia. (1 hr. 21 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday, January 22.*

Star Trek: Insurrection—The saga continues. With Patrick Stewart, Jonathan Frakes, Brent Spiner, LeVar Burton, and F. Murray Abraham. (2 hrs.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinema City.*

Steam: The Turkish Bath—A man inherits a Turkish bath from his aunt and discovers who she was and falls for the custodian's handsome son. Starring Alessandro Gassman. Directed by Ferzan Opetek. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Stepmom—Susan Sarandon is a divorced mother who develops a friendship of sorts with her ex-husband's new girlfriend (Julia Roberts). With Ed Harris. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Alpine; Kingsway; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Still Crazy—A British seventies rock band attempts to reunite in 1998. Starring Stephen Rea and Billy Connolly. Directed by Brian Gibson. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Opens Friday, January 22.*

The Swindle—Two grifters get in over their heads. With Isabelle Huppert and Michel Serrault. Directed by Claude Chabrol. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Thin Red Line—Terrence Malick's first movie in twenty years—an adaptation of James Jones's 1962 WWII novel about an Army platoon in Guadalcanal—brings us back to that same seventies fugue state of his in which all action is aestheticized until nothing is left but patterning and pretty pictures. Malick never saw a sunset he didn't want to emblematize. A lot of powerful actors turn up—including Nick Nolte and Sean Penn—but they're upstaged by Malick's froufrou flossiness. The initial battle charge against the Japanese artillery is excitingly staged, and there are some evocative passages, but this seems less a movie about the terrors of combat than a reverie about how to preserve your refinement in the trenches. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (2 hrs. 46 mins.; R) *Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Touch of Evil**—Orson Welles's great 1958 thriller, which stars Welles, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, and Joseph Calleia, is one of the most intellectually and emotionally demanding movies ever made in Hollywood. *Touch of Evil* is tough to sit through; it's a jammed, discordant, discomforting experience—a nightmare, in fact, but a nightmare that leaves in the wake of its many complications a moral significance of disturbing perversity and brilliance. Take a deep breath and enjoy it. (Denby; 9/21/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

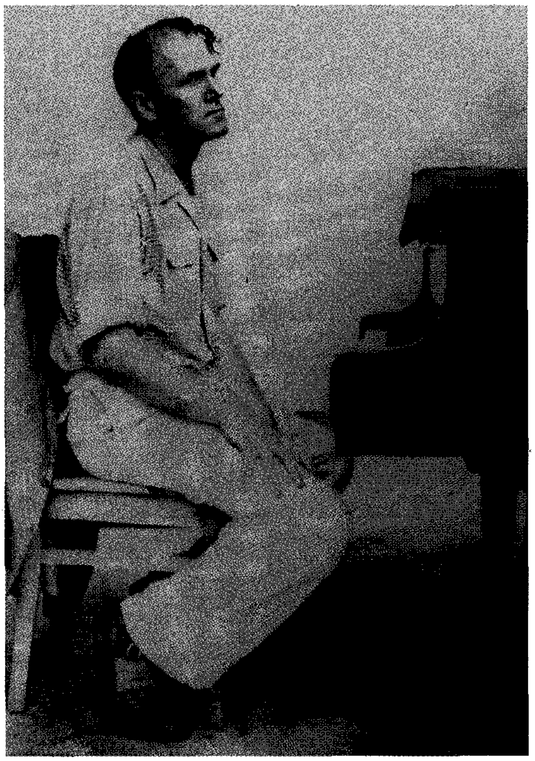
Varsity Blues—A coming-of-age comedy about a high-school football player. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Vil-*

Opening Unmentionables

In case you missed Natalie Wood's daughter, Natasha Gregson Wagner, in "First Love, Last Rites"—in which she appears in her underwear and sleeps on a mattress on the floor—you can catch her in Larry Clark's 'Another Day in Paradise.' Once again, Ms. Gregson Wagner is a grungy cutie parading around in her undies, but this time she's hooked on heroin and part of a family of thieves (run by Melanie Griffith and James Woods, left) who live together, steal together—and hit bottom together. Starts Friday, January 22.

Festival
Great Performances

Pianists like Liszt student Vladimir de Pachmann (1848–1933) and Francis Planté (1839–1934) are shown in rare performance footage—most of it seen for the first time—during "Great Pianists of the 20th Century on Film," at the Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center. Also included is *Richter, the Enigma* (pictured), a documentary narrated by the legendary virtuoso himself and featuring rare music material, biographical history, and comments from his wife, the singer Nina Dorliac. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.



Photograph by Ideale Audience.

lage Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.

Velvet Goldmine—Brian Slade (Jonathan Rhys Meyers) is a glamster who gets his first glimpse of glamdom Nirvana when he witnesses a concert by the Iggy Pop–ish American singer Curt Wild (Ewan McGregor) as he prances naked and dives through hoops of fire. Pretty soon Brian is a superstar himself, and Curt is on the junkie skids. Then Brian self-destructs, staging his own mock assassination during a concert and incurring the everlasting wrath of his fans when the hoax is revealed. He drops permanently from sight. None of this is as linear as it sounds, and since everyone in the movie has the approximate human weight of a hologram, we're not really motivated to fit together the puzzle pieces of their lives. Hollow is as hollow does. *Velvet Goldmine* should be more startling than it is. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

Virus—While aboard a Soviet research boat during a hurricane, Jamie Lee Curtis and William Baldwin deal with an alien life form that regards humans as a virus. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Astor Plaza; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Waking Ned Devine**—Compared to all the I.R.A.-themed movies we've been seeing lately, this swatch of stage-Irishness is a walk in the park. Two lifelong mates from Tully More—population 52—figure out that one of their neighbors has won the lottery. David Kelly and Ian Bannen are the dynamic duo who connive to get close to the money. They have such an easygoing rapport that you can almost forgive the fact that this film seems to have been produced strictly for the tourist trade. It would make the perfect in-flight movie on AerLingus. (Rainer; 12/4/98) (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Pavilion Theatre; Cinema City; Cinemart.*

The Waterboy—Adam Sandler is an accidental football star. With Kathy Bates. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Whitestone.*

The Winners—See Rainer, page 47. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**You've Got Mail**—This Tom Hanks–Meg Ryan confab, co-written and directed by Nora Ephron, is being touted as an updated Upper West Side remake of *The Shop Around the Corner.* It's more like a variation on Ephron's last Hanks–Ryan lovefest, *Sleepless in Seattle*—and just about as coy and comfy. Hanks plays a superstore book-chain magnate whose move into the neighborhood a block away from the venerable children's bookstore operated by Ryan threatens to put her out of business. Unbeknownst to each other, these two combatants are also e-mail lovemates. Ephron plays up the world of cyber-romance for heartfelt winsomeness. Hanks and Ryan know how to play out the superficial charms of their superficial characters. In this superficial movie age, it's a useful gift. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Affliction; The General; Hurly Burly; Life Is Beautiful; Shakespeare in Love.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Elizabeth; The Hi-Lo Country.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3364) *The Emperor's Shadow; Port Djema.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Mississippi Mermaid; Private Confessions; Touch of Evil; The Winners.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Central Station; Dr. Akagi; Gods and Monsters; Steam: The Turkish Bath.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Celebration; Velvet Goldmine.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *Dancing at Lughnasa; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Hilary & Jackie; Little Voice; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Saving Private Ryan; The Thin Red Line; Waking Ned Devine.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *American History X; A Bug's Life; Celebrity; A Civil Action; Down in the Delta; Happiness.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *At First Sight; In Dreams; A Simple Plan; Stepmom; Varsity Blues; You've Got Mail.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Dancing at Lughnasa; Patch Adams.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *A Civil Action; In Dreams; Stepmom; Varsity Blues; You've Got Mail.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Patch Adams; Shakespeare in Love; Varsity Blues.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Hurly Burly; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Shakespeare in Love; Virus; Waking Ned Devine.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *At First Sight; A Bug's Life; Down in the Delta.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *At First Sight; A Civil Action; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Dancing at Lughnasa.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Virus.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *A Civil Action; Shakespeare in Love.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *At First Sight; Hilary & Jackie.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *At First Sight; Enemy of the State; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Happiness.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Living Out Loud; Pleasantville.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *A Civil Action.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Life Is Beautiful.*

State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *The Faculty; In Dreams; The Prince of Egypt; Varsity Blues.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Home Fries; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Psycho; The RugRats Movie; Rush Hour; Star Trek: Insurrection; There's Something About Mary.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Thin Red Line.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *The Prince of Egypt.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Patch Adams; Virus.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Little Voice.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Elizabeth; In Dreams; Patch Adams; A Simple Plan; Varsity Blues; Virus; Waking Ned Devine.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Gods and Monsters; Out of Sight; Stepmom.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *You've Got Mail.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *At First Sight; A Civil Action; The Faculty; The Prince of Egypt; Shakespeare in Love; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; You've Got Mail.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Varsity Blues.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Celebration.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *The Faculty; Patch Adams; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Affliction; Central Station; Dr. Akagi; The General; Hilary & Jackie; The Swindle.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *At First Sight; A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Enemy of the State; Hurly Burly; In Dreams; Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; Shakespeare in Love; A Simple Plan; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Patch Adams; Varsity Blues.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *At First Sight; Mighty Joe Young; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; Virus.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Prince of Egypt; You've Got Mail.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Elizabeth.*

Thalia Theater—250 W. 95th St. (864-7700) *Lonely In America.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *At First Sight; A Civil Action; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; In Dreams; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *At First Sight; A Bug's Life; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *At First Sight; A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; In Dreams; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; Varsity Blues; Virus; The Waterboy; You've Got Mail.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Mighty Joe Young; The RugRats Movie; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

bam Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *Central Station; Down in the Delta; Dr. Akagi; Hilary & Jackie.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theatre for showtimes..*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *In Dreams; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Call theatre for showtimes..*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Jack Frost; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Psycho.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; The Prince of Egypt.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *At First Sight; In Dreams; Virus.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Jack Frost; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *At First Sight; A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; In Dreams; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; Star Trek: Insurrection; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; Virus; You've Got Mail.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *A Civil Action; Hurly Burly; In Dreams; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; A Simple Plan; The Thin Red Line; Waking Ned Devine; You've Got Mail.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *At First Sight; In Dreams; Mighty Joe Young; Varsity Blues; Virus.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *At First Sight; A Civil Action; The Faculty; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues; You've Got Mail.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *The Faculty; Patch Adams; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues; You've Got Mail.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Babe: Pig in the City; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Virus.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Jack Frost; Star Trek: Insurrection; Waking Ned Devine.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *In Dreams; Mighty Joe Young; A Simple Plan; Varsity Blues; Waking Ned Devine.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *A Civil Action; In Dreams; Virus.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *The Faculty; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *A Civil Action; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Shakespeare in Love; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; You've Got Mail.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *In Dreams; Mighty Joe Young; Virus.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *At First Sight; A Civil Action; In Dreams; Patch Adams; Stepmom; Varsity Blues.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *At First Sight; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Virus; You've Got Mail.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *At First Sight; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues; You've Got Mail.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Dancing at Lughnasa; Elizabeth; You've Got Mail.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *At First Sight; Virus.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Patch Adams; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; The Faculty; In Dreams; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The RugRats Movie; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues; You've Got Mail.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *A Civil Action; Patch Adams; Stepmom; Varsity Blues; You've Got Mail.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *At First Sight; A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; The Faculty; In Dreams; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; Varsity Blues; Virus; You've Got Mail.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Sleepless Nights: A Paul Schrader Retrospective." 1/9–1/24: Films by the director-screenwriter. 1/23: *Cat People* (1982) and *Light Sleeper* (1992). 1/24: *Patty Hearst* (1988) and *The Comfort of Strangers* (1991). AMMI: 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—1/19: Sergei Eisenstein's *Strike* (1925). 1/20–1/26: Premiere of Ali Nassar's *The Milky Way* (1996). 1/2: Shorts by Douglas Buck. David Jacobson and Wolfgang Held's *Criminal* (1994). "Sergei Paradjanov." 1/21–1/23: *Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors* (1965). 1/21, 1/23–1/24: *The Color of Red Pomegranates* (1969). 1/22 and 1/24: *The Legend of Suram Fortress* (1985). 1/23–1/24: *Ashik Kerib* (1988). "Winners of the 1998 International Festival of Films on Arts." 1/21: *The Fundamental Gilbert and George* (1997). 1/22: *The War Symphonies: Shostakovich Against Stalin* (1997). 1/23: *Mystère B.* (1997) and *Isamu Noguchi: Stones and Paper* (1997). 1/24: *Hu-*

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

Retrospective

Kid Shelleen Lives

Before Lee Marvin became synonymous with the word 'palimony,' he was celebrated as the master of gruff cinema, playing consistently nasty characters in Westerns (like 'The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance') and in war stories (1968's 'Hell in the Pacific'). In MoMA's "Lee Marvin: A Personal Portrait by John Boorman," director Boorman pays tribute to the talents of this late great with a new documentary and the two aforementioned Marvin vehicles, both of which were helmed by Boorman. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

●

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Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

bert Robert—A Fortunate Life (1996), *Louis Kahn, Silence and Lights* (1995), and *La République des Beaux-Arts: La Malédiction de la Monde* (1997). Extended through 2/7: *My Knees Were Jumping: Remembering the Kindertransport* (1996). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Master Filmmakers of Iran."Through 1/24. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6, $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Cinema Classics—"Paranoia" film series. Single or double feature $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

Congregation Emanu-El—"The Troubled Soul: Jewish Mysticism in Film." 1/19: *God, Man and Devil* (1949). 1/26: *The Vow* (1937). Free admission. Leon Lowenstein Auditorium, Goldsmith Religious School Building, 10 E. 66th St. (744-1400).

A Different Light—1/24: *Some Like It Hot* (1959). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"A Matter of Faith: Forces of Good and Evil." 1/20: *Blood Money* (1933). "Jazz in Motion: The Rhapsody Films." 1/21: *Sippie Wallace: Blues Singer and Song Writer* (1986) and *Bix* (1990). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"The 8th Annual New York Jewish Film Festival."Through 1/27: A 22-film survey of Jewish life around the world. "Great Performers." 1/18: *Elgar* (1962). "Great Pianists of the 20th Century on Film." 1/22: *Richter, the Enigma*. Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—1/19: *The Disenchanted* (1990). 1/26: *My Life in Pink* (1997). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Guggenheim Museum—"French Cinema, 1958–1998." 1/20: *Savage Nights* (1992). 1/22–1/23: *Reprise* (1996), *Hexagone* (1994), and *Tea in the Harem* (1985). Peter B. Lewis Theater, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Japan Society—"*Anime*:The History of Japanese Animated Films." Through 2/26: A comprehensive look at the genre, from the forties to the present. 1/23–1/24: Premiere of *Jinroh* (1999) by Mamoru Oshii, with a discussion by the director. 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Modern Art—"Cinema Novo and Beyond." Through 1/22: Forty years of Brazilian films, totaling 59 features and 16 shorts. "Special Screenings." 1/19: Parts 1–12 of *Barrabas* (1919). 1/22 and 1/24: *Basho to Spun Steel: Contemporary Japanese Textile Design* (1998). 1/23: *Lee Marvin: A Personal Portrait* (1998) and *Hell in the Pacific* (1968). 1/24: *Akira Kurosawa's Dreams* (1990). "Big As Life: 8 mm films." 1/21: Films by Lowe, Weisman, Klahr, and Cohen. "New Documentaries." 1/21–1/22: *What Farocki Taught* (1998). "Robert Bresson." 1/22–2/7: A complete retrospective of the acclaimed French director. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

The Screening Room—Friday and Saturday at midnight: *Unmade Beds* (1998). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday-brunch patrons).

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 1/25: *The Swimmer* (1968). Tickets, $4. 107 Norfolk St. For more info, call 358-7503.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 1/23–1/24: *Floating Weeds* (1959). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

theater

Betty Buckley...*The Iphigenia Cycle*

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Death of a Salesman—This fiftieth-anniversary production of Arthur Miller's finest had the critics raving in Chicago. Brian Dennehy, Elizabeth Franz, and Kevin Anderson star. $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/22 for a 2/10 opening. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—Happiness is, potentially, the revival of this musical, directed by Michael Mayer and starring Anthony Rapp. The book, lyrics, and music are by Clark Gesner, based on Charles M. Schulz's *Peanuts* comic strip. $15–$75. Tues.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 5. Previews begin 1/23 for a 2/4 opening. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with Judd Hirsch, Joe Morton, and George Wendt. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Toni Braxton plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Blue Room—Nicole Kidman—!!!—and Iain Glen each play five roles in David Hare's modern adaptation of *La Ronde,* Arthur Schnitzler's classic story of interconnected couples and sexual anxieties. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for recreating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming. $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8:00, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—Revisiting this splendid production two years later presents three big obstacles. As Velma, the German star Ute Lemper cannot duplicate Bebe Neuwirth's devastating sardonicism, sprightly kittenishness, and superhuman timing. Similarly, Karen Ziemba, a lovely dancer and likable singer, radiates innocent chirpiness that is all wrong for Roxie, so magisterially created by Ann Reinking. The fussy oiliness of Tom McGowan, the new Amos, simply flops. Still, there are compensations. You now pay more attention to the glittering ensemble work of the rest, and relish the new and even better Mary Sunshine of R. Bean. (Simon: 11/30/98.) $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Electra—Zoë Wanamaker plays Agamemnon's grieving, vengeful daughter in this new production of Sophocles' play, ably adapted by Frank McGuinness. Also starring Claire Bloom. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon, sadly, is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Let's hear it for the boy! $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* Watch for twitchy syncopation, slithering torsos . . . and all that jazz. $55–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Little Me—Neil Simon tailor-made the book of this Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh musical for Sid Caesar, and Martin Short—with his quick-molting skin and rubbery face—is an Antony to

Opening
Dragon Lady

Charles Busch is back (!!!) and as voluptuously draggy as ever in 'Shanghai Moon,' his new play about the wife of a British diplomat who scandalizes mainland China. (The moral of the story: Never have an affair with a warlord.) Performances begin January 20 at Theater for the New City.

Photograph by Allison Leach.

Opening
Eureka! More Euripides!

The renaissance in Greek drama continues apace with Theatre for a New Audience's 'The Iphigenia Cycle,' which spins through Euripides' two stories of Agamemnon's daughter (her sacrifice, her rescue) in one evening. JoAnne Akalaitis directs; opens January 24 at the American Place Theatre.

Photograph by Dan Rest.

Caesar if ever there was one. Watch as he tears through the roles of Noble Eggleston (doctor, lawyer, governor of both Dakotas), Amos Pinchley (miser), Otto Schnitzler (Hollywood despot), and four others, while Faith Prince sails along as his belle Belle from Drifter's Row. $75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 2/7. *Roundabout Theatre Company's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Broadway Theater, 681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

On the Town—Mark Twain's famous communiqué, "The report of my death was an exaggeration," applies equally to advance rumors about George C. Wolfe's mounting of this musical at the Gershwin. An elaboration of Jerome Robbins's short ballet *Fancy Free,* it is the story of three sailors on 24-hour shore leave in World War II–era New York. The Comden-Green-Bernstein score is as fresh half a century later as butter in the churn, and words and music embrace each other as passionately as honeymooners. The new cast shines on just a shade less bright than a harvest moon. Lea DeLaria's Hildy is a small, round, humanoid dynamo. The choreography carries the story rather than just embroidering it, Paul Tazewell's cheeky costumes could stop traffic at the busiest intersection, and Paul Gallo's lighting uses wattage like poster paint. (Simon: 12/7/98.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Parade—This new musical joins director Hal Prince (*Sweeney Todd, Kiss of the Spider Woman,* the original *Cabaret*) and writer Alfred Uhry (*Driving Miss Daisy, The Last Night of Ballyhoo*). The seemingly un-songworthy subject, the wrongful conviction of a factory manager for the murder of a young white girl, is what one would expect of Prince; the context, Jewish Atlanta in the early part of this century, is what one would expect of Uhry. Newcomer Jason Robert Brown did the music. Brent Carver stars. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads and nearly eleven years later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic neatly braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—The show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—A *must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) Now with Christian Slater. $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Dennis Parlato plays the widower captain. $30–$75. Tues. at 8, Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Swan Lake—Ordinarily a white plague of tutus and tulle, this new interpretation of Tchaikovsky's ballet by Matthew Bourne is decidedly *noir,* and the swans are all male. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 1/23. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Ashes to Ashes—David Strathairn stars in this 1996 Harold Pinter play about a marriage in crisis. $24–$48. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Previews begin 1/19 for a 2/7 opening. Through 5/9. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (777-4900).*

Captains Courageous, The Musical—As the title says, the musical version of *Captains Courageous,* the Rudyard Kipling novel (and later, movie), about the spoiled son of a wealthy industrialist who falls off the decks of his father's luxury liner and into the hands of a kindly commercial fisherman. Treat Williams and Brandon Espinoza star; Frederick Freyer did the music, Patrick Cook did the book and lyrics. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 4. In previews for a 2/16 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Correct Me If I'm Right—Kate Clinton, who actually manages to make her feminist principles funny, returns to New York with her first one-woman show since *Out Is In.* $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. Previews begin 1/19 for a 1/28 opening. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-4100).*

The Eros Trilogy—A three-paneled work by Nicky Silver connecting mothers and sons. Starring Zak Orth, T. Scott Cunningham, and the always-formidable Betty Buckley. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Previews begin 1/21 for a 2/4 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

High Life—A play by first-time playwright Lee MacDougall, Canada's answer to Quentin Tarantino. Watch for drugs, hustlers, paranoid humor, filthy dialogue, an aborted heist. Should be fun. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/27 opening. Through 2/14. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

The Iphigenia Cycle—The renaissance in Greek drama continues apace with these two stories of Agamemnon's daughter (her sacrifice, her rescue) rolled into one. JoAnne Akalaitis directs. Theatre for a New Audience presents. $10–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/19 for a 1/24 opening. Through 2/14. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Little by Little—Liz Larsen, Darrin Baker, and *Jekyll & Hyde's* Christiane Noll star in this new, sung-through Brad Ross musical about a love triangle. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 1/21 opening. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (935-5820).*

A Majority of One—The Jewish Repertory Theatre presents this 1959 comedy about a Jewish widow and retired Japanese businessman who meet and fall in love on an ocean liner. $35. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

The Mineola Twins—Swoosie Kurtz stars in this new play by Paula Vogel, author of the Pulitzer-winning *How I Learned to Drive,* about womanhood in suburbia. Directed by Joe Mantello. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Previews begin 1/19 for a 2/18 opening. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-9300).*

Now Playing

The American Jew—An assortment of American Jews—some famous, some not—shared their observations and feelings about their faith to create the script for this new one-person show, performed on alternate days by Victor Attar and Catherine Curtin. $35. Wed.–Mon. at 3 and 8. *Judith Anderson Theater, 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—

kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Captain's Tiger—Athol Fugard's first play since the collapse of apartheid, in which he explores his youthful travels, misadventures, struggles with self-expression, and relationship with Mum. $36. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Chaim's Love Song—A new play by Marvin Chernoff about the relationship between a young Irish woman and a retired mailman. $35. Wed. at 5 and 8, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 1. Through 2/7. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-6322).*

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

The Country Wife—William Wycherley's classic send-up of the English gentry, in which a man gains access to the homes of many an unsuspecting husband by claiming he's a eunuch. $20–$33. Tues., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (598-9802).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their growing-up story, performed by actors Mickey Kelly and Shay Duffin. $40–$42.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Far East—A new play from A. R. Gurney (*The Cocktail Hour, Sylvia, Love Letters*) about a young American Navy lieutenant who finds himself caught between the wife of his commanding officer and the woman he loves. Starring Michael Hayden. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8:15; Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15; Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—Michael Cerveris stars in John Cameron Mitchell's stunning rock concert-cum-musical, in which a German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his band, Cheater. $39.50–$49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Killer Joe—Tracy Letts's new (and first) play about a dysfunctional family in a Texas trailer park. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with actor Stephen DeRosa. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

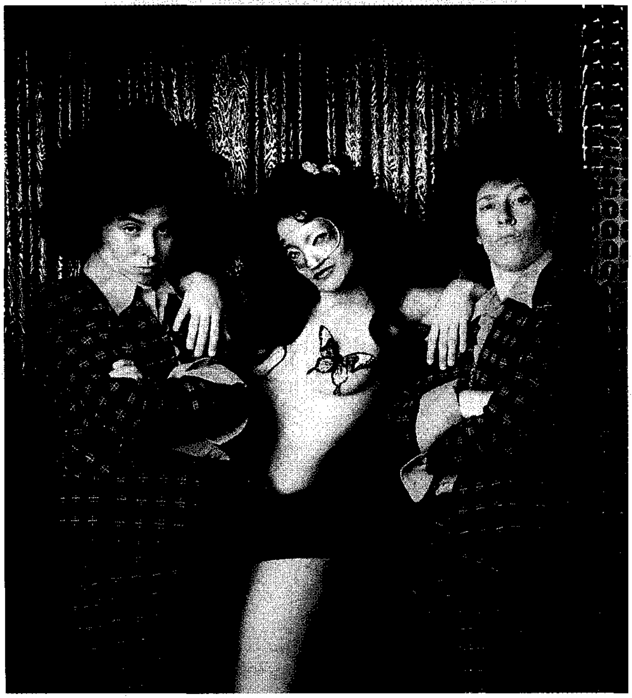
Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Opening

Bard-None

The Donkey Show: A Midsummer Night's Disco **could be—to quote the original text—a very tragical mirth, the most lamentable comedy, the true beginning of our end, etc. Or it could be quite funny. Let's hope it's the latter. Project 400 Theater Group is taking Shakespeare's near-perfect comedy and setting it to seventies tunes at the Pyramid Club, the former stomping ground of the B-52s and RuPaul. Call 971-1016 for tickets ($12), playing schedules, and rebates, if necessary. Opens January 21.**



Photograph by Steven Silverstein.

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Paradise Hotel—The latest from Richard Foreman, this time about a group of paranoid sexual adventurers who converge in their quest for Nirvana and fine lodging. $15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/19. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Shaughraun—The Irish Rep. revives this rarely performed 1874 Boucicault melodrama—complete with forbidden passion, swordplay, and damsels in distress. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/24. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Some Voices—A fragile import from the New Group about a restaurant owner who takes on the responsibility of caring for his schizophrenic brother. By Joe Penhall. $15–$30. Mon. at 7, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 4. *Theater at St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud and energetic show in which a troupe of performers claps and bangs on everything in sight. Featuring brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Stop Kiss—Diana Son's new play about a smart, single woman whose world flips upside-down when she falls in love with another woman. Starring Jessica Hecht. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *The Public's Shiva Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

This Is Our Youth—Kenneth Lonergan's play concerns smooth Dennis, a school dropout and drug dealer; his friend the dopey and klutzy Warren Straub, who shows up with a suitcase full of his prized possessions plus fifteen grand he swiped from his remarried old man; and Jessica Goldman, a stylish and mildly promiscuous design student. A world is conjured up—a world observed and overheard with spine-tingling accuracy, perfect-pitch hearing, and scalpel-like penetration. Mark Ruffalo is the perfect Warren. Missy Yager is a gem of a Jessica. Mark Brokaw's direction remains exemplary, as incisive and inventive as the writing. And when the comedy eventually turns serious, the transition is flawless and shattering. (Simon: 11/16/98.) $40. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this play alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Previews
Bucking Tradition

If ever you're in a Broadway house and can't determine which actor is Betty Buckley—as if the eyes, the presence, the imperial voice aren't enough of a giveaway—just look for the woman bundled in the most fabric. Plumage, more than anything else, is the hallmark of a true diva, and Buckley seems to attract volumes of it. (Think of her in *Cats,* as Grizabella; in *Triumph of Love,* as Hesione; in *Sunset Boulevard,* as Norma Desmond.) Standing in the green room of the thrifty and thriving Vineyard Theatre, Buckley says she can't believe a Broadway costumer is doing her outfit for *The Eros Trilogy.* "It's in burlap, though," shouts Nicky Silver, the play's author. He's joking. But uptown this is not. "I've gotten Betty to eschew taxis and everything," Silver trills. "No . . . Cameron . . . Mackintosh . . . limos . . . here!" Buckley, fortunately, was a late-blooming grande dame, so she's adjusting just fine to the scant perquisites and modest scale of Off Broadway—contrary to what previous reports may have led the public to imagine. "These movie-star divas who think they're divas—please," she says. "True divas are divas from the ground up." Between rehearsals for *Trilogy,* a play about mothers and sons beginning January 21, Buckley is hopscotching all around the country, setting hearts and bones on fire with that blazing voice of hers. Two weeks ago, she sang at the inaugural for the mayor of Providence. Last week, she was in Irvine. Over Christmas week, she did a whirlwind tour of Florida's concert halls. Buckley admits it's a little frightening to be in a production that never once requires her to break into song, even though she's done a number of straight plays before. *Trilogy* opens with a monologue—a *24-minute* monologue—she's supposed to perform "at full-tilt boogie," which isn't an easy thing to do. Silver first saw Buckley at a cast party for his 1995 comedy *Food Chain,* but he didn't work up the nerve to approach her about performing in one of his shows until this winter. "I think it's the epitome of being a diva to work for Nicky Silver," Buckley gushes. Who knew? Having landed this role in a 120-seat Off Broadway snuggery, it looks like Betty Buckley has, finally, totally arrived. **JENNIFER SENIOR**

Photograph by Ken Zane.

Off-Off Broadway

Ben Franklin: Unplugged—A guided tour through the cranium of acclaimed monologuist Josh Kornbluth, with a bit of history about the founding father and inventor tossed in for good measure. $12. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 1/31. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

The Book of Wren—Miranda Theatre Company presents a new play about an abbot who becomes obsessed with the powers of a healer and stops at nothing in order to acquire them. By Bronwen Denton Davis. $10–$15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (268-9829).*

Counter Intelligence—A raunchy comedy about the sexual neuroses of two women and two men. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 1/23. *78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (873-9050).*

Desperelics—Alexander Lyras tears through the roles of eight overaccomplished or despairing urban types, all slouching at various rates toward the new millennium. $15. Fri. at Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *Gene Frankel Theater, 24 Bond St. (505-0099).*

An Evening With Quentin Crisp—The naked civil servant and world-class raconteur returns. $40. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. Through 1/31. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (330-7200).*

Gen—An autobiographical play by Keiji Nakazawa, a well-known Japanese cartoonist and author, about surviving Hiroshima. Also features twelve original songs. In Japanese with English translation. $30. Tues. and Wed. at 8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448).*

Loot—Joe Orton's soot-black comedy about a fellow who hides his mother's corpse in the closet, in order to hide some stolen cash in her coffin. Performed by Cocteau Rep. $12–$30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3, some Weds. at 8. Through 2/12. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Lyz!—A modern musical adaptation of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata,* the ancient tale of women who refuse their men sex in order to end a war. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theater, 410 W. 42nd St. (353-7832).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

The Most You—Someone is murdered; both suspects give their alibis. As in *Rashomon,* it's difficult to determine who's telling the truth and who isn't. By Susan Gregory Thomas. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/24. *Access Theater, 380 Broadway, at White St. (501-3909).*

Prater Violet—A stage adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's coming-of-age story. Presented by Difference Engine and the Culture Project. $30. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *The Salon, 432 E. 91st St. (388-8188).*

Qien Kiere Copita?—Seven Latin girls explore the culture and mores of their parents. By Rebeca Ramirez. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. *Nada 45, 445 W. 45th St. (946-2098).*

Sea Marks—Brian Heron and Sara MacDonnell star in this Gardner McKay play about a fisherman who struggles between his love for a woman and the sea. $30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/31. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

So, I Killed a Few People . . .—One of the breakout entrants from this year's Fringe Festival. Archie Nunn, convicted serial killer, has just one last request before he's electrocuted: to put on a one-man show. Presented by the Annoyance Theater, creators of *The Real Live Brady Bunch.* $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 10. Through 2/14. *Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. (420-1466).*

Shanghai Moon—Grande dame Charles Busch strikes again—this time as Lady Sylvia Allington, the glamorous wife of a British diplomat who creates mayhem in China by involving herself with a powerful warlord. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 2/14. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., bet. 9th and 10th Sts. (254-1109).*

Stuck—A lonely single mother tries to escape her job (at a video store), her life, her one-horse town. Rattlestick Productions presents. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 2/14. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl. (627-2556).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fabulous creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Whoa-Jack!—Buchner's *Woyzeck,* transposed onto the American South. Presented by the Worth Street Theater Company; starring Queen Esther. $12. Fri., Sat., and Mon. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 2/7. *Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (604-4195).*

You Shouldn't Have Told—Anne Thompson-Stretching's long-running drama about what happens to an African-American family when the daughters reveal that they have been sexually molested by their mother's boyfriend. $30. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Chernuchin Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (279-4200).*

Zise Khaloymes—Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre presents this new musical about a young, upwardly mobile New York Jewish woman haunted by the memory of her more traditional mother. Written and directed by Eleanor Reissa. $25–$30. Wed. and Thurs. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/31. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

David Wojnarowicz...Nichelle Charles

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Peter Hayes/Geoffrey Swindell—Recent ceramic works by two British artists; through 2/13. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Chris Macdonald—Recent works on paper; through 2/20. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

John Marin—More than 60 works by the American Modernist, many of which have not been seen by the public since they were first exhibited at Alfred Stieglitz's 291 Gallery; through 1/29. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

Knox Martin—Recent large-scale abstract paintings that continue the artist's use of overlapping forms and juxtapositions of high-key colors; through 2/28. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Steven McCallum—Recent geometric abstract paintings; through 2/20. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (987-4997).

David Wojnarowicz—Stencil works, map collages, paintings, sculpture, and objects made between 1982 and 1984 by the late artist whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the New Museum of Contemporary Art; 1/21–3/6. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

57th Street Area

Richard Baker—New still-life paintings; through 2/13. Baker, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Gretna Campbell/Susanna Coffey—Landscape drawings of Maine executed in the fifties/Recent cropped self-portraits. Through 2/6. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Brad Durham/Glen Holland—Landscape paintings of isolated locations by a Los Angeles artist/Small still-life paintings. Through 1/30. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Morris Graves—Floral paintings and the works of the *Five Seasons* series, executed when the artist was 87 and originally intended for a Shinto shrine; through 1/30. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Timothy Hawkesworth—Recent drawings of a cowardly horse by an Irish artist currently living in Pennsylvania; through 1/30. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57 St. (980-2323).

Damian Loeb—Paintings that meld disparate images from film, advertising, photojournalism, and other media; through 2/13. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Louis Lozowick—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs from the twenties, thirties, and forties, many of them depicting views of New York; through 2/20. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Joe Naujokas/Diane Brawarsky—Paintings of New York views/Collages on painted surfaces. Through 2/4. Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (644-7171).

Glenn Priestly—Portraits and narrative paintings of the counterculture rebels of Fredericton, New Brunswick, where the artist lives; through 2/3. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Robert Ryman—New white paintings on linen, cotton, or fiberboard supports; through 2/6. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Charles Simonds—Imaginary civilizations constructed from natural clay; 1/20–2/20. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Keith Sonnier/Vincent Desiderio—A survey of sculptures dating from 1966 to 1998/Recent figure studies on paper. Through 2/13. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Annie Gooding Sykes—Impressionist-inspired watercolors by a turn-of-the-century artist (1855–1931) who worked in Massachusetts and Ohio; through 1/30. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Not Vital—"Snowballs," an edition of fourteen unique glass sculptures; through 2/20. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Lawrence Weiner—New work; through 2/19. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

William Wood—New paintings whose imagery suggests microcosms of biomorphic forms; through 2/13. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Asymptote Architecture—A collaborative installation of 24 flat-screen LCDs and glass armatures by the architects Lise Ann Couture and Hani Rashid of Asymptote Architecture; through 2/20. Taylor/TZ'Art, 470 Broome St. (966-9059).

Peggy Bates—Paintings that evoke the body's experience of water in lakes, ponds, rivers, and streams; through 2/20. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Ellen Berkenblit/Alessandro Pessoli—Recent drawings by both; through 2/13. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Anselme Boix-Vives—Paintings that depict a visionary world of harmony by a Spanish artist (1899–1969) who worked as a greengrocer in France before taking up painting at the age of 62; through 2/27. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Emilie Benes Brzezinski—Large carved wood sculptures whose forms suggest rushing water; through 2/13. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

Inka Essenhigh/Tom Shannon—New paintings of a "world made of plastic material that won't decompose"/Sculpture of a woman suspended by a thin wire. Through 2/13. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Margaret Evangeline—Large-scale works on paper created by inscribing, folding, gridding, taping, and other processes; through 2/6. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

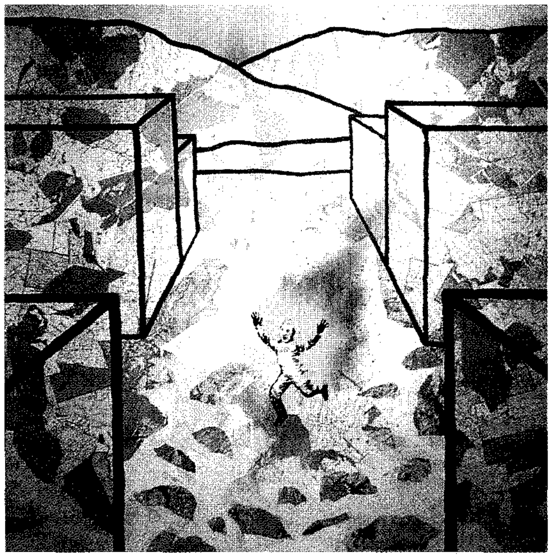
Peter Flaccus—New paintings; through 2/20. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Caroline Golden/Erik Killi Olsen—Elaborate paintings and sculpture exploring Norse myth by the Norwegian

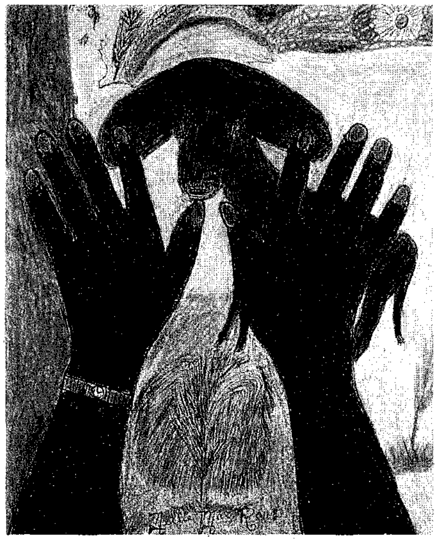
Retrospective

Rebel With a Cause

If Julian Schnabel's extravagantly expressionistic paintings ushered in the breathless SoHo art scene of the eighties, David Wojnarowicz's raw, apocalyptic visions of burning men, cows with exploding heads, and angry pterodactyls set the scrappy, disenfranchised tone of the emerging East Village scene. In shows at Civilian Warfare, Gracie Mansion, Hal Bromm, and P·P·O·W, Wojnarowicz, who in his teens had lived as a hustler on 42nd Street and elsewhere, soon set himself apart both for his experiments in various media and for using his art to draw attention to the social issues he knew all too intimately, such as domestic violence, censorship, and AIDS. Wojnarowicz was also a prolific diarist, and his battle with AIDS, which he chronicled until it killed him at 37, in 1992, suggested the title of his first retrospective, "Fever: The Art of David Wojnarowicz," which opens this week at the New Museum of Contemporary Art (583 Broadway, near Prince Street; January 21–June 20). But an elegy this show is not. Instead, the freewheeling energy of these paintings, sculptures, installations, videos, photographs, pieces of music, and writings is a testament to Wojnarowicz's great passion for life. (Wojnarowicz's works are also on view in exhibitions at Adam Baumgold Fine Art, 128 East 72nd Street, January 21–March 6; Fales Library at New York University, 70 Washington Square South, February 4–April 23; and P·P·O·W Gallery, 476 Broome Street, through February 6.) EDITH NEWHALL



Photograph courtesy of the New Museum of Contemporary Art.



Happening **Where do Nellie Mae Rowe's drawings (left), collages, and sculptures, currently the subject of a retrospective at the Museum of American Folk Art (2 Lincoln Square; through May 16), fit in the pantheon of self-taught artists? Find out at the Outsider Art Fair '99, an annual opportunity to chat up dealers specializing in art brut and outsider, self-taught, intuitive, and visionary art (Puck Building, Houston and Lafayette Streets, January 22–24; Friday noon to 8, Saturday 11 to 7, Sunday noon to 7; $12).**

artist/Collages, many of childlike figures, from the series "Those Who Beckon."Through 2/6. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Leopold Gout/Cynthia Roberts—Movies, drawings, and photographs by an emerging Mexican artist/New paintings of mutated horses inspired by the Can Grande tomb of Verona. Through 1/30. Collins, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Peter Hujar and David Wojnarowicz—Photographs and paintings by two artists from New York who were close friends, and briefly lovers, before dying of AIDS-related illnesses; through 2/9. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (941-8642).

Tony Matella—Large-scale satirical sculptures; through 2/13. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Peter Plagens/Rupert Deese—New abstract paintings and works on paper/Monochromatic etchings in wave-like patterns. Through 1/27. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

David Rabinowitch—Recent drawings that depict particular views of trees; through 2/5. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Robert Reid—Abstract paintings with collage elements; through 2/3. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Roger Shimomura—A series of 30 paintings based on the diaries of the artist's grandmother, kept while she was a prisoner in internment camps in Washington and Idaho in the forties; through 2/13. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Jordan Tinker—Works that explore the American fascination with unspoiled wilderness, including copies of nineteenth-century American paintings drawn directly on the gallery's walls and photographic transparencies of American landscapes mounted on light boxes; through 2/27. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (334-3455).

Chelsea

Alfonse Borysewicz—Paintings that form a chapel structure and interrogate Catholicism; through 1/30. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).

Michelle Charles/Miguel Angel Rios—Recent photograms of medicine bottles/A twenty-foot-long map of Manhattan replicating each city block using cut-mirror rectangles and an audio piece comprising all the languages spoken in Manhattan. Through 2/6. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

David Dupuis—Obsessive drawings of narratives enacted by surreal characters; through 2/6. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

Tony Fitzpatrick—Twenty-five new drawings from a series dedicated to the artist's father, which frequently interpret their lives in Chicago; through 1/30. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Rainer Ganahl—Photographs from the conceptual artist's recent *seminar/lecture* series; through 1/30. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Anthony Goicolea/Michael Scott—Staged photographs of moments of hardship or trauma in the life of a preadolescent boy/Wall pieces constructed from Legos and large-scale paintings from the artist's "Parking Lot" series. Through 2/6. Tate, 413 W. 14th St. (242-9888).

Gary Hill—Seven single-channel video installations from "Liminal Objects," an ongoing series the artist began in 1995; through 1/23. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Amy Hill—Painted portraits of heavy-metal musicians rendered in the style of Italian and Dutch Renaissance masters; through 2/20. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

John Kirchner—Frottage and sculpture constructed from tissue and balsa; through 2/15. Foster, 529 W. 20th St. (966-9024).

Zoe Leonard/Rudolf Stingel—Nature photographs of Alaska and Cape Cod that dramatize the clash between urban development and natural rhythms/Cast-aluminum sculptures of manipulated radiators; through 2/13. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

David Lowe—Paintings in which fragments of Italian landscapes are enclosed in abstract fields of muted color; through 2/20. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (741-1149).

Alix Pearlstein/Michael Ballou—A video and photographs that continue the artist's investigation into the role of the still picture in the time-based medium of video/Small-scale sculptures of reconfigured plastic toy figures. Through 2/6. Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. (727-3323).

Scott Reeder—Paintings that use deadpan humor to expose the arbitrary nature of naming things; through 2/27. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Paul Richards—Plaques created for common New York City street objects; through 2/3. Taylor, 529 W. 20th St. (463-7166).

Jonathan Seliger/Micah Lexier—Three-dimensional works on canvas using a hat motif/Drawings that investigate the passage of time. Through 2/6. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

William Steiger—New paintings that depict water towers, bridges, isolated pieces of industrial machinery, and desolate landscapes; through 2/6. Thatcher, 529 W. 20th St. (675-0222).

Rudolph Stingel/Zoe Leonard—New works/New photographs. Through 2/13. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (555-1105).

Lawrence Weiner—A survey of the artist's posters, drawings, and small printed works; through 2/27. At Bound & Unbound, 601 W. 26th St. (463-7348) and Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Shirley Wiitasalo/Moira Dryer—The first U.S. exhibit of a Canadian artist's abstract paintings/Ironic abstract paintings by the late Canadian artist, whose work was the subject of a posthumous show at MOMA in 1993. Through 1/23. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St (463-7770).

Arnold Zimmerman—New ceramic sculptures; through 2/13. Elder, 529 W. 20th St. (462-2600).

Other

James Clark—A sculpture and light installation; through 1/30. Davies, 23 Commerce St. (243-6842).

David Wojnarowicz—Early stencils of burning houses, falling men, and running soldiers made between 1981 and 1983 by this artist who died in 1992 and whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective exhibition at the New Museum of Contemporary Art; 1/21–2/27. Mansion, 54 St. Marks Place (505-7055).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

CDS—76 East 79 St. (772-9555). Drawings, paintings, constructions, and sculpture by Latin American artists Aizenberg, Bonevardi, Fonseca, and Gramcko; through 1/31.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (772-7237). "The American Vasari: William Dunlap and His World," paintings, drawings, and sculpture by American artists who were included in Dunlap's 1834 book *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States,* among them Cole, Copley, Earle, Trumbull, West; through 1/30.

Knoedler—19 E. 70 St. (794-0550). Epic, large-scale paintings by Gottlieb, Motherwell, and Pousette-Dart; through 1/30.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). Synthetic flames, aquatic tapestries, and feathered trees by Kelly Buttolph, varied, often bizarre figures of people and creatures by Rachel Lowther, hyper-realist works by Nicole Pillorge, and Jeff Davis's pounding dance-floor installation; through 1/28.

57th Street Area

DC Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). "The Reflective Image: American Drawings & Watercolors, 1910–1960," an exhibition of works by Romare Bearden, Paul Cadmus, Alexander Calder, Edward Hopper, Jacob Lawrence, Reginald Marsh, Joseph Stella, Max Weber, others; through 1/30.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Court and Conquest: Ottoman Origins and the Design for Handel's *Tamerlano* at the Glimmerglass Opera." Rare Turkish and Persian illuminated manuscripts, arms and armor, textiles, and jewelry dating from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries juxtaposed with the ensemble of costumes created for Handel's baroque opera by theatrical designer Judy Levin; through 1/23.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). "African-American Art: 20th Century Masterworks, VI," an exhibition of crucial works by artists including Romare Bearden, James VanDerZee, Jacob Lawrence, Bob Thompson, Palmer Hayden, and Hale Woodruff; through 3/6.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex Art—291 Church St. (431-5270). "Avoiding Objects," with works by Bolink, Carlson, Fabre, Hamilton, Lipski, Messner, Ray, Roosen, Tudor, others; through 2/6.

Cavin-Morris—560 Broadway (226-3768). "By Any Means Necessary," an exhibition of sculptures by self-taught African American artists including Steve Ashby, Kevin Sampson, Henry Sims, and others; and paintings from Sandford Darling's "House of a Thousand Paintings" series; through 2/13.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Paradise 8," a curatorial experiment in which eight curators will merge initially discrete exhibition zones of works by various artists within the gallery space over a period of three months; through 4/3.

Goldstein—39 Wooster St. (431-0314). Fantastic landscape paintings and photographs by Atfest, Davies, Hopeful, Knopke, and Viliger; through 2/20.

Harris—383 W. Broadway (431-3600). Reconstructed uptown facades by Gozu, conceptual works by Celender, photographs by Monroe, and paintings by Ackerson and Hoelscher; through 2/6.

Kaplan—48 Greene St. (226-6131). "Oldnewtown," an exhibition of works exploring various environments by Althoff, Farquar, Foerster, Kudo, Mackie, Saville, Webb, Weiner, others; through 2/20.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Abstract paintings by Fonseca, Hutcheson, McClelland, Moix, Murado, Nares, Puckette, and Schuyff; through 2/13.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Folk art from Texas, by Banks, Dellschau, Gibbs, Kingsbury, Strickland, Tyler, others; through 1/30.

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of American Folk Art.

Lombard Freid—470 Broome St. (334-5060). "Urban Romantics, Part II," an exhibition of works by six young painters, photographs by Morrisroe, and a sound installation by Ashizuka and Toporowicz; through 2/18.

P.P.O.W.—476 Broome St. (941-8642). "Some Sort of Grace," works by David Wojnarowicz and Peter Hujar; "Fields," works by Margaret Curtis, Jane Fine, and Will Mentor; through 2/6.

Pelavin—13 Jay St. (925-9424). Abstract paintings and works on paper by New York native Carolanna Parlato, and Los Angeles artists Marc Katano and Michael Reafsnyder; through 2/20.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). Gold paintings by the twentieth-century Italian artist Lucio Fontana, alongside gold background panel paintings from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; 1/23–2/13.

Tilton—49 Greene St. (941-1775). Recent works by De Beer, Lucas, Tallichet, Torumitsu, Ventura; through 2/6.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (691-5956). Conversation exhibit of sculpture by Clarina Bezzola and drawings and constructions by Amanda Guest, through 1/17; project wall by Merle Temkin and site-specific installation of paintings and drawings by Steve Diehl, through 1/31.

Elder—529 W. 20th St. (462-2600). Works of art that utilize light in different ways by Biello, Fawcett, Kimmel, Owen, Prisco, others; through 2/13.

Gladstone—Large-scale works by Alighiero e Boetti, Hanne Darboven, and Sol Lewitt; through 2/9.

Harris—529 W. 20th St. (463-9666). Recent works by emerging artists Antonson, Childs, Grassie, Ivie, McDonald, Pipman, Stern, Solyrav, others; through 2/6.

Klagsburn—526 W. 26th St. (243-3335). New works by Bronson, Den Hartog, Doig, Hartmann, Massard, and Niedermayr; through 2/6.

Kreps—529 W. 20th St. (741-8849). Works displayed in horizontal layers throughout the gallery, by Beckwith, Harrison, Hein & Sing, Lins, Pruitt, and Seward; 1/20–1/30.

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). Photographs, drawings, and multiples by 30 artists including Baselitz, Beuys, de Kooning, Freud, Goldin, Johns, Moffatt, Richter, Twombly, Warhol, others; through 1/30.

Martz—529 W. 20th St. (206-3686). An exhibition of works by Alexa, Estenger, Krasnow, Lichtenstein, Middlebrook, Nalls, Thomson, and Weyland; through 2/7.

Nosei—530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695). Paintings and photographs by British artists; through 2/19.

Tibet House—22 W. 15th (807-0563). "The Spirit of Tibet," with illustrations from Peter Sis's book *Tibet: Through the Red Box* and photographs by Steinmann and Wright; through 1/30.

White Box—601 W. 26th St. (727-0767). "Plural Speech," with language-centered works by Bing, Elaine, Koorland, Mingwei, and Romberg; through 2/6.

Other

Schomburg Center—515 Malcolm X Blvd. (491-2200). "Black New York Artists of the Twentieth Century," a retrospective including works of 123 artists, including Bearden, Conwill, Douglas, Feelings, Lawrence, Olugebefola, Ringgold, Woodruff, others; through 3/28.

Photography

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474). Photographs by Benedict, Cole, Doherty, Hatoum, and McBride; through 1/30.

Bruce Barnbaum—A 25-year survey of works by a photographer best known for his landscapes of the American West; through 2/20. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Richard Barnes—Black-and-white photographs of the cabin that the Unabomber, Theodore Kaczynski, inhabited in Lincoln, Montana; through 1/30. Urbach Architecture, 526 W. 26th St. (627-0974).

Virginia Beahan & Laura McPhee—Photographs from the collaborators' new book, *No Ordinary Land*; through 2/6. Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Stephanie Chernikowski—Photographs of Patti Smith, Sid Vicious, the Ramones, and other members of New York's seventies punk scene; through 1/30. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

Bruce Cratsley—A complete retrospective of a recently deceased New York artist famous for transforming urban areas into magical spaces; through 2/14. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Patrick Demarchelier—New photographs; through 2/27. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

William Eggleston—Never-before-seen early color images by a groundbreaking artist whose 1976 exhibition of color photographs at MOMA broke the black-and-white barrier; through 2/27. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Elger Esser—The first American exhibition of color photographs by the German artist; through 2/13. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Neil Folberg—Black-and-white landscape photographs of the Middle East from the artist's recent "Starry Night" series; through 2/20. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211).

Rainer Ganahl—Recent groups of photographs from the artist's "seminar/lecture" series; through 1/30. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Erika Hubatschek/Franz Hubmann—Pastoral images and vintage prints by two prominent Austrian photographers; through 2/20. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. A photo essay of a Brooklyn teenage gang by Bruce Davidson; through 3/7. . . . "Intimate City: The Photographs of Thomas Roma." Approximately 40 gelatin prints depicting various aspects of New York City life and drawn from five projects that became books, among them *Come Sunday* and *Sunset Park*; through 3/7.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (5–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Man Ray: Photography and Its Double." Two hundred and fifty photographs from the artist's personal archives, including nudes, fashion photographs, his famed Rayographs, and portraits of artists such as Dali and Joyce; through 1/24.

Art Kane—The original photograph of Art Kane's 1958 reunion of jazz greats, "A Great Day in Harlem," featuring Basie, Blakey, Mingus, Hawkins, Monk, Rollins, others; through 2/20. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

Laura Larson—Large-scale black-and-white photographs of period rooms in museums and historic houses; through 2/27. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Laura London—Documentary-style photographs of punk-rock chicks and teenage girls that concentrate on their everyday activities; through 2/20. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Penny Mailander—Painted black-and-white photographs of often androgynous human figures; through 2/28. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596). "A Year in the World: 1968, the Magnum Photographs." International images from that turbulent year by Magnum photographers, including founders Capa, Cartier-Bresson, Eisner, Rodger, Seymour, Vandivert; "Runway Madness," photographs of New York's Fashion Week by Lucian Perkins; through 1/30.

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Black-and-white images from the fifties by the French fashion photographer Guy Bourdin, and "Cropping and Picture Making," a comparative exhibition of photographs by Kertesz, Man Ray, Weston, and Winogrand; through 3/6.

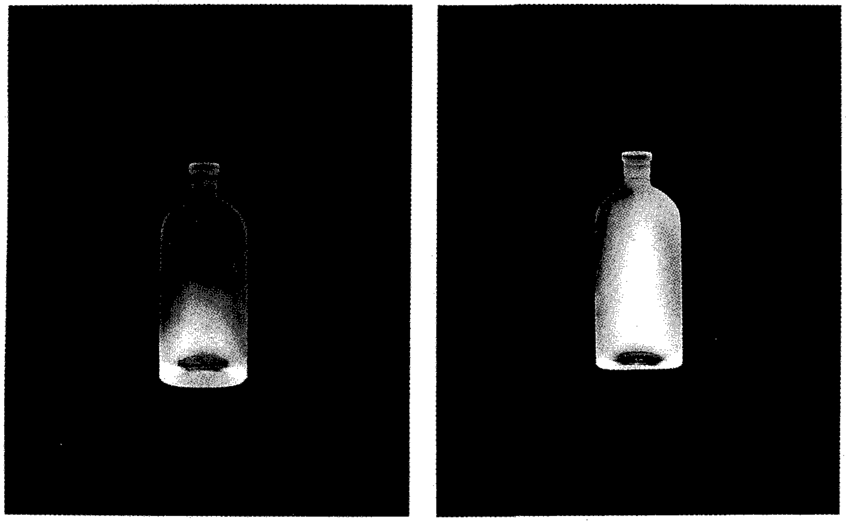
Orit Raff—Close-up shots of everyday objects that are predominantly gray and white; through 2/13. Silverstein, 520 W. 21st St. (929-4300).

Beverly Semmes—Recent photographs by an artist who manipulates costumes and strange landscapes to interrogate images of female bodies; through 2/13. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Sandy Skoglund—An installation photograph that playfully integrates jelly beans and thousands of brightly colored silk and Mylar butterflies; through 2/13. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Rolf Tietgens—Surrealist photographs executed in the late thirties; 1/21–3/20. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

Frank Yamrus—Black-and-white photographs capturing the motion of nude figures in water; through 3/6. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).



Photograph by Michelle Charles, courtesy of the John Weber Gallery.

Photography
Pretty Poison

Michelle Charles's eerie photograms of nineteenth-century medicine bottles concentrate on those "cure-all" remedies whose contents—vegetable fat, opium, alcohol, and, occasionally, poison—often did more harm than good. At John Weber Gallery, 529 West 20th Street; through February 6.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Rörstrand: Swedish Art Nouveau Porcelain From the Schreiber Collection." A rare collection of porcelain produced by Sweden's Rörstrand factory, Europe's second-oldest operating ceramics firm; through 5/23. . . . "Art and Industry: 20th-Century Porcelain From Sèvres." Recent works in porcelain by 40 international artists, architects, and designers created at the Sèvres factory in France; through 5/2. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Papua New Guinea: Arts and Spirits, Photographs From the Middle Sepik River, 1953–54." Color and black-and-white photographs of Papua New Guinea's indigenous species, art, architecture, and people, taken by Museum ornithologist E. Thomas Gilliard during his 1953–54 expedition; through 3/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"India: A Jewelry Spectrum." The first comprehensive exhibition devoted to Indian jewelry; through 1/31. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Japonism in Fashion: Japan Dresses the West." An exhibit exploring the influence of Japanese art and design on Western fashion through more than 70 costumes and accessories dating from the second half of the nineteenth century to the present; through 2/14. . . . "Royal Persian Paintings: The Qajar Epoch 1785–1925." Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, lacquer works, and enamels from the Qajar dynasty, which ruled Iran from 1785 to 1925; through 1/24. . . . "Lewis Wickes Hine: The Final Years." 110 photographs of New York, only ten of which have been seen by the public, including images documenting the construction of the Empire State Building, the arrival of immigrants at Ellis Island, and workers in mills and factories; through 4/4. . . . "Domestic Transformations: Working in Brooklyn." Wallpaper, carpets, furniture, and ceramic tiles by Brooklyn-based artists Ann Agee, Jean Blackburn, Ron Baron, and Andy Yoder; through 3/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9 (museum open until 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"Unlimited by Design." An exhibition focusing on products, services, and environments designed to meet the needs of people throughout their lives; through 3/21. . . . 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"A Victorian Salon: Paintings From the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, Bournemouth, England." Thirty-five nineteenth-century paintings collected by the British hotelier Merton Russell-Cotes (1835–1921), among them works by Edwin Landseer, Edwin Long, Albert Moore, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti; through 4/17. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol: Shadows." A work that made in 1978 composed of more than 100 silk-screened and hand-painted panels; through 6/13. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Selections Winter '99." Drawings by Paul Morrison, Perry Roberts, and Richard Wright; through 2/6. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"The Art of Jack Delano." Documentary photographs of interiors, people, and landscapes contributed by the artist to the Farm Security Administration during the thirties; through 2/28. . . . "Domino/Dominó: A Mixed-Media Installation by Bibiana Suárez"; through 2/7. . . . "Gods, Spirits, and Legends: Twentieth-Century Art in El Salvador." The first thematic show of paintings from El Salvador in the United States, featuring 40 works by 17 artists born between 1900 and 1960; through 2/28. . . . "Casitas: Gardens of Reclamation." Large-scale photographs of casitas, small structures built by Puerto Rican immigrants in vacant lots and gardens throughout New York City; through 2/28. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Frick Collection—"Drouais' Portrait of Madame de Pompadour From the National Gallery, London." François-Hubert Drouais's celebrated full-length portrait of Madame de Pompadour; 1/26–4/25. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Rendezvous: Masterpieces From the Centre Georges Pompidou and the Guggenheim Museums." More than 300 modern paintings, sculptures, and drawings from collections of the two museums; through 1/24. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Hispanic Society of America—"Images for the Spanish Monarchy: Art and the State, 1516–1700." Paintings, illuminated manuscripts, rare books, prints, and medals that were made during the reign of the Hapsburg family; through 2/21. 613 W. 155th St. (926-2234), Tues. Sat. 10–4:30, Sun. 1–4; free.

Jewish Museum—"Common Man, Mythic Vision: The Paintings of Ben Shahn." The first major museum exhibit of the artist's paintings since 1976, comprising works made by the artist between 1936 and 1965; through 3/7. . . . "Light X Eight: The Hanukkah Project." Video projections and light sculptures by eight artists installed in unexpected locations inside and outside the museum; through 1/31/99. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Dosso Dossi, Court Painter in Renaissance Ferrara." Paintings by the sixteenth-century Italian artist, who worked in Ferrara; through 3/28. . . . "Anselm Kiefer: Works on Paper, 1969–1993." A selection of works on paper that offer an overview of the ideas and themes of the first two decades of the German painter's career; through 3/21. . . . "Cubism and Fashion." Cubism-influenced clothing by Madeleine Vionnet, Callot Soeurs, and Gabrielle Chanel, as well as examples of contemporary fashion; through 3/14. . . . "Donato Creti, Melancholy and Perfection." Paintings by the nineteenth-century Italian artist; through 1/31. . . . "Charles Burchfield From the Collection." Watercolors, paintings, and prints created between 1915 and 1963; through 2/28/99. . . . "Mary Cassatt: Drawings and Prints in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Rarely displayed works by the nineteenth-century American Impressionist (1844–1926) who worked in France for much of her career; through 1/24. . . . "Jade in Ancient Costa Rica." Pendants, mace heads, ear ornaments, beads, and other objects carved from jade in Costa Rica between 300 B.C. and A.D. 700; through 2/28. . . . "Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31. . . . "Félix Vallaton: Woodcuts and Three Paintings." Woodcuts from the 1890s paintings from the 1920s by a Swiss artist who worked in France; through 2/21. . . . "Clay Into Art: Selections From the Collection of Contemporary Ceramics"; through 5/30. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Nellie Mae Rowe: Ninety-Nine-and-a-Half Won't Do." The first major retrospective of paintings by the self-taught African-American artist; through 5/2. Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"ORTworks: Modernizing Jewish Labor in the Early 20th Century." Rare photographs of Jewish beekeepers, seamstresses, blacksmiths, and other workers who received vocational and agricultural training from ORT (Organization for Rehabilitation through Training) programs from the twenties through the forties; through 2/11. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. and Fri. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Jackson Pollock." The first retrospective of the Abstract Expressionist's work since the one mounted by the Museum of Modern Art in 1967; through 2/2/99. . . . "Focus: Pollock and Printmaking." A selection of prints by Jackson Pollock from the museum's collection; through 2/2. . . . "Dubuffet to de Kooning: Expressionist Prints From Europe and America"; through 2/2. . . . "Miró's Black and Red Series: A New Acquisition in Context." The eight etchings of Joan Miró's 1938 Black and Red series, as well as 150 prints, illustrated books, drawings, posters, photographs, paintings, and sculptures by Miró and his contemporaries; through 2/2. . . . "Site Gags: Humor, Satire, and Grotesque in Modern and Contemporary Drawings." Works on paper from the museum's collection, including satirical sketches, grotesques, straight comic illustrations, and visual puns; 1/21–5/4. . . . "Structure and Surface: Contemporary Japanese Textiles." A selection of 100 works by influential fiber artists, textile designers, and fashion designers currently working in Japan; through 1/26/99. . . . 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"The Little Apple: Souvenir Buildings From the Collection of Ace Architects." A selection of miniature models of New York buildings created over the past 100 years; through 3/28. . . . "New York Horizontal: Cirkut Camera Views by William Hassler." Thirty rare panoramic views of WWI-era New York; through 5/2. . . . "New York Vertical by Horst Hamman." Photographs that emphasize the verticality of New York's skyscrapers; through 4/18. . . . "New York on the Rise: Architectural Renderings by Hughson Hawley"; through 4/4. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; suggested contribution $5, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Shoes: A Lexicon of Style." More than 100 pairs of women's shoes, among them twenties pumps by André Perugia, fifties stilettos by Roger Vivier, and seventies platform sandals by Charles Jourdan; 1/26–4/17. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"Treasures Revealed: 19th- and 20th-Century

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

American Masterworks on Paper From the Collection of the National Academy." Drawings, prints, watercolors, and pastels by Kenyon Cox, Thomas Moran, Paul Landacre, William Trost Richards, and others; through 3/7. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri., 12–8 (Fri. 5–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Fever: The Art of David Wojnarowicz." The first retrospective of the work of the East Village artist, who died of AIDS in 1992; 1/21–6/20. . . . "Anaida Hernandez: Juegos Ilegales/Illegal Games." Large-scale casino-like games created with interactive installations, paintings, and objects; 1/21–4/11. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"*In thy map securely saile*: Maps, Atlases, Charts, and Globes From the Lawrence H. Slaughter Collection, Map Division." Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century works that were donated to the library's Map Division in 1997 by the estate of Lawrence H. Slaughter; through 3/20. . . . Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasures From Mount Vernon: George Washington Revealed." A rare collection of Washington items that have never been exhibited outside Mount Vernon, among them his letters, his camp bed used during the Revolutionary War and his pistol and four swords, and a variety of personal objects; through 2/22. . . . "New York's Finest: A History of the New York City Police Department." Photographs, newspapers, weapons, uniforms, and crime detection equipment; through 3/21. . . . 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Cities on the Move 3." Works by artists, architects, and urbanists exploring the effects of modernization, globalization, introduction of new technologies, and the explosive population growth in Asian cities; through 1/31. . . . "Robert Brinker: Nine Lambs (A Flock)"; through 1/24. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists in Residence 1997–1998." Works created over the past year by Sheila Batiste, Brett Cook-Dizney, and Julio Valdez during their yearlong tenure with the Studio Museum in Harlem's Art-in-Residence Program; through 2/28. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Ray Johnson: Correspondences." Selections from five decades of work by the collagist and mail artist (1927–95); through 3/21. . . . "Duane Hanson: A Survey of His Work From the 30s to the 90s." A retrospective of works by the sculptor (1925–1996) known for his life-size, realistic renderings of ordinary people; through 2/28. . . . "Hindsight: Recent Work From the Permanent Collection"; through 2/21. . . . "Gary Hill: Circular Breathing"; through 3/21. . . . "Pale Guide to Transparent Things." A related group of photographic works by Seton Smith; through 4/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $9, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1119). 1/21 at 10 and 2: "The British Interior." On view from 1/16.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 1/21 at 10:30: "American and European Furniture, Decorations, and Silver." On view from 1/15.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/22 at 10: 15 and 2: "English Furniture." On view from 1/17. 1/23 at 10 and 2: "Wine."

Freedman *continued from page 20*

though he concedes that the district "has very, very far to go."

That is an understatement. With 45.9 percent of its pupils at or above grade level, Bushwick still falls below even the mediocre citywide average of 49.6 percent. And the district's scores on a *state* reading exam plummeted last year by almost double digits. You don't have to ascribe Delphic powers to standardized-test results to find proof of educational meltdown in Bushwick.

Since the eighties, a group of parents organized by East Brooklyn Congregations, the grassroots group best known for having built the Nehemiah Homes, has been struggling for what ought to be the rudiments—bathrooms with working toilets; regular meetings with principals; the use of a substitute when a regular teacher calls in sick. Most significantly, the Bushwick parents attacked District 32's bilingual program in both a lawsuit in State Supreme Court and a direct appeal to state education commissioner Richard Mills. They objected to the district's practice of routinely placing American-born children in bilingual classes on the basis of their Hispanic surnames. One mother told me an emblematic story about her daughter. Born in the United States, accustomed to speaking English when she entered a Bushwick school, the girl was nonetheless shunted into the bilingual program. There she remained for six years, despite the mother's pleas to school officials to transfer her out.

As with many of the parents' campaigns, the challenge to the bilingual program defied the way journalists prefer to look at issues—left vs. right, conservative vs. liberal, black vs. white. The parents did not want to kill bilingual education; they wanted to make bilingualism do what it was supposed to do: provide a gateway to English fluency. Their enemies were not whites; if anything, the battle pitted Dominican immigrant parents who wanted their children to enter the American mainstream against Nuyorican bilingual educators whose own niche in the middle class depended on protecting their jobs by maintaining class size. In the end, the parents lost in court but won a change in the assignment process.

Through the years of discord in Bushwick, there has occasionally come a reporter ready to tell the real story. But those brief cries for attention to be paid—from Jim Dwyer of the *News*, David Gonzalez of the *Times*, Paul Moses of *Newsday*—have been swallowed by the larger silence. Meanwhile, the students of Bushwick are condemned to endure not only maleducation but invisibility. ■

DePaulo *continued from page 41*

party to celebrate Ahmet Ertegun's 50 years in showbiz. A modest Town Car delivers her to Chelsea Piers (Denise doesn't do limos). Her boyfriend, she explains, had been supposed to join her but had "like, three deliveries tonight." As she steps onto the red carpet in the doorway, photographers begin screaming her name. During the course of the night, two dozen people will come up to her and gush about her party. One tells her she should lose the list again next year: "It's no fun when everything's organized!"

Shortly before midnight, Denise cuts out. She has an appointment at the Hit Factory, where Stevie J, the 23-year-old wunderkind producer (of Puffy and Whitney and Mariah and so forth) has summoned her. The Town Car drops her off and she takes the freight elevator up to the fifth floor, in her Pamela Dennis suit, golf-ball-size diamonds, and strappy silver Blahniks. The homeboys greet her at the door. "I'm a big fan of yours, Miss Rich," says one of Stevie J's posse.

Stevie, who's wearing almost as much jewelry as Denise, takes her in his buff arms and nibbles on her ear. Denise giggles. "Oh, I love him," says Denise. "Isn't he *cuuute?*"

"People think," says Stevie, "that just 'cause she gotta lotta money, you can't get close to her. *Fuck that!*"

"Yeah. Fuck that!" says the posse.

Stevie plays a song for Denise, then Denise plays one of her songs for Stevie. Then he sits back, readjusts his baseball cap, and declares that they will write a song together. "It's your time now!" he shouts. "You are the shit!"

"Oh, Stevie," says Denise. "That is straight from the heart."

As she leaves, he grabs her by the arm: "Don't forget to tell Dr. Niels I wanna donate to his sperm bank."

"That was *sooo* great," says Denise as she teeters back out onto 54th Street. "*Sooo* real." Minutes later, she is on the cell phone in the car. "Oh, Niels! I just had the greatest *expeeerience,* Niels. You know the one who's gonna donate the sperm . . . ?"

The following morning, the New York *Times* will report that among Niels Lauersen's deliveries that day was an indictment from the federal government for filing false insurance claims. Lauersen defenders will later point out that he is one of the few fertility doctors in the city who will treat poor women, and insist he was targeted by insurance firms. But tonight, Denise doesn't say a word about that. In the backseat, she kicks off her silver shoes and runs her fingers through her hair. "God, life is good," she sighs. ■

restaurants

Getting Warmer...Spazzia...Cold Relief

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

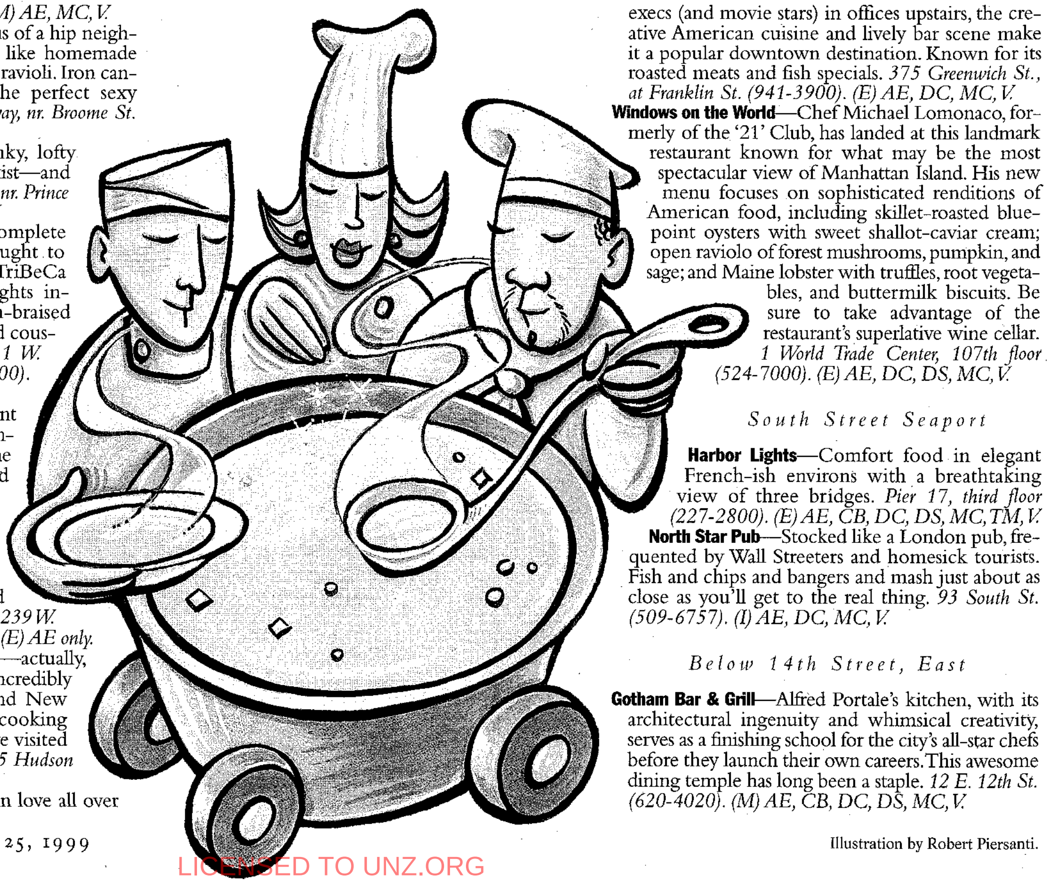
Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Happening
Stock Tip

Next Monday, January 25, eighteen intrepid chefs will brave the elements and set up shop near Rockefeller Center's skating rink to kick off SOUPer Winter '99, the Convention & Visitors Bureau's hibernal restaurant promotion. Swing by between 11 A.M. and 2 P.M. for takeout containers of Monkey Bar's goulash with white beans, Patria's coconut-conch chowder, Mesa Grill's black-bean soup with relish and toasted-cumin cream, and Eleven Madison Park's salsify-and-chicken bouillon with marjoram dumplings; $1 from each sale benefits Share Our Strength or Citymeals-on-Wheels. (Rockefeller Plaza near 50th Street.)



Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Illustration by Robert Piersanti.

ASK GAEL

How about a bistro with bistro prices

The whisk that put Chelsea Bistro on the map now stirs the fish soup at Rive Gauche, an agreeable, modest spot. If I didn't already know that Philippe Roussel was cooking in this midtown corner ripe for French colonization, the striking green and garlic pow of his escargots would rouse suspicions. Lush foie gras terrine, impeccably gentled cod with a crisp edge and mashed potatoes, first-rate frites and pan-roasted chicken that is admirably crusty and moist shout the good news. The seared salmon, though too aggressively smoked, nests wondrously rare on horseradish-spiked green lentils. A brigade of sea creatures congregates in a seriously rich "bouillabaisse royale"—cod purée thickening the saffron broth. And the waitress hasn't heard about attitude. Entrées, $13 to $25. (560 Third Avenue, at 37th Street; 949-5400.)

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect recreation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the

Photograph by Robert Wright.

counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Moscow Restaurant & Cabaret—This Russian theme restaurant melds art, food, and entertainment in a three-story celebration of the homeland. Downstairs, folk singers perform in the rustic Cabaret, decorated with the owner's enormous horseshoe collection. Upstairs, massive sculptures and paintings dominate the Gallery Bar and the Russian Room, where diners can partake of house specialties like Siberian pelmeni, chicken Kiev, and blini with Beluga caviar. *137 E. 55th St. (813-1313). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun

Tastings
Global Warming

Not counting coffee, Manhattan hasn't much of a hot-drink tradition, at least in comparison to such snow-centered societies as Scandinavia, the Himalayas, and upstate New York. And we've got no recreational equivalent of Aspen's fireside traditions—*après-subway* somehow lacks the same cachet. Still, even when our cold snaps mutate erratically into mini–heat waves, a handful of local restaurants stick reassuringly to the increasingly irrelevant calendar. Last month, in winter's honor, Christer's and Aquavit were pouring glögg, the Swedish spiced-wine punch enlivened with aquavit or brandy and sprinkled with almonds and raisins. Next month, the City Bakery launches its 8th Annual Hot Chocolate Festival, in which rich melted chocolate is infused with such daring flavors as banana peel, ginger, and mango tea. And at La Maison du Chocolat's posh new store, the cocoa-toned Salon (above) is a chocoholic's opium den, where serious addicts mainline two varieties of hot chocolate at $7 a (Limoges) cup. The heat is on.

WATERING HOLE	HOT STUFF
GOTHAM BAR & GRILL 12 East 12th Street; 620-4020	Hot apple cider spiced with cinnamon, nutmeg, white pepper, and sugar, garnished with sliced apples and cranberries.
SONORA 222 East 39th Street; 297-0280	Canelazos, a South American après-ski potion of aguardiente, panela (brown sugar), cloves, cinnamon, and lemon.
GRAMERCY TAVERN 42 East 20th Street; 477-0777	Mocha rum toddy: coffee with Myer's rum, vanilla liqueur, and melted dark chocolate. Also, mulled pinot noir, steeped with cherry brandy, dried plums, cranberries, cherries, and spices.
TABLA 11 Madison Avenue, at 25th Street; 889-0667	Hot chai (tea) with Tuaca (Tuscan brandy-based liqueur) and rum.
THE TONIC 108–110 West 18th Street; 929-9755	Hot mulled apple cider with orange and cranberry juices, orange peel, cinnamon, cloves, cardamom, allspice, and nutmeg, optionally spiked with Calvados and Tuaca.
LA MAISON DU CHOCOLAT 1018 Madison Avenue, near 78th Street; 744-7117	Smooth, creamy Guayaquil hot chocolate, with a 65 percent cocoa content, or stronger, more assertive Caracas (73 percent cocoa). Both served with whipped cream, a square of dark chocolate, and an excessive—but not unwelcome—refill pitcher.

Photograph by Duane Winfield.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Sutton Place—This sports bar–restaurant on a stretch of Second Avenue saturated with them aims to distinguish itself with a dozen television monitors (and four projection screens), a fireplace, and a skylight upstairs in the tucked-away back room. The food is the familiar blend of Franco-Italian-American, ranging from burgers and pizza to chicken francese, or shrimp and arugula in vodka sauce. *1015 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (207-3777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has a flair with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Aperitivo—This midtown standby has served its homemade pasta, veal chops, and other Northern Italian staples for a quarter-century. Business attire preferred. *29 W. 56th St. (765-5155). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bistro Latino—This nightclub and restaurant evokes the tropics with its south-of-the-border décor, its luscious cocktails, its tango dancers, and especially chef Rafael Palomino's exotic South American menu. Start with the Colombian empanadas or the Ecuadoran seviche before moving on to the inevitable, flavor-packed paella. *1711 Broadway, at 54th St. (956-1000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mars 2112—Theme restaurants go intergalactic at this big-budget newcomer, which transports diners to the red planet via space shuttle. The food—applewood-smoked pork chops, lobster-mango sushi, smoked-duck quesadillas—will be, for the most part, familiar to earthlings. *1633 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2112). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tino's.com—This duplex Italian restaurant, done up in an unusual blend of Victorian and modern styles, provides a welcome respite from Fifth Avenue's crazed shopping scene. The Northern Italian menu offers an array of risotti, and the wine list is extensive. *40 W. 56th St. (262-9300). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Takeout
Scream II

It's not exactly ice-cream weather, but those fans of Custard Beach's luxuriously dense, egg-yolk-enriched frozen custard who were left dispirited when the original Village branch shut its doors don't have to wait until summer to visit the new Financial District location. Flavors like basic boardwalk chocolate and vanilla, or more complex crème brûlée and apple pie, may be had in cups, cones, shakes, or—for almost a complete meal—on top of a sugarcoated Belgian waffle. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center; 786-4707.)

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Decade—This place bills itself as the Classic Rock Supper Club, and thus appeals to the sort of over-30 crowd that would know exactly what classic means. Besides dinner—which could be pan-seared wild salmon with a horseradish-potato crust, duck-confit-and-vegetable spring roll, or Arctic char in a fennel consommé—there's a 4,000-bottle wine vault, nearly 200 humidors, and original artwork by Warhol and Rosenquist. And dancing, of course. Jackets required. *1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (835-5979). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has a loyal neighborhood following that partakes of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Soirée d'Asie—The family behind this graciously elegant Vietnamese restaurant on one of the Upper East Side's most charming blocks has already established a stronghold in Connecticut. The Manhattan branch is more upscale, but serves a similar mix of classic and contemporary dishes like spring rolls, curries, and special soups. *156 E. 64th St. (421-7899). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regional Thai Sa-Woy—The well-spiced, artfully presented food at this two-story Thai restaurant costs a bit more than it would at your run-of-the-mill pad thai parlor, but the peaceful ambience and elegant, antique-strewn décor may very well put you in the mood to splurge. *1479 First Ave., at 77th St. (744-6374). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

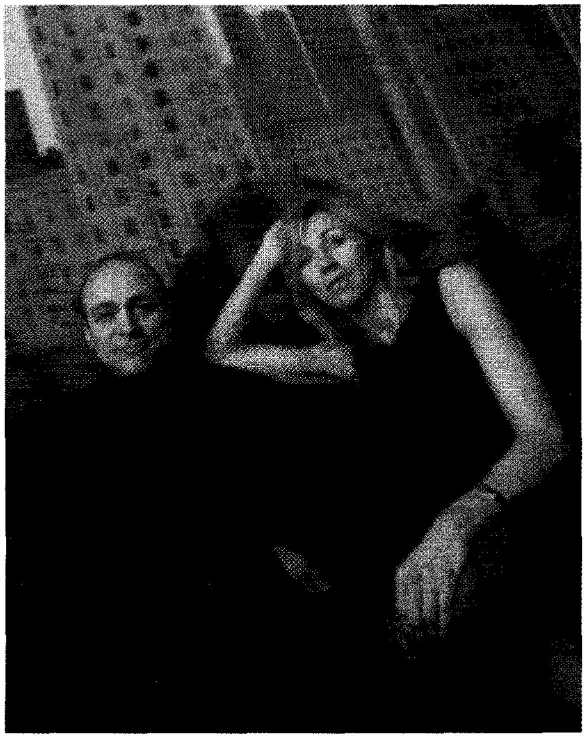
La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Mughlai—This longtime casual Upper West Sider predates the current mania for Indian fusion, sticking with such tried-and-true subcontinental specialties as tandoori chicken and keema nan. *320 Columbus Ave., at 75th St. (724-6363). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-



Opening
Hello, Columbus

This week, Spartina owners Cindy Smith and chef Stephen Kalt bring their Mediterranean zeal uptown to the timeworn Museum Café, which they've converted into Spazzia, a colorful, slate-strewn evocation of Milan in the sixties. Kalt's famous grilled pizzas and pastas complement the menu's geographic focus on southern France and northern Italy, with support from dishes like fried Niçoise ravioli stuffed with ricotta, prosciutto, and butternut squash, and Ligurian fish soup with basil and potato-saffron croutons. The Upper West Side ritual of brunch will still be traditionally observed with brioche banana-stuffed toast, oatmeal-and-cinnamon waffles, and a grilled-vegetable reuben. (366 Columbus Avenue, at 77th Street; 799-0150.)

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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nightlife

Biz Markie...Sam Prekop...Big-Band Battle

Concerts

"Battle of the Swingin' Big Bands"—Normally, good taste dictates steering clear of the neo-swing scene and its cartoonish personalities, lackluster musicianship, and uninspired brand of nostalgia. This occasion, though, which pits the Harlem Renaissance Orchestra against George Gee's Make-Believe Ballroom Orchestra, recalls the heady days when the likes of Chick Webb, Buck Clayton, and Count Basie would square off across the same stage, in front of hundreds of couples at the Savoy. Promises to be a damn good time, if a kitschy one. *Metropolitan Pavilion, 110 W. 19th St. (269-4849). $40.*

"*Black, Brown, and Beige* and More: Happy Birthday Duke Ellington"—Duke's birthday is still three months away, but mercifully, that's not stopping Jon Faddis and the rest of the Carnegie Hall Jazz Band (including guest vocalist Carrie Smith) from celebrating. Fittingly, Ellington premiered his first extended suite, from which this program draws its title, at Carnegie Hall more than a half-century ago. Despite its fame, *Black, Brown, and Beige*, which its composer described as "a tone-parallel to the history of the American Negro," has been played in its entirety only a handful of times (a complete manuscript wasn't even known to exist until the nineties), making this is an ultra-rare way to honor Ellington. 1/21 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $18–$55.*

Michael Feinstein: Now and Then—In the first third of a three-part concert series exploring the relationship between popular and classical music, the singer (and noted Gershwin expert) roots around his own back-repertoire to see what he can find. With guest soprano Renee Sousa and pianist Paul Trueblood. 1/25 at 8. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (307-7171). $40.*

Music at the Anthology—Philip Glass's MATA series kicks off the season with "The Fences Show: A Story of Offenses and Defenses." Dutch-American interdisciplinary performing-arts ensemble TONK headlines; premieres by Maarten Altena and Aaron Stewart round out the bill. 1/19 at 8 (preconcert talk with composers at 7:15). *Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181). $12–$15.*

Sir Roland Hanna—As part of Jazz at Lincoln Center's ongoing Duke Ellington Centennial festivities, Hanna plays the first of three solo-piano shows at the penthouse. A master of technical control and of the musical canon, Hanna can work a Debussy quote into a tune like "Take the 'A' Train" with as much smooth self-assurance as your average bopper can toss off a Bird riff. 1/21–1/22 at 8. *Stanley Kaplan Penthouse, 165 W. 65th St. (721-6500). $40.*

Enrique Iglesias—1/23 at 8. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). $25–$55.*

"Keyboard Ellington"—Still more outstanding Ellingtoniana, this time from Dick Hyman and the estimable piano and French-horn duo of Dwike Mitchell and Willie Ruff. 1/23 at 8. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $30.*

Ladysmith Black Mambazo—South Africa's premier trad-music outfit gets funky and soulful in the city's sleepiest borough. 1/23 at 8. *Center for the Arts at the College of Staten Island, 2800 Victory Blvd., Staten Island (718-982-2787). $25.*

Thunderbird American Indian Dancers—Featuring dances from the Hopi, Cherokee, Chippewa, and Northern Plains traditions, this weeklong powwow raises scholarship funds for American Indian students. 1/22–1/23 at 8; 1/24 at 2 and 5. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109). $10.*

"Western Union Caribbean Celebration! An Evening of Caribbean Comedy"—Oliver Samuels hosts eight comics from Barbados, Trinidad, Jamaica, and other island nations. 1/23 at 8. *Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College, Flatbush and Nostrand Aves. (718-951-4500). $22–$25.*

"Zoom: Composers Close Up"—As a daughter of bossa nova pioneers Walter Santos and Tereza Souza, Brazilian-born composer Luciana Souza grew up jamming with the likes of Milton Nascimento and Hermeto Pascoal. She's found her own voice now, though, flirting with (but never falling directly into) bossa nova, third stream, and jazz. For this date, she premieres works inspired by the poetry of Elizabeth Bishop and May Sarton. 1/23 at 9. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $8.50 (suggested).*

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 1/19: Early Bowie meets Pure Prairie League in Williamsburg quintet Lit Plastic, whose new incarnation forgoes a rhythm section in favor of low-key atmospherics. 1/22: Mila Drumke. 1/23: Geraniums. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 1/23: Steve Forbert. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 1/22: Former New Kid on the Block (does that make him an Old Kid on the Block?) Joe McIntyre. 1/23: North Carolina frat-rock/indie rock perennials Superchunk; Flin Flon. 1/26: Sinead Lohan. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 1/20: Speedealer. 1/22: Teenbeaters. 1/23: Life in a Blender. *161 Avenue A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the new, unscuzzy basement lounge. 1/22: Funkface. 1/23: Junkman; Helen Wheels. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/19: Peter Spinelli & Kick. 1/20: Mark the Harper. 1/21: Felix Cabrera. 1/22–1/23: Magic Slim & Teardrops. 1/25: Danny Doll. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

China Club—1/23: Catherine Hickland, star of TV's *One Life to Live*, performs "Once More With Feeling." *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800).*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village fun house now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackies parties. 1/22: Neo-scuzz-metallists Queens of the Stoneage; Raging Slab; Backyard Babies. 1/23 Damnation A.D. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Connolly's—Saturdays, hometown Celt-punk heroes Black 47 tear it up. *14 East 47th St. (867-3767).*

The Cooler—A former meat locker, this subterranean haunt offers spooky-cool atmosphere and cutting-edge sounds in equal measures. The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz wannabe Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. 1/22: Ossom; Soul Slinger. 1/23: UV Ray; Yuval and Sebastian (of Soul Coughing); Cassien; Del Mar; Mutamassik; Sama Tik. 1/25: Autobody; United Noise; Barbez; Ill Ease. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785). $.*

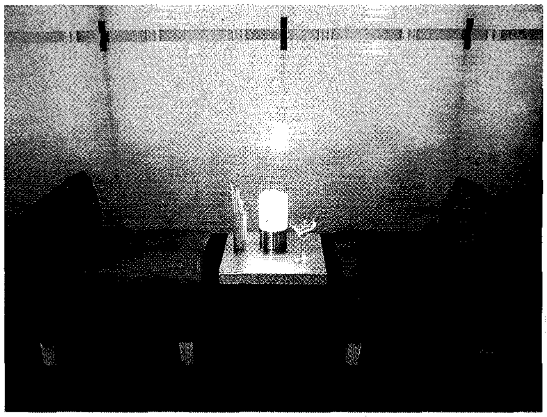
Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 1/19: Fear Factory; System of a Down; Spineshank. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—1/20: In Chicago, evidently, the line be-

Opening Float Hopes

Now that cozier venues like the various Jet outlets have taken the place of megaclubs in New Yorkers' hearts, what's a nightlife impresario with big plans to do? The owners of Float (240 West 52nd Street) have one solution: The three-story club's 17,000 square feet are divided among several *intime* subchambers. Starting January 19, revelers can share this illusion of intimacy with several hundred of their closest friends.



Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

tween tweaked-out electronica and experimental jazz is a fine one indeed. First, members of Tortoise adopted the name Isotope 217 and got down in positively Miles-esque modal style. Now the Sea and Cake's Sam Prekop and an all-star Windy City crew bring their organs, coronets, and strings (and maybe a sampler or two) to this posh watering hole to offer their own, tropically inflected brand of swing. 1/25: David Campbell. *425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—1/20: Marc Ribot's homage to twenties *son* composer Arsenio Rodriguez was one of the most subtly wonderful musical statements of last year. As part of his monthlong run of Wednesday nights here, the guitarist brings the same band that played on the disc, Los Cubanos Postizos, in for a night of darkly sexy swing. 1/19: Wharton Tiers Ensemble; Jim Black Beat Table. 1/21: Gary Lucas' Gods and Monsters; Tiger Lillies. 1/23: Leon Parker; Rene Bouchard. 1/24: Bobby Sanabrias; Ascension. 1/25: Pachora; William Hooker Quintet; Straylight. 1/26: Candy Butchers; Danielle Howle. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).* $

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. Mondays: Craig Dreter & Friends. 1/19: Lil' Mama; Heather Hardy. 1/20: Jimmy Vivino Catherine Russell All-Star Jam. 1/21: Lucky Petersen. 1/22: Other Brothers. 1/23: Kerry Kearney. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—After a couple years' dormancy, New Jersey's (and perhaps the tri-state area's) finest rock club is back with a vengeance. 1/21: Lawndarts; Teenbeaters; Scrap. 1/22: Silos; Lianne Smith. 1/23: Jets to Brazil; Burning Airlines. 1/25: Superchunk. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 1/19: Utensil; Skulpey. 1/21: Gravel Pit. 1/22: Jets to Brazil; Burning Airlines. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 1/18: Henry "Pucho" Brown is the King Curtis of Latin jazz: Along with his aptly named Latin Soul Brothers, the timbalero whips up utterly funky, Latinized instrumental renditions of hits by James Brown, Marvin Gaye, and others. Guaranteed to get your pelvis moving. 1/21: DJ Lemon D.; DJ Dilinja. 1/25: Tito Puente. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8, the Supper Club's house big-band swings with abandon. 1/22: Yallopin' Hounds. 1/23: Delegates. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

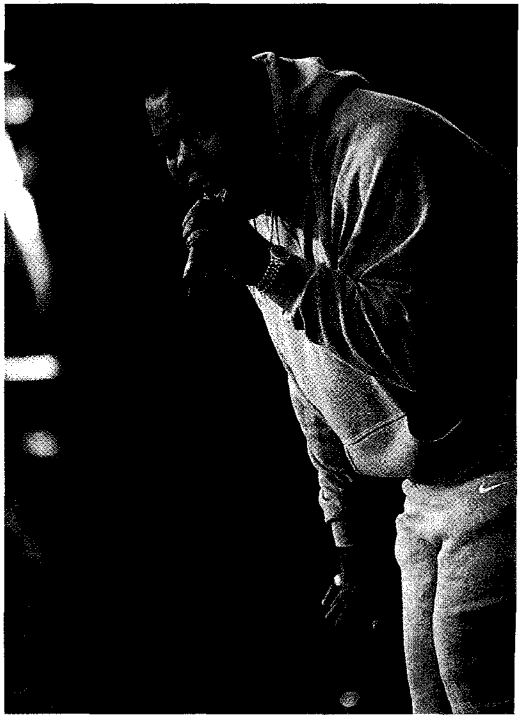
Tonic—1/20: Ikue Mori; Eyvind Kang; Shelley Hirsch; Jim Black; DJ Olive. 1/21: John Zorn's Masada; Sex Mob. This double bill is both odd and oddly logical. Masada is Zorn's blistering avant-jazz/improv project. Sex Mob is trumpeter Steven Bernstein's outlet for a serious double-jones for swing and pop. But Bernstein & Co. spike their Prince and Wings covers with enough skronking squeals to make the set a perfect complement to Zorn's explorations. 1/22: John Zorn's Masada. 1/23: David Garland. 1/24: Margot Leverett Ensemble. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503).* $.

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 1/21: Biz Markie (see box, this page); Nice 'n Smooth. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 1/19: After Dark. 1/20: The Roots. 1/21: Sonia Dada. 1/23: Inasense; Bloo; Alaskan. 1/26: ViperHouse. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244)* $.

Talent
Nobody Beats the Biz

In hip-hop, a couple of years can constitute an entire career, even a lifetime. By that strange scale, then, Biz Markie is positively Jurassic. In the eighties, the rapper crafted raucous odes to such diverse phenomena as "Pickin' Boogers" and his native Brooklyn's Albee Square Mall before hitting the big-time with the 1989 party fave "Just a Friend." Looking around the rap world today, says the Biz (given name: Marcel Hall), makes him feel "like an old baseball player, watching the new players come up. Like, if I was Hank Aaron, I'd be glad to see a Sosa coming up." If 34 seems a tender age at which to declare such elder-statesmanhood, consider that the Biz hasn't headlined a New York show since the 1994 old-school nostalgia bill he shared at Madison Square Garden with KRS-One, Afrika Bambaataa, and Rakim. The same year, he left New York for the more restful environs of Laurel, Maryland. Still, though, his hometown fans, some of them rather high-profile, have displayed a significant interest in dragging the rapper back north: Last year alone, the Biz contributed his inimitable "sloppy style" rhymes to two songs by Funkmaster Flex's supergroup, Flip Squad; delivered a jaw-dropping rendition of Elton John's "Bennie and the Jets" with the Beastie Boys at the Garden; and freestyled at the Knitting Factory with genre-busting clarinetist Don Byron, who humbly declared at the end of the show, "I never got to jam with Shostakovich; I didn't *personally play with Charlie Parker. But I just played with Biz* Markie, so I can die satisfied." When the Biz takes the stage at Tramps, January 21, then, expect to see plenty of celebrity fans hanging on his every amorphously inflected syllable. But it's the Biz himself who points to the real reason to catch this rare appearance: "A lot of people these days try to be all serious," he says of his enduring popularity. "I'm still having fun." **ETHAN SMITH**



Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 1/19: Gil Evans Orchestra. 1/20–1/23: Pat Martino; Joyous Lake. 1/24: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. 1/25: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra; Lew Tabackin. 1/26: Maria Schneider Jazz Orchestra. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 1/19–1/24: At 73, B. B. King is still on the road close to 300 days a year, wringing sweetly mournful sounds out of his trusty axe, Lucille, and breaking hearts the world over. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Citron 47—Sets start at 9:30 P.M. Mondays: Chuck Wilson's Jazz Quartet. Tuesdays: Cafe. Sundays: Jon Sholle Wednesdays and Fridays: The Stingers. Thursdays: Eric. *401 W. 47th St. (397-4747). $10 minimum.*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. 1/19: Matt Wilson Quartet. 1/21: Owen Howard Quartet. 1/22: Joshua Breakstone Trio. 1/23: Yves Brouqui Quartet. 1/25: Matt Wilson Quartet. *349 E. 13th St. (533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St., bet. Houston and Stanton. (780-0313).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table-placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 1/19–1/24: Gonzalo Rubalcaba. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30,

Ground Rules:
In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Frank Micelotta/Outline.

Talent
Dementia Prekop

Chicago's Sam Prekop (second from left) takes a break from the fluttery electronica of his regular outfit, the Sea and Cake, to offer jazzy sounds at Joe's Pub on January 20 (see "Clubland").

Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. 1/22: Dick Hyman. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—1/19–1/24: Even when Billy Higgins plays drums in somebody *else's* band, you can't help but sit up and pay notice. It's not just his trademark grin—a manic near-grimace that's earned him the nickname "Smilin' Billy"—that grabs you, either. His swinging, almost melodic fluidity is a miracle to hear. On this date, Higgins leads a sextet through classics by fellow hard-bop legends Hank Mobley, Dexter Gordon, Lee Morgan, and Jackie McLean. Not to be missed. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Tues.–Thurs. at 9 and 11, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—During the Pollock exhibition, "Jackson Pollock's Jazz" presents abstract-expressionist music to get you in a splattery mood. Shows at 5:30 and 7. 1/21: Kenny Davern's Village Four. 1/22: Art Baron Quintet. *11 W. 53rd St. (780-9480). Tickets price included in price of museum admission: $6.50–$9.50 (Fri. 4:30–8:30, pay as you wish).*

Savoy Lounge—Nestled beneath the Port Authority Bus Terminal, this truly funky joint features sawdust on the floor, cheap beer in bottles, and a Hammond organ in the corner. 1/22: Neal Kirkwood Octet. $3–$7 cover; no minimum. *355 W. 41st. St. (947-5255). $.*

Showman's Café—Reopened right on 125th Street (though not, unfortunately, in its original location adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz watering hole offers slow-cooked soul-jazz and funkified hard bop every night. 1/22–1/23: Claudia Hayden Band. No cover; two-drink minimum. *375 E. 125th St. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 1/19–1/24: Rodney Jones Quintet. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 1/19–1/24: Sherman Irby Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Wilson's Bar & Grill—The Upper West Side's finest jazz- and torch-singer bar. 1/16: Judy Barnett. *201 W. 79th St. (769-0100).*

Zinno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar), and shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. Mondays: Sol Yaged Combo. Tuesdays: Kendra Shawk; Frank Kimbrough; Dean Johnson. 1/20–1/23: Rufus Reid, John Stetch, and Akira Tana. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. Jim Norton, DC Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson and Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. Wednesdays, "Gemini Lounge," with the Sklar Brothers. 1/19: Doctor Dre. 1/21–1/24: Dave Chappelle. 1/24: Judy Gold. 1/26: Doctor Dre; Bob Smith. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 1/24: Greg Giraldo; Gregg Roggell; Mitch Hedberg; Pete Coreale; Godfrey. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1/18–1/24: Nancy Redman; Richie Byrne; The Most Brothers. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 1/22–1/23: Paul M. Mercurio; Donnell Rawlings; Cory Kahaney. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30. 1/22–1/23: Jim David; Tom Cotter; Andrés Fernandez; Dave Attel. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Bemelman's Bar—Tuesday–Saturday at 9:30: Peter Mintun. $10 cover; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Tuesday–Saturday through March, the timelessly sexy Eartha Kitt offers her singular blend of jaundiced standards. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Through January: Blossom Dearie. $20, plus $15 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? 1/28–1/30: "Merci Maurice." $12 cover, two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Duplex Cabaret—Thursdays and Saturdays through February, Lorinda Lisitza's "Daddy's Girl." *61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. Thursdays through 1/28: Teri Lynn Paul. Fridays through 1/29: Barbara Brussell. Saturdays through 1/30: Patrick DeGennaro. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. Through 1/22: K.T. Sullivan. 1/26–2/6: Nancy Ford. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Phoebe Legere—"Swoon." With Swingalicious. Sundays at 8 and 10:30. *Clementine, 1 Fifth Ave. (253-0003).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-only show has been extended into an open-ended run. Mondays, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra plays for the twenty-eighth year running. Sets at 9 and 11. $25 cover, Tues.–Thurs.; $30 cover Fri.–Sat.; $15 cover, Mon. $15 minimum all week. *The Park Restaurant, 109 E. 56th St. (758-2272).*

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. Thursdays: Mark Nadler. $15, $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

Parkview Lounge—Nestled *way* over on the Lower East Side, this refreshingly hipster-free outpost features bar-bowling, a damn fine jukebox, and some charmingly amateurish live bands in the back room. *317 E. Houston St. (473-9257). $.*

Junno's—Relocated from its old, quasi-legal location above a Sixth Avenue restaurant, this new and swanky spot actually features food. But, as at the old spot, the real action is the late-night hang-time with proprietor Junno and his delightful selection of country mix-tapes. *64 Downing St. (627-7995).*

the mix

Alice McDermott . . . Edward Ball . . . Plant Fest

John Leonard's TV Notes

ear Jesse (1/19; 6:30 to 8 P.M.; Cinemax) may end up the oddest and also the most affecting documentary of the season. Like Jesse Helms, the senator from Big Tobacco, filmmaker Tim Kirkman grew up Southern Baptist, in Monroe, N.C.; attended the same college; trifled with journalism; and is obsessed with homosexual men. The big difference is that Kirkman is gay (during the 1996 campaign, he even interviewed Matthew Shepard) and Helms is a gay-baiter (helping to create the environment that made Shepard's murder possible). Still, this "letter" from the filmmaker to the senator—in the form of a mosey by camera from New York back home to Monroe, by way of revealing chats with North Carolinians, many of whom actually turn out to be in favor of affirmative action, AIDS research, and federal funding for the arts—has a quality about it more wistful than wrathful. It's as if Kirkman really hopes to change Jesse's mind.

nimal Einsteins (1/20; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) sends Alan Alda on behalf of *Scientific American Frontiers* into university laboratories in Vermont, Massachusetts, Georgia, Ohio, Arizona, and California, to watch research-science Dr. Dolittles talk in sign language to pigs, sea lions, tamarind monkeys, chimpanzees, parrots, and even a raven. Besides addition, subtraction, color recognition, the classification of letters and numbers, and the use of tools, we also see some abstract reasoning. Alda enjoys all this as much as I did.

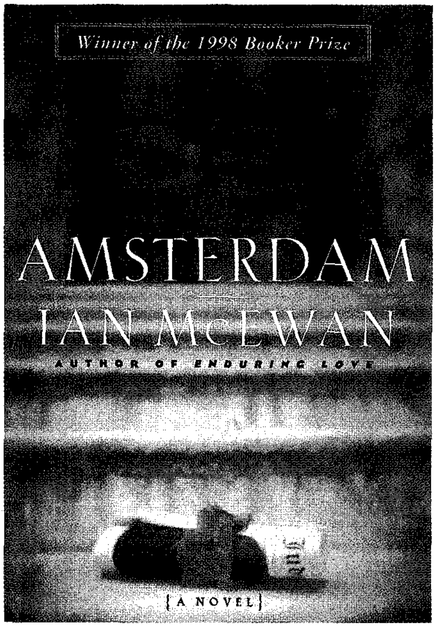
outh Georgia Island: Paradise of Ice (1/20; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13), the latest installment of the "Living Edens" series, is basically for penguin symps—and there must be a lot of them because this is at least the sixth TV documentary on their fourteen-month breeding cycle that I recall mentioning in these pages. Nor will South Georgia Island, on the fringe of Antarctica, strike anybody except maybe the Robert Stone who wrote *Outerbridge Reach* as any kind of paradise. The filmmakers themselves endured overnight temperatures of 94 degrees below zero Fahrenheit to be in place for mating and mayhem. Also wandering into view to be wondered at by narrator Avery Brooks are elephant seals, snow petrels, and the occasional albatross.

afe House (1/24; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) situates Patrick Stewart in a snazzy haven of high-tech security systems, expensive art objects, gaudy flower gardens, and a swimming pool attended by Craig Shoemaker, who also enters zestfully into guerrilla-war games. What worries Stewart's daughter, Joy Kilpatrick, is not so much her father's paranoia—he used to work out of the Pentagon for a naval-intelligence assassination squad, and now his old admiral, Richard Livingston, is running for president of the United States, and former members of their hit squad seem to be turning up dead—but his rapidly progressing Alzheimer's. So she sends him to a "geopsychiatrist," Hector Elizondo, and hires a super-perky housekeeper, Kimberly Williams. All heck breaks loose, during which Patrick gets to dress up in many disguises and explode all manner of weaponry between sessions at the computer and his video-monitor command module, when he isn't washing Kimberly's underwear after he loses to her at chess (and by the by, we'll learn a lot about Alzheimer's), before a reasonably satisfying surprise denouement. Williams is as much of a pleasant surprise here as she was in *Relativity*.

My Last Love (1/25; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) may be thought of as the exact opposite of Monday football. We are asked to believe that Nancy Travis, a hotshot single-mother Chicago lawyer who returns home to California and her difficult parents with a life-threatening disease, could ever look too old for a business-school-dropout beach-boy surfer like Scott Bairstow (*Party of Five*) not to fall in love with her, which he does anyway. Besides waves and sunsets to signal sex, there's a fine performance in this otherwise by-the-numbers weepie from Jamie Renee Smith as Nancy's 12-year-old daughter. When she says to a wavering Scott, "If I can do it, you can do it," we stop resisting and start rooting.

A Murder in Texas: Hate on Trial (1/25; 10 to 11 P.M.; Discovery) takes off from the pickup truck–chain-dragging–dismemberment murder of James Byrd Jr. in Jasper, Texas, last June by three good ol' white-supremacist boys, to look all too briefly at a wide range of neo-Nazi and Klannish organizations and behaviors. While the most newsworthy portion of this BBC documentary is doubtless an interview with William Pierce, the author of *The Turner Diaries* and the inspiration of Timothy McVeigh, at least as interesting is the backstory of filmmaker Zab Chughtai, who may sound Oxonian-plummy in her narration but who was born in Pakistan and whose exact complexion—olive or darker, Spanish, Italian, or merely tanned—would seem to have obsessed the Skinbrains who so surprisingly talked to her cameras.

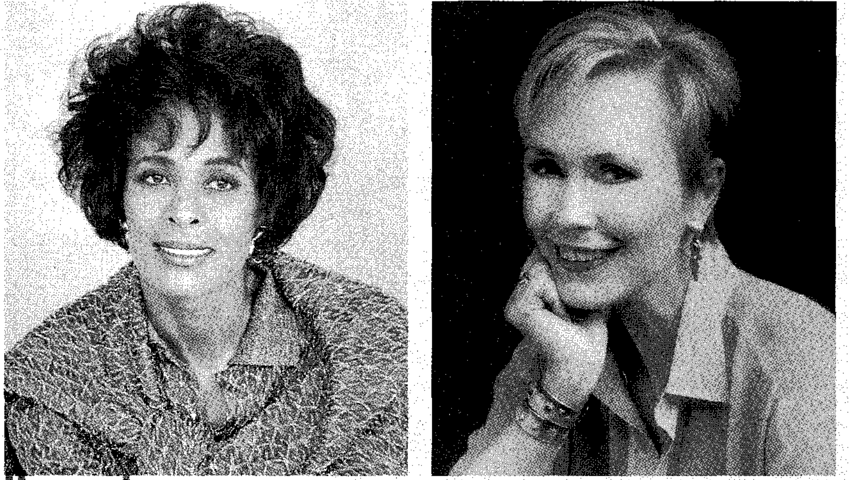
The 50 Years War—Israel and the Arabs (1/24 and 1/25; 9 to 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13), co-produced by the BBC and WGBH, is an amazingly evenhanded account of an open wound, with on-camera face time for almost everybody who stuck their fingers into that wound to keep it from closing. Thus, mostly familiar archival footage takes us from the end of the British Mandate all the way to Bibi Netanyahu. During this bloody passage on a slow boat to Oslo, via the Suez Canal and the Intifada, we will talk to David Ben Gurion and King Farouk, Levi Eshkol and King Hussein, Golda Meir and Gamal Nasser, Moshe Dayan and Anwar Sadat, Yitzhak Rabin and Hanan Ashwari, and Shimon Peres and Yassir Arafat, not to mention such brokers on the territorial exchange as George Marshall, Clark Clifford, Walt Rostow, Henry Kissinger, Anatoly Dobrynin, and Boutros Boutros-Ghali. What this evenhandedness of course omits is most of the emotion, which may be less archival than genetic or archaeological: Bronze Age identity politics.



In Print

Double Indemnity

Though *Amsterdam* begins at a funeral, investigates mortality and morality, and culminates in death and destruction, "it's meant to be a bit of elegant fun," says veteran novelist Ian McEwan. The author's Booker Prize–winning novel grew out of a private joke with a psychiatrist friend. "We were talking about rapid-onset Alzheimer's," McEwan explains, "and I jokingly said, 'If it happens to me, will you get me to Amsterdam and have them do me in?' He said he would if I promised to do the same for him. It got me to thinking about what would happen if two people lured each other into fulfilling such a pact prematurely." *Amsterdam* charts the ferocious undoing of newspaper editor Vernon Halliday and composer Clive Linley, who make their pact after the untimely and undignified death of a woman they had both loved. "I'm not as interested in offering a warning as I am in exploring the ways a life can spin off course," says McEwan. "People get to a certain place in their careers where nobody in their immediate circle ever questions them, and there is a self-delusional danger there." McEwan takes evident pleasure in describing his characters' professions with precision and wit. "I've become more and more interested in other people's expertise," he says. "I think work is underrepresented in modern literature. You find no shortage in pulp novels, but modernism is a bit to blame for removing it from literary fiction—you know, this idea of the novelist sort of floating above earthly concerns." On January 25, McEwan will be making his only appearance in New York, a place, he says, that "always gets me off to a good mood and makes me feel bigger." See "The Written Word" for details. ARIEL LEVY



Happening

What Have You Done for Me Lately?

Women's-rights advocate Faye Wattleton (left), author and sex enthusiast Nancy Friday (right), and Christie A. Heffner, CEO of Playboy Enterprises and daughter of the big pajama-wearer himself, discuss "The Sexual Revolution 25 Years Later: Has It Been Good for Women?" Don't worry, everyone will get a chance to speak—Phil Donahue is moderating. See "Lectures and Panels."

Radio Highlights

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 1/24: Roberto Calasso, author of *Ka*. WPAT, 930 AM.

Woody's Children—1/23 at 8:05 P.M.: Robert Sherman hosts this thirtieth-anniversary broadcast of folk music, with performances by Odetta, Tom Paxton, Oscar Brand, Christine Lavin, Tom Chapin, Michael Mark, and Nora Guthrie. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

Joan Peyser—1/20 at 7 P.M.: The author of *Bernstein* on the life and work of an American icon. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Alice McDermott, Edward Ball, Gerald Stern, and Louis Sachar—1/21 at 7:30 P.M.: The National Book Award–winning authors of *Charming Billy, Slaves in the Family, This Time: New and Selected Poems,* and *Holes,* respectively. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Eugenio Montale—1/21 at 6:30 P.M.: An evening celebrating the work of the Nobel Prize–winning poet, with Jonathan Galassi, Annalisa Cima, Vanni Scheiwiller, and Giocchino Lanza Tomasi. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (604-4823); free; wear a jacket.

Oscar Hijuelos, Alvaro Mutis—1/25 at 8 P.M.: Reading at the 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

Ian McEwan—1/25 at 8 P.M.: The Booker-prize winner talks with Oscar Hijuelos. The Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

Lectures and Panels

James Atlas, Roy Blount, Peter Gay, Elizabeth Hardwick, and Edmund White—1/19 at 7:30 P.M.: The authors discuss the art of the biography. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

"A Conversation With Ben Katchor: 'The Jew of New York' "—1/19 at 6:30 P.M.: The cartoonist talks with writer Lawrence Weschler. The Bronfman Center, 7 E. 10th St. (998-2100); free.

"Was Shakespeare's Grandmother Jewish?"—1/19 at 6:30 P.M.: The second of six Tuesday-evening literary discussions curated by Jill Krementz in conjunction with her new book of photographs, *The Jewish Writer;* with Tony Kushner and Wendy Wasserstein, moderated by André Bishop. CUNY, 33 W. 42nd St., eighteenth floor (642-2634); free.

"With God in My Briefcase: Putting Your Religious Values to Work"—1/19 at 6 P.M.: A discussion on how lawyers reconcile their professional lives with their faith, led by Rabbi Jeffrey K. Salkin, author of *Being God's Partner: How to Find the Hidden Link Between Spirituality and Your Work*. Skadden Arps Slate Meagher & Flom, 919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (870-3180); $40 includes dinner.

"The Sexual Revolution 25 Years Later: Has it Been Good for Women?"—1/20 at 8 P.M.: A panel with Nancy Friday, Faye Wattleton, and Christie A. Heffner; moderated by Phil Donahue. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

"Gotham in the Gilded Age"—1/20 at 7 P.M.: Architectural historian David Garrard Lowe explores Beaux Arts New York. Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Square South (995-5260); $25.

Buddha: The Living Way—1/21 at 6:30 P.M.: Photographer deForest Trimingham and writer Pico Iyer discuss the book. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); $7–$10.

"*Anime*: The World of Japanese Animation"—1/23 and 1/24: A two-day symposium on a film genre that evolved from *manga,* Japanese comics. Critics, creators, and scholars discuss the phenomenon and its history. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $15–$55.

Tours

Soaring Heights: The Cathedral of St. John the Divine—1/24 at 1 P.M.: Explore the world's largest Gothic cathedral—more than 100 years old and still under construction—and the Cathedral House built by robber baron J. P. Morgan. Call 996-1100 for information and reservations; $25.

Benefits

"Cherish the Ladies"—1/25 at 7 P.M.: A benefit reading for Theater for Theater with writer Grace Paley and Obie-winning playwright Maria Irene Fornes. Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109); $10 includes champagne reception.

Tribute to Great Chefs and Sommeliers—1/20 at 7 P.M.: A benefit for Thirteen/WNET with an auction and an elaborate dinner prepared by the chefs an sommeliers of Chanterelle, Le Bernardin, L Cirque 2000, and Lespinasse. St. Regis Hotel, 2 E 55th St. (560-4916); $1,000–$10,000.

Events

Plant-o-rama—1/26 at 8 A.M.: A free, daylong trad fair for horticultural professionals and garden-enthusiasts with lectures, vendors, and plenty o plants to learn about. Brooklyn Botanic Garden 900 Washington Ave. Call 827-8035 or 718-622-4433, ext. 319 the day of the show.

Winter Antiques Show—Through 1/24: Beautiful ol stuff for your house. Seventh Regiment Armory Park Ave. bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (472-0590); $16

SoHo Antiques Show—Through 1/27: The downtow version includes Art Deco and garden antiques The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette St. (888-498-8613); $7.

Exhibitions

"Shaker Gifts, Shaker Genius"—1/21–4/2: Celebrating the history and artistic and cultural legacy o the American Shakers, an exhibition of religiou objects, documents, historical prints, photographs and objects for everyday living. PaineWebber 1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885); free.

"America and the Civil Rights Movement, 1954–1968"—Through 3/19: Rarely seen and classic photographs by Ben Fernandez, Bruce Davidson, Declan Haun, Nat Herz, James Karales, Charles Moore, Eve Arnold, and others. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); free.

"Woody Allen's Television Days"—Through 3/21: A screening of Allen's television work on variety and late-night talk shows. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

"New York's Finest: A History of the New York City Police Department"—Through 3/21: Enter this 3,000-square-foot exhibition of early-nineteenth-century police memorabilia through a "dark alley" echoing with screams and gunshots that evoke the dangers of policing New York in Colonial times. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

"Japonism in Fashion: Japan Dresses the West"—Through 2/14: More than 70 costumes and acces-

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY ▨

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
RANGERS		OTT MSG 7PM		FLA MSG 7PM			
ISLANDERS			FLA FSNY 7PM	PIT FSNY 7PM			
DEVILS	SJ FSNY 10:30PM		ANA FSNY 10:30PM		LA FSNY 10:30PM		
	1/18	1/19	1/20	1/21	1/22	1/23	1/24

Photographs courtesy of the 92nd Street Y.

sories dating from the second half of the nineteenth century to the present day. The exhibition explores the influence of Japanese aesthetic principals, art, and design on Western fashion. Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Pkwy. (718-638-5000); $1.50–$4.

In Thy Map Securely Saile"—Through 3/20: One hundred nautical charts, manuals of instruction in the arts of oceanic navigation and compass use, and decorative maps used as cartographic illustration. New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (221-7676); free.

anukkah Project—Through 1/31: In celebration of the holiday, a new video installation or light sculpture for each of the eight nights. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); $8.

'Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George is on display along with props and costumes. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

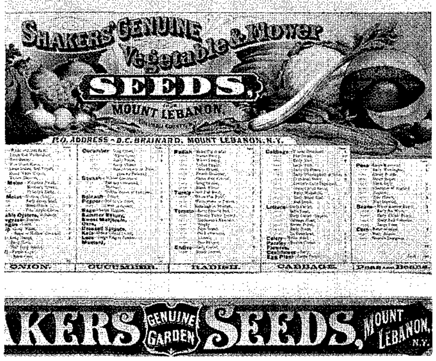
Sports

ring a Friend Ski Program—The folks over at the American Skiing Company are offering a buy-one-get-one-free deal at their resorts across the country (including places like Attitash, Killington, Mount Snow, Sugarbush, and Steamboat). Experienced skiers can bring a new-to-the-slopes friend and by purchasing a $55 Level 1 package (for equipment, coaching, and lift access) get a free lift ticket for the same day. For more information, call 800-I-CAN-SKI.

Online

ew York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: Shop online and get a deal on designer duds; go directly to *The Source* for your hip-hop music news; explore (virtually) the entire MOMA collection; then say "Ewww!" at the Yuckiest Site on the Internet. And while you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, stick around and check out all our other great features, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives like daily deals from Angie Maximo in "Cheap Thrills," "First Words" for bibliophiles, answers to "Ask Gael," our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and a New York–trivia contest.

On View **It's pretty common these days to come across a gold-plated sink or a luxury car that claims to wed form and function in a simple, elegant package. But the Shakers are still the ones to beat when it comes to graceful, utilitarian design—a skill clearly demonstrated at PaineWebber in "Shaker Gifts, Shaker Genius." Would you expect anything less from a group that was celibate and shared everything?**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Peas and Beans.
KERS GENUINE GARDEN SEEDS, MOUNT LEBANON, N.Y.

Photograph by Michael Fredericks, courtesy of the Paine Webber Art Gallery.

Smart City

continued from page 45

with lace curtains, houseplants aplenty, a wood-burning fireplace—and a fully stocked bar. For twenty years, this is where Vencenzo and Ida Cerbone have hosted the curators, sculptors, and painters from P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center. Usually a place puts photos of its favorite (or famous) customers on the wall. But in the case of Manducatis, the reverse has happened: Last year, P.S. 1 exhibited eleven candids of Vencenzo and Ida surrounded by art types enjoying red wine and great food; the black-and-whites, taken by Howard Gross, date back to the late seventies, when the school building was getting made over while the Cerbones were renovating a German bar two blocks away. As Vencenzo puts it, "They were working in one mine and I was working in another."

RHODES SEAFOOD PUB

288 City Island Avenue, the Bronx
718-885-1538

The keepers at the Bronx Zoo are right about Rhodes—sitting at the bar or in a booth with a dozen steamers and plenty of beer to wash them down will soothe any savage beast. The walls are covered with photos of storms past (CITY ISLAND NOR'EASTER, '92) and customers present—several enormous snapshot collages with a couple hundred grinning faces apiece give you the sense that life at Rhodes is one long, chummy celebration of shellfish. Every weeknight, the bartender rings a bell to alert teachers, firemen, cops, Bell Atlantic workers, and those zookeepers that another happy hour on City Island has begun.

O'KEEFE'S BAR & RESTAURANT

62 Court Street, Brooklyn
718-855-8751

The awning might read THE NEW O'KEEFE'S, but this place has been entertaining Brooklyn's crime-and-punishment crowd for 50 years. A stuffed buck with a bowler perched between his antlers overlooks the crowd of lawyers, court officers, and clerks from Brooklyn's Family Court and Supreme Court. Owner Dave Sheeran believes that the key to the bar business, other than location, is constancy ("Even if the food's bad, it has to be *consistently* bad"). In this spirit, he makes sure his regulars do time every Thursday by offering all the draft you can drink for $10 and wings tasty enough to make cops stop by with handcuffed lunch companions—perhaps the most extreme version of a neighborhood bar bringing people closer together. ■

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kids

Betty Boop...Comparing Camps

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Forecast: Windy—Toot the bird introduces the woodwind section of the orchestra, which shows off its expressive talents at the first in the winter series of **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**'s "Lolli-Pops" concerts (for 3-to-5-year-old children) in "Up, Up and Away With the Woodwinds." The program will include Vaughan Williams's "March Past of the Kitchen Utensils," and Mozart's Serenade in B-flat major. 1/23 at 10:30 and noon, 1/24 at 12:30 and 2. Alliance Française's Florence Gould Hall, 55 East 59th St. (971-95000).

Rabbit Hole—Author and illustrator William Low shares his evocative new book *Chinatown* in a family program at the **BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART**. 1/23 at 4. The following week, the year of the rabbit is ushered in with fan and ribbon dancing and tales of rabbits. 1/30 at 4. Free with $4 contribution; $2 for students, $1.50 for seniors, and free for children under 12.

Diversity at Home—Next week, the **PARENTS LEAGUE** sponsors a free public forum on some of the issues interfaith families face. 1/28 from 6 to 7:30, Brick Presbyterian Church, 62 East 92nd St. Reservations are required (737-7385).

Shared Vision—Nellie Mae Rowe, a lady who used to twist the family laundry into dolls and incorporate chewing gum and plastic animals into her artwork, has an exhibit at the **MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART**. Every other Sunday at 2, beginning 1/2—for the run of the exhibit through mid-May—free children's workshops will use some of Ms. Rowe's favorite materials (glitter, beads, and paint) to explore some of her recurrent preoccupations (embellishments on the artist's signature, and hands.) Columbus Ave. at 66th St. For further information, call 595-9533.●●

Practice Practice Practice—In "Amazing Music: The Families of the Orchestra," the third in a series of concerts for children—ages 7 and up—Andrew Litton conducts the Dallas Symphony Orchestra performing excerpts from works by Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Stravinsky, and Gershwin. The concert, 1/23 at 2, is preceded by an hour of preconcert activities where kids get t "meet" individual instruments and hear stories b Charlotte Blake Alston. Afterward, at 3:30, the **MU SEUM OF TELEVISION & RADIO** screens related programming for families (admission is free with Carnegie Hall ticket stub.) 154 West 57th St. (247-7800). $5.●

Boop Boopy Doop—Don't be surprised if the Lincol Center audience rises to its feet and starts dancin when the New Orleans Jazz Band plays up-temp jazz to cartoons on **WALTER READE THEATER**'s bi screen. "Boppin' With Betty Boop" is part of monthly Reel to Real series pairing live performers with films. 1/23 at 11:30 and 2 (875-5370) $10, $6 for those 16 and under.●

Camp Counseling—Cruise the aisles at a Summe Camp Fair—where representatives from American Camping Association–accredited day an overnight camps converge to show photographs explain their philosophies, boast about their facilities, and answer a lot of questions. Sunday, 1/24 from noon to 4, the **92ND ST. Y** hosts a free fai where a broad range of camps ply their wares (On 2/7, another fair, also from noon to 4, i specifically geared to teens—with details on academic, travel, camping, arts, sports, and community-service opportunities.) Lexington Ave. at 92n St. (996-1100). ●

Powwow—The 36th Annual Danc Concert Powwow at **THEATER FO THE NEW CITY**—whose proceed create scholarships for America Indian students—is a chance to se extraordinary Native America dancing from all over this country Through 1/24. 155 First Ave., a 10th St. (254-1109); $10; Sunday kids under 12 accompanied by a adult are admitted for $1.

Rock, Paper, Scissors—Paper Ba Players' newest laugh-out-lou show, "Hot Feet," a collection o twelve short plays (see photo), ha honking, deli sandwiches, litter and city beaches: That's right, it' set in New York City. Hunter College's **SYLVIA AND DANNY KAYE PLAYHOUSE**, 68th St. and Park Ave. (772-4448). Saturdays and Sundays, 1/2 through 3/7, at 2. Tickets are $15 and $20.

The Jungle Book—**THEATREWORKS** stages Kipling's coming-of-age classic about a boy named Mowgli who is raised by wolves as an upbeat musical. 1/23 and 1/24. The Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373). Single tickets are $18.50.●

cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Sam Grobart
Sports

Nick Meyer
In Concert

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Performance

Toe Jammin'

"I remember the first time we had the kids get out of their seats, and oh, you could just *feel* how much they wanted that; we hadn't known when we started, but then of course that became a big part of every show." Judith Martin, a diminutive, Martha Graham–trained dancer with cropped gray hair, clearly relishes those moments when she learns something new about her audiences—who tend to be between the ages of 4 and 9. In the 41 years since Martin founded the Paper Bag Players, she has found out a lot from them. "Hot Feet"—a collection of short sketches about life in New York City—is an uncanny reminder, for the adults who tag along, of how the world once looked. So comical to see everybody writhing about with serious expressions, trying to stay upright, on the F train—like everything else on stage, the subway is cobbled together, with casually painted cardboard boxes and big crinkly sheets of brown paper. As more and more passengers squeeze in, adult manners get hilariously upended—people push and shove, exchange rebukes, and even wrap themselves around strangers, like one big, glorious game of Twister. The sculptural face atop a tenement doorway expresses forebodings (see photo)—which seem entirely natural under the circumstances, because the building is threatened with being torn down. Whereas a waiter demanding that a customer take the sandwich she ordered, even though everyone knows it fell on the floor—now, that's absurd. Surreal what-ifs often poetically end the spoofs, which are lent a certain giddiness by Bob Rogers's plonking out Donald Ashwander's ragtime score on an electronic keyboard. In "Move Over," the cast—Ted Brackett, Laura Canty, Aundré Chin, and Kevin Woodall—get stuck together on the subway after a chance bonking, making each, in his or her own way, thoroughly indignant. They're New Yorkers, after all, and they've got places to be. Weekends at 2 P.M. through March 7. (See listings.)

BARBARA ENSOR

TRUCK THIS SIDE ONLY

Photograph by Nan Melville.

in concert

Ellington Centennial Festivities

Classical Music

Tuesday, January 19

oseph Kalichstein—Performs works by C. P. E. Bach, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $15–$50.*

oris Stevenson, Piano—Performs works by Kechley, Hersch, Beeferman, and others, with violinist Maria Bachman, cellist Semyon Fridman, and clarinetist Igor Begelman. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15.*

Wednesday, January 20

ew York Philharmonic—Performs Brahms's Serenade No. 1, four orchestral excerpts from Busoni's *Turandot,* and Ravel's *Bolero.* Riccardo Muti, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $14–$73.*

I Seminario Musicale—Performs works by Handel, Bernier, Brossard, and Clérambault. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $28–$35.*

Thursday, January 21

ew York Philharmonic—See 1/20, at 8.

argemusic—Performances of Mozart, Britten, and Beethoven. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

eanne Golan, Piano—Performs "Night Flights," a program of nocturnal music by Field, Barber, Hagen, and Granados. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $10.*

nne Sofie von Otter, Mezzo-Soprano—Performs a program of work by Erich Wolfgang Korngold. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $25–$35.*

Friday, January 22

allas Symphony Orchestra—Performs Elgar's Introduction and Allegro for Strings, Debussy's *La mer,* and Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast,* with baritone Alan Opie. Andrew Litton, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$55.*

ew York Philharmonic—See 1/20, at 8.

ould Piano Trio—Performs works by Beethoven, Martin, Suk, and Brahms. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18.*

Saturday, January 23

allas Symphony Orchestra—Performs a family concert of works by Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Copland, and others. Andrew Litton, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $5.*

New York Philharmonic—See 1/20, at 8.

Robin Freund-Epstein, Piano—Performs works by Mozart, Schumann, Daniepour, and Franck. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 5:30; $16.*

Sunday, January 24

London Symphony Orchestra—Performs Elgar's Introduction and Allegro for Strings and Cello Concerto, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7. With cellist Steven Isserlis. Sir Colin Davis, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $25–$47.*

Berlin Philharmonic Piano Quartet—Performs Elgar's Piano Quintet in A minor and Beethoven's Piano Quartet in E-flat major, with Nai-Yuan Hu. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 11 A.M.; $15.*

Christoph Prégardien, Tenor, and Michael Gees, Piano—Perform works by Schumann, Beethoven, Loewe, and others. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $32.*

Bargemusic—See 1/21, at 4.

Anne Sofie von Otter, Mezzo-Soprano—Performs a program of French songs. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 5; $25–$35.*

Monday, January 25

London Symphony Orchestra—Performs Beethoven's Symphony No. 6 and Elgar's *Serenade for Strings* and *Enigma Variations.* Sir Colin Davis, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $25–$47.*

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Elgar, Beethoven, Rouse, and others, with pianist Radu Lupu. David Zinman, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$60.*

Rebecca Evans, Soprano, and Craig Rutenberg, Piano—Perform works by Purcell/Tippett, Mozart, Obradors, and others. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.*

Jazz

Carnegie Hall Jazz Band—Performs Ellington's *Black Brown and Beige,* with trumpeter Jon Faddis, 1/21 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800); $18–$55.*

Sir Roland Hanna, Piano—Performs a Duke Ellington program, as part of the composer's centennial celebration, 1/21 and 1/22 at 8. *Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, Lincoln Center (875-5599); $40.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Massenet's *Werther,* 1/19 at 8 and 1/23 at 1:30; Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor,* 1/20 and 1/23 at 8; Janáček's *Kátya Kabanová,* 1/21 at 7:30; and Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra,* 1/25 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $25–$210.*

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—Perform *H.M.S. Pinafore,* 1/21 at 7, 1/22 at 8, 1/23 at 3 and 8, and 1/24 at 3. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $25–$45.*

Dance

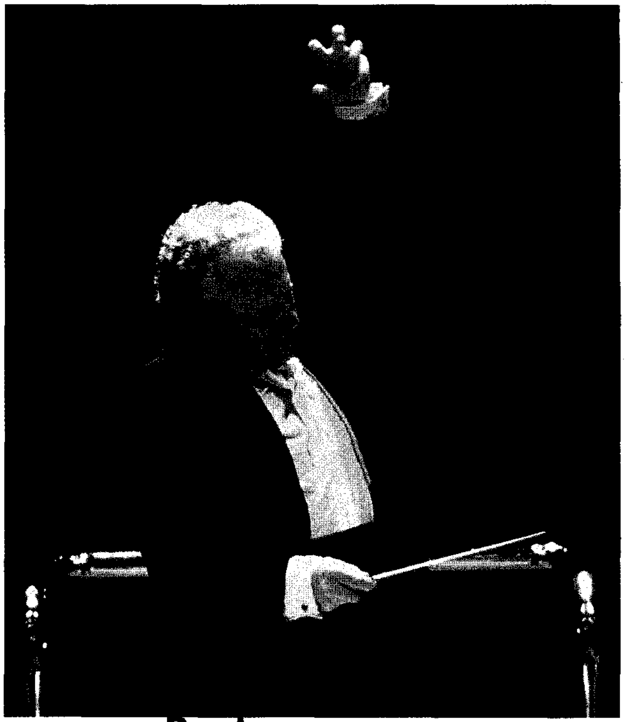
New York City Ballet—Performs *Fanfare, Chiaroscuro, Les Gentilhommes,* and other works, 1/19–1/22 at 8, 1/23 at 2 and 8, and 1/24 at 3. Call for individual programs. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $10–$80.*

Toronto Dance Theatre—Performs James Kudelka's *The Provincial Suite,* Christopher House's *Vena Cava,* Mitch Kirsch's *Good Vibes,* and other works, 1/19–1/22 at 8, 1/23 at 2 and 8, and 1/24 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800);*

Eifman Ballet of St. Petersburg—Performs three programs including *The Karamazovs, Requiem, My Jerusalem,* and other works, 1/19–1/22 at 8, 1/23 at 2 and 8, and 1/24 at 2. Through 1/30. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $25–$50.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Previews

Brit Pop

Maybe it's the rising popularity of young British composers like Thomas Adès that has renewed interest in forerunners like Edward Elgar. Whatever the reason, who better to lead this revival than the best Britain has to offer? Sir Colin Davis (above) and the London Symphony will perform at Avery Fisher Hall for three nights as part of the Great Performers retrospective "The Glory of Britain: Sir Edward Elgar." (January 24.)

Photograph by Clive Barda.

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Spoiling My Man Is My Tradition—Italian, vibrant professional, mid 40s, petite, attractive, charming, looking for fun and romance with a special man who is equally enthusiastic and honest. 6833 ✉

Informed, Enlightened, Considerate—Single, entertaining Manhattan professional man of undeniable blue-eyed good looks, on a 5'10", trim 55-year-young exterior, requests the pleasurable company for life of an unencumbered, nonpuffing woman with style and unbridled gutsiness. A recent image and some unimpeachable words welcomed. 6760 ✉

Southern Charm—Northern sophistication - academic, Harvard PhD. Good talker/listener, curious, unpretentious, few traditional male hangups. Passionate about ideas and my work. Enjoy arts, friends, outdoors. 55, lean build. Seeking woman for intimate relationship. Photo appreciated. 6776 ✉ ☎

Asian Elegance—Professor, 5'5", svelte, 31, reserved. World traveled, multifaceted lady seeks highly educated, successful, professional, NYC man who is urbane, under 45, sincere, and family-oriented for commitment. Photo helps. 6843 ✉

Single White Professional Female—35, writing from a beach in Puerto Rico... Seeking 30-40, single/divorced white male to plan next vacation and enjoy NYC in the meantime. You're tall, fun-loving, ambitious, and looking for an adventure. Photo/note, please. 6752 ✉ ☎

I've Been Called A Snob—Because I enjoy the best of food, wine and Manhattan living. This tall, blond, clean-cut, successful Wall Streeter, 38, seeks a lady of the highest quality. We enjoy working out, movies, dancing, Sunday brunch and the arts. Great legs are a plus. Please send note/photo to JWT60@aol.com or 6842 ✉ ☎

This One For Keeps—I'm a recent widower, 6 feet tall, trim, in good health (and I'm told not unattractive), a slowing-down successful corporate lawyer, very financially independent and secure, with a home in northern Westchester and a pad in Town, and a tennis regular. So much for facts. Now, as to me: the Met and the Symphony see me several times a year, and business and pleasure regularly take me to Europe and elsewhere, but I have "miles to go before I sleep". A happy and committed marriage of many years left me with a desire and need for more of the same. If we seem to be together, and you are in the vicinity of 50-55, please write and tell me about you. Religious affiliation is of minor consequence, but belief is meaningful. Please send photo. 6785 ✉

Get Under My Skin—36-year-old, successful Jewish dermatologist, passionate, striking, beautiful, sincere (5'8", brunette) ...would like to meet 35-45-year-old Jewish man who is a highly successful professional individual with integrity, sincerity and maturity, for a long-term relationship. Photo appreciated. 6799 ✉☎

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FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 212-545-3641

Good-Looking, Cheerful, Emotional—Hippie type, 56, seeks bountiful, sexy, earthwomanchild for great future. 6840✉

Still A-Cookin'—And good-lookin', 61, widow, 5'5", appreciates theater, travel and more - artist in Boca/Westchester. Interested in meeting a worldly, nonsmoking Jewish man, 65-73, tall, energetic and secure. Letter and photo. 6789 ✉

Very Attractive—46-year-old widow seeks professional male (good looks) ready to begin our love story. He must be financially secure, honest and ready to commit to a monogamous relationship. Only serious responses, please. Photo/note a must. 6827 ✉

Smart And Pretty—Young-looking 40, 5'8", 123, Asian, well-educated, accomplished, diverse interests. Seeks man with integrity, emotional availability, generosity, stability, health, education, willingness to share and/or learn each other's interests. For friendship, commitment and marriage down the road. No 48-plus, separatees, recent divorcees, casual daters. Note/photo/phone. 6755 ✉

Affectionate, Accomplished, Fun—Youthful Jewish PhD, 50, with sense of humor, character, integrity, European charm, solid and stable - seeking high-quality, classy, smart, successful, attractive, romantic, warm Jewish female. Note/photo appreciated. 6756 ✉

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Attorney/Businessman—53, 6'1", 185, looking for single Jewish woman, approximately 35 years old, for marriage and children. Must be mature, have a good heart, fun, and really want to be with someone for the rest of her life. Picture a must. 6834 ✉

Attractive, Athletic Physician—Wide-ranging activities, interested in meeting Asian/European woman, 40-55 for long-term friendship. Photo, if possible. 6838✉

Attractive, Personable Woman—63, 5'7", slim, varied interests, good sense of humor, interested in meeting male counterpart for friendship, good times and relationship. 6751 ✉

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 6812 ✉

Country Man Seeks City Woman—Ambitious, unique, fit, handsome 40-year-old, long hair, blue eyes. Seeking emotionally stable 28-42-year-old professional woman for a special relationship. Photo. 6816 ✉

You'll Be Surprised—Successful man, 35, looking for a special woman, 26-33. I am, and hope you are, very smart, intellectually curious, really attractive, fit, active, creative, kind and looking to share life with someone in a meaningful way. If this message rings a bell, let me know. Note/photo, please. 6802 ✉

Can You Relate To A Woman—In a meaningful, perceptive way? Capture my heart with compassion, wit, wisdom. Articulate, witty, spirited, shapely, 51, 5'3", divorced, white Jewish female - caring, spontaneous, affectionate, thoughtful. Enjoy people, theater, music, arts, yoga, hiking, etc. 6805 ✉

Hampton Weekends All Year—Me: slim Jewish beauty of style, substance, humor, sensuality, mid 40s (young mind, body). You: successful, wise, warm Jewish man, 45 plus, values love and the above. Kids welcome. We've practiced enough. Let's find each other. Note/photo a must. 6826✉

This Intelligent, Cultured—Educated, pretty, youthful yet mature woman in her 60s is seeking a male companion to share common interests including: movies, theater, ballet, art, quiet dinners, travel and the beach. Prefer a Westchester or Manhattan resident with a car. Please respond with a note and your phone number. A photo is optional. 6787 ✉

Do You Like Exploring...—The byways of NYC? The dunes of Cape Cod? The nuances of a loving relationship? Pretty blond entrepreneur/editor, 38, seeks male, 35-55, who's at home at a museum, ski slope or downtown club - and likes to read, travel, dine, and especially talk and laugh. 6781 ✉

Pretty, Petite Attorney—42, seeks mensch with warm heart, class, substance, who appreciates the arts, travel and the right partner. 6806 ✉☎

SEND
A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
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Attractive Woman—Self-employed kind, intelligent and cultured, seek stable man, late 50s-60s. 6798 ✉

I Am—42, 5'6", Christian, nonsmoker voluptuous, incredibly beautiful, uncommonly intelligent and absolutely perfect i every way. I'd like to meet a man who' humor me when I get like this! 6832 ✉

Successful White Male Professional—Seeks white female - Manhattan counterpart, 45-55, to share the wonder and excitement of NY. Photo and telephone number required. 6762 ✉

Uncommon Man—Scientist, cartoonist PhD, 46, 5'11", 190, fit, handsome, liberal, playful, successful, deep and devoted Looking for attractive, loving, intelligent fun, professional or artistic, non-norma female, 30-45. Photo/note. 6754 ✉

Euro-Focused, 48, Female—(NJ), seek 45-55, intelligent male (classical music outdoors/travel). 6830 ✉

Petite Blond Cutie Seeks Beau—I enjoy bicycling, skiing, traveling reading and dining with good friends I am interested in meeting a fit, nonsmoking professional male, age 37-47 for a rewarding relationship. 6780 ✉☎

Fun, Feisty and Fit Male—5'8", 165 nonsmoking Manhattanite, unencumbered and financially secure. Seeking slim, fit passionate, earthy soul mate, 48 plus, who is 5'-5'5" and 105-120 lbs, and has the ability to enjoy life with me. 6831 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking, Slim And Fit—54 year-old Manhattan woman, Jewish nonreligious, bright, caring - artist young grandma, loves her life. Seek kind and smart man for good relationship and commitment. 6790 ✉

Successful Jewish Businessman—43 6'1", very good-looking (no lie), romantic and communicative. Enjoys weekend getaways, skiing, New England...and hopefully you. Seeking an elegant ye down-to-earth woman to complete my life Let's both be pleasantly surprised Photo/phone. 6818 ✉

Too Good To Be True—Pretty, petite intelligent, fun, unpretentious and successful 42-year-old (looks 30-something) Jewish female seeks caring, successful bu down-to-earth, family-oriented man with great sense of humor, 37-50, for bes friend/relationship. Love travel, the beach, movies, art, good conversation and working out. Note/photo, please. 6764 ✉

NYMessage

o Jen and Frank—Congratulations on our engagement. Love, Amy and Arthur

onkers Blond, Insurance, Basil—iss you. Don't know what really appened. I love you. If there is still hope, please answer ad, like you did e first time. 6819 ✉ ☎

right, Adventurous, Fit—Kinda cute, ngle white female seeks nice, funny guy, 0-40. Note/photo. 6783 ✉

eeking Attractive, Voluptuous—Vivac- ous lady, 30-45, who loves travel to xotic places, art, theater, photography, ports (ski and tennis), has a great sense f humor, is from NY/metro area, and ould like to meet this Jewish male, slim, '10", and all the vitals. 6749 ✉ ☎

'm Ready—Warm, real, romantic, onest, tall, handsome, slim, successful, dventurous, English-Jewish attorney/ usinessman - seeks gorgeous, warm, weet, bright, feminine, romantic, npretentious, white/Asian woman, 3-43, for forever. Photo, please. 6763 ✉

e My Valentine—Write now and share our good heart. A very pretty Irish- atholic lady, 5'7", 130, 37, southern CT, anhattan professional. Bonus points for: tall, handsome, fit single guy, 32-45, telligent, funny, active, optimistic, with ood values, i.e. family-minded, spiritual, ealthy, honest. Seeking best friend and over. Photo/note. Thank you. 6767 ✉

his Very Warm And Funny—Blue-eyed lond, 39, is searching for a man who ants to share the good times, the bad imes as well as the times in-between. omeone who can laugh with me, as well s laugh at himself. If you share my terests (travel, photography and movies), hen let's get in touch and see if the hoe fits... 6759 ✉ ☎

nglish Architect—(43) seeks lady - ultured, kind and cute. 6758 ✉

tylish, Attractive—Dark, voluptuous, un-loving, single white female, 43 - likes ine, skiing, travel, theater and the beach. eeks dynamic, intelligent, spontaneous, ccomplished, considerate man of charac- er to share everything NY has to offer. ote/photo. 6773 ✉ ☎

e My Baby!!—Drive you to the moon nd back if you'd be my baby. You re slim, pretty, intelligent, with an acute ense of humor. I'm Jewish, fit, 6'1", 41 nd far from perfect (I'm an attorney). ooking for that special woman out here to please and make happy. 6815 ✉

ypsy Spirit—Disguised as attractive lond, petite corporate secretary. Seeks rim, 55-65, nonsmoking Manhattan gent or love and laughter. Photo. 6793 ✉ ☎

alling All Homers—Do you love the impsons? I'm a 38-year-old woman, cute nd funny. I'm looking for a gentleman round 40. It doesn't quite rhyme, but ho's perfect? 6804 ✉ ☎

retty, Perky, Slim—5', Jewish widow, oung, energetic, 60, live/work Queens, eeks handsome, 50-60, fit American "macho" male to share fun, talk, laughs, ancing, smoking, "chilling". 6821 ✉

Physician, 62, Seeks woman—We are hard working, easy going, healthy, happy, calm, cooperative, love solving problems, long walks/talks, books, art. 6795 ✉

Classy, Very Pretty—Successful, 5'7", slim golfer/businesswoman seeks intelligent, successful man, 55-65. 6774 ✉

Our Town—Back in Manhattan after three years elsewhere. Looking for soul mate/partner to help me feel at home again. Sexy, slender, fit, pretty brunette, adventurous and smart, 45, 5'7", seeking simpatico man, ready for love. Photo. 6844 ✉ ☎

Sweet And Striking—Very attractive Jewish female, 41, 5'6", thin, is looking for an exceptional guy who is 40-48, tall, professional, romantic, easygoing, with a good heart and sense of humor. Don't hesitate - this could be one of the good ones! Note/phone/photo. 6800 ✉☎

Very Pretty PhD—Shapely, athletic, 5'6" brunette, 47. Seeks tall, stable, kind, fun, intriguing man, 47-57. 6809 ✉ ☎

Handsome Seeks Beautiful—Won't believe I'm 51. Trim 5'10" - music lover, loves to dance. Practices Zen. A friend you could talk to for hours. Seeks simpatico spirit in beautiful woman. Photo. 6777 ✉

Long-Haired Beauty—Businesswoman, seeks man, 35-50, for romance and possibly more. She is athletic, enjoys dining out and travel. Photo and handwritten response, please. 6841 ✉

Very Cool Life, Seeking To Share—Arts critic and journalist, smart, attractive and alive, seeks divorced or widowed man, 46-56, literate, articulate and middling sane, for serious (and fun) relationship. 6769 ✉ ☎

Attractive Widow—Italian-born, warm, fit, mellow, 65, loves life and people. Seeks attractive, kind, fit gentleman for companionship and good times. Photo. 6766 ✉

Stunning, Leggy, Green-Eyed Blond—Attorney, mid 30s, 5'5", 115 lbs, passionate about life - enjoys theater, travel, singing, working out, fine dining, museums, animals (especially cats), weekend getaways. Seeking handsome soul mate for fun, romance and lifelong love affair. Note/photo required for reply. 6786 ✉

Bald, Sensitive, Divorced White Male—55, seeks 40-plus female nonsmoker to share city delights. Photo. 6820 ✉ ☎

Male, 44—Sensitive, intelligent, musical, seeks a woman to share life's ups and downs with communication and cuddles. 6839 ✉

Looking For The Three F's—Fun, flexibility, fidelity. Very pretty Irish-American lady, 41 - look 31, 5'3", sparkling emerald eyes, dark auburn hair, petite features, in good shape. Professional by day, vivacious by night. Looking for a handsome professional gentleman who is happy with himself and has a passion for life. I am a warm, friendly, humorous and kind person. I enjoy traveling (just returned from South Africa), theater, working out, reading, etc. If you are interested in meeting a wonderful lady, please respond with note/photo. 6797 ✉

Herpes—Seldom and infrequent. Successful Wasp executive, 55 - handsome, honest, fit, sophisticated and distinguished yet common and natural. Desires to meet young lady, 40-50, for a lasting and loving relationship. Race unimportant. Let's give it a try - maybe in time for 2/14. Please send note; photo is your choice. 6836 ✉

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Youthful, Sophisticated European MD—55, Jewish female, financially secure, enjoys skiing, tennis, golf, classical music. Seeks professional Jewish man, 50-60, equally comfortable in jeans or tuxedo, for companionship, travel and permanent relationship. Note, photo appreciated. Lives in Munchen, Germany. 6784 ✉

A Sophisticated Man—Who you wouldn't expect to write, has. Great looks, super personality, 37. Seeks similar qualities in a Black, Latin or Asian princess. Brief note/photo a must. 6829 ✉

Seeking Best Friend—Or perhaps more. Successful writer (wine, classical music, travel) and Internet entrepreneur with two lovely cats, seeks fun-loving, sexy, down-to-earth, slender lady for friendship, passion and romance. Our interests include ethnic cuisine, gourmet dining, classical music, theater, museums, movies, skiing, biking, hiking, beaches, walks in Central Park and delights of NYC. Let's start as best friends and see what develops. Note/recent photo. 6771 ✉

Ready To Begin Family—With a childless, single white Christian, educated, slender and petite, fashionable, feminine female, 30s (nonsmoker, no drugs), traditional values, who enjoys lots of attention, affection, laughter and good times with me - a successful, single white male, professional, attractive, who is outgoing, family-/friends-oriented. Note/photo/ phone necessary for response. 6846 ✉

42-Year-Old Physician/Entrepreneur—Seeks single white female with following qualities: trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent, hard-working. 6761 ✉☎

Truly Beautiful Jewish Woman—30s, long hair, dark eyes, in-shape, who loves life, seeks successful, tall, handsome, passionate Jewish man. Note/photo/phone. 6772 ✉

Patagonia To Prada—Pretty woman with college kids seeks an emotionally mature, professionally successful Dad - compatible upscale background a plus. 6810 ✉

Beautiful Blond Model—Jewish, classy, with MBA, seeks handsome, fit, Jewish, successful MD/DDS/JD, 40-45 years old, who is emotionally secure, financially established and marriage-minded. Note/ photo, please. 6796 ✉ ☎

Upbeat, Energetic—35, single Jewish male, physically fit, smoker; enjoys what NYC has to offer, summer beaches, scuba diving and spectator sports. Seeks fun-loving woman who's good-looking, intelligent with outgoing personality. Phone/photo/note. 6811✉☎

Successful Surgeon—37, white, Christian, good-looking, regular guy. Seeks accomplished, fit lady under 30. Photo/ note/phone a must. 6824 ✉

Very Handsome Attorney—Jewish male, 40s, 5'10", athletic, widower. Seeks very attractive, slim, nonsmoking Jewish female, 25-37. Note/photo/phone. 6825✉

A Partner For Life—Jewish man, 41, searching for a caring woman for friendship, fun, romance, marriage and family. A gift for nurturing one another and sharing our ideas is important. I enjoy skiing, museums, biking, movies, and believe a good companion makes most things fun. I am active in a Reform synagogue, and cherish the good side of people. Note/photo appreciated. 6757 ✉

Animal Magnetism??—Smart, athletic, liberal, successful, single white female, 34, 5'7", who has taken the time to decide what she wants, seeking a teddy bear of a guy who can also growl when the occasion calls for it. Please be an intelligent, marriage-minded, family-oriented, secure (both inside and out) type o' guy, 32-42, who enjoys his work, loves to laugh and appreciates life's simpler pleasures. Phone for more details. 6792 ✉ ☎

A Warm CT Fireplace Awaits A Lady—Of beauty, class and "that special side" which will bring a handsome, prosperous, 40s professional to the next level of intrigue. Your ultimate voyage is a letter or call away. 6835 ✉ ☎

Pretty Woman—5'6", shapely 118, in south FL, seeks quality gentleman to exchange fun, pleasurable visits, and compatible for exclusive lasting relationship. Must be educated, passionate, playful, 40-60. E-mail anjulia99@aol.com or 6788✉☎

Free At Last - Children Grown—Petite, attractive, Jewish, 51, successful professional - seeking lighthearted friendship (possibly more) with compassionate, intelligent, considerate man. My interests eclectic: theater, museums, hiking, traveling, music, reading, more. 6803 ✉

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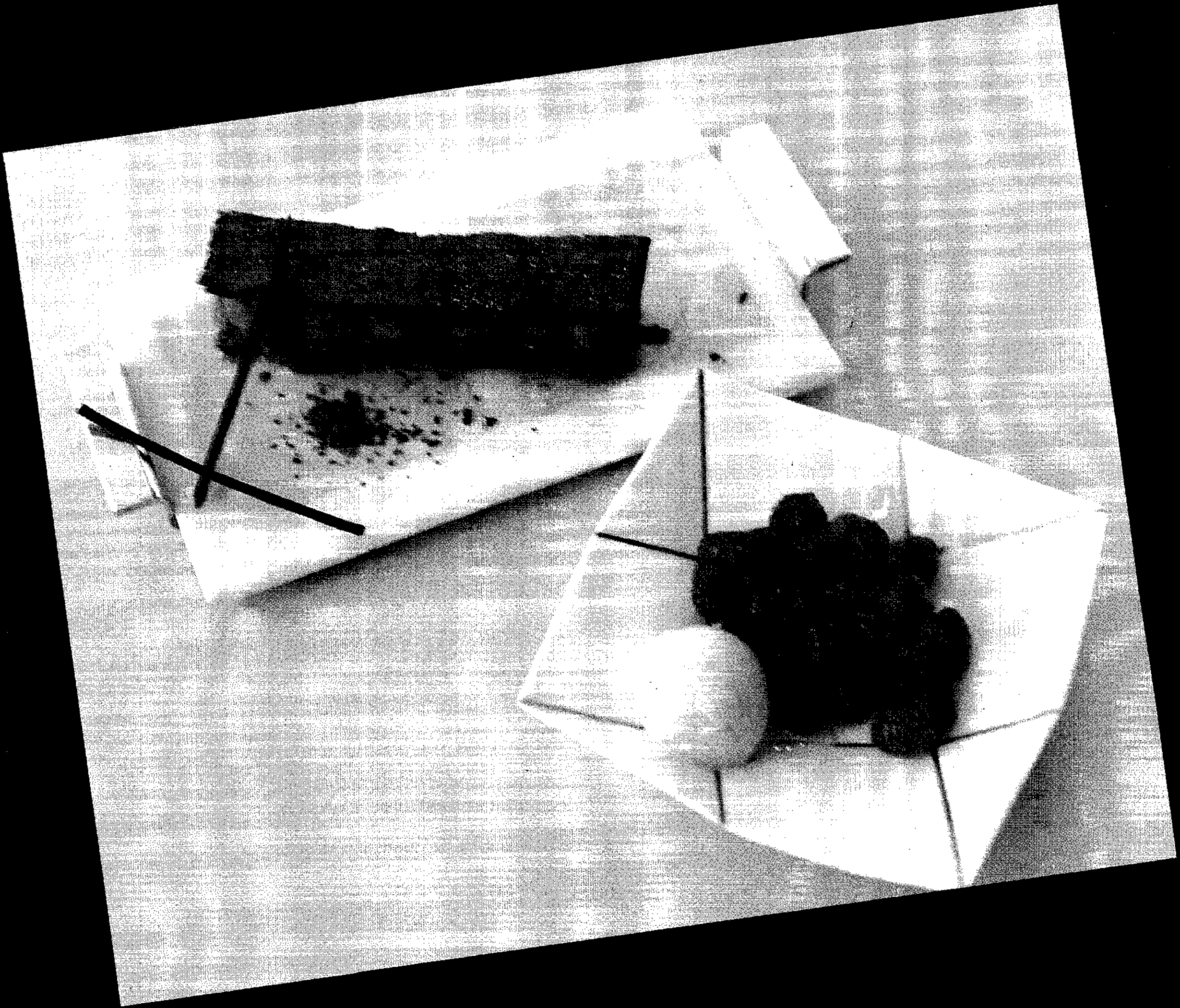

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Above, items from unpopular catalogues. Competitors are invited to describe one.

Results of Competition 928, in which you were asked for foreign retranslation of American film titles.

Report: Two choices here. 1. Those who stuck by the rules (innocent descriptions), and 2. Those who were clever (title, not content). Hard to know which to reward. Of course we loved all the strays. Popular choices: *Psycho. Casablanca. The Silence of the Lambs. Citizen Kane. Snow White. GWTW. Babe.* And, eluctably, *Titanic.* This contest was based on matter printed elsewhere. We gave credit to the source, but that source borrowed from the formidable Website www.top5.com, which see. Some top5 originals appear below. And not a moment too soon.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

"The Full Monty"—"We Lost Our Factory Jobs So We Will Try to Make Money By Dancing Naked Even Though We Are Ugly Men"
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

"Titanic"—"The Iceberg Cometh"
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

"New York, New York"—"Sodom, City of Sin, Sodom, City of Sin"
Nancy Stewart, N.Y.C.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

"The Godfather"—"Italian Men Cook Food, Sleep on Mattresses, and Kill Many People"
John Dunne, Stewart Manor, N.Y.

"The Bad Seed"—"Sperm und Drang"
Bruce Winn, Las Vegas, Nev.

"Tora! Tora! Tora!"—in Japan, "Sublime Conquest in the Pacific"
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

"He Got Game"—in the UK, "He Has Game"
Mark Wolfson, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

"Scream"—"Hey, Psychopath, Why the Long Face?"
Greg McCormack, Pelham, N.Y.

"Splash"—"Excuse Me, There's a Fish in My Pants"
Robert Kempe, N.Y.C.

"Casablanca"—"The White House"
Orah Presby, Teaneck, N.J.

"God Is My Co-Pilot"—"Buddha Also Lights My Stove"
Chris Leighton, Cambridge, Mass.

"Cries and Whispers"—"*SHHHH!* I'm Here to See the Movie"
Wendy Glickstein, N.Y.C.

"The Ten Commandments"—"Man Climbs Mountain, Crowd Goes Wild"
Roger D. Kellerman, Albany, N.Y.

"The King and I"—"The Great Monarch and the Disrespectful Nanny"
Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.

"Anna Karenina"—"Here Comes the Train"
Rose Mabel, Roseburg, Ore.

"Meet Joe Black"—"Death Is a Pretty Boy"
Chuck Smith, Woodbridge, Va.

"Pride of the Yankees"—"Baseball Been Berry Berry Good To Me"
Dave Ferry, Leesburg, Va.

"Nine to Five"—"Nine, Eight, Seven, Six, Five"
Frank S. Stein, Kokomo, Ind.

"Fahrenheit 451"—"177.22 Centigrade"
Werner Field, Charlotte, N.C.

"The Fugitive"—in France, "Les Miserables Americains"
Hank Volker, Boca Raton, Fla.

"Jaws"—"Villagers, Beware the Mandibles of the Wicked Fish"
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

"It Happened One Night"—"They Spent the Night Together in a Motel Room and Nothing Happened"
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

"My Best Friend's Wedding"—"Help! My Pretend Boyfriend Is Gay!"
Jeff Scherer, Brooklyn

"Duck Soup"—"Soupe au Canard," avec Les Freres Marx.
David English, West Somerville, Mass.

"A Streetcar Named Desire"—"In-Law Troubles"
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.;
Phyllis K. Charney, N.Y.C.

"The Wizard of Oz"—"You and Your Little Doggie Are Starting to Piss Me Off"
Rich Katz, N.Y.C.

"Mrs. Brown"—"Man in Skirt Likes to Flirt"
Thomas D. Warren, Hollywood Hills, Calif.

"Bambi"—"Der Muter Dies . . . Kerput"
Edward F. Anhalt, Milwaukee, Wisc.

"The Wizard of Oz"—"Get Your House off My Sister!
Heidi Lipton, N.Y.C.

"Forrest Gump"—"Life Resembles Unlabeled Sushi"
John Koch, Madison, Wisc.

"Babe"—in Farsi, "Attractive Young Woman (FORBIDDEN)"
Eric Hyman, Fayetteville N.C.

"Babe"—"Sheepdog Pretends He Is a Pig"
similarly: Dr. Ann K. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio
Andrew Gordon, West Hollywood, Calif.

"Babe: Pig in the City"—"Paula Jones Does New York"
similarly: Susan Ruttner, N.Y.C.;
Joe Cosenza, Flushing, N.Y.;
Tom Hollandsmith, Martinsville, Va.

"Batman"—"Flying Mouse Hero Man"
Joel Knanishu, Rock Island, Ill.

"Batman & Robin"—"Come to My Cave and Wear This Rubber Codpiece, Cute Boy"
Sam Evans, Charleston, S.C.

"101 Dalmatians"—in Korean, "Many Tasty Puppies Will Not Be Eaten!"
Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring, Md.
sp. ment.: Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

"The Gold Rush"—"Small Man Somehow Turns Into a Chicken and Back"
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

"The Prince of Egypt"—in Egypt, "Alleged Divine Intervention Depletes Workforce"
Mark Paladini, Sherman Oaks, Calif.

"It's a Wonderful Life"—"The Christmas Holiday Season Is So Happy for Poor People!"
Fran Manne, Mahwah, N.J.

"Face/Off"—"Who Is Face Belonging To? I Kill You Again, Harder!"
Lev L. Spiro, Los Angeles, Calif.

"The Crying Game"—"Oh No! My Girlfriend Has a Penis!"
Bill Muse, Seattle, Wash.

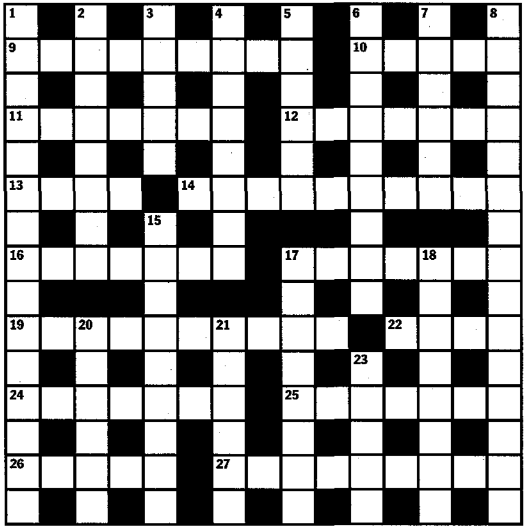
"Legends of the Fall"—"Everybody Gets Hurt and Nothing Works Out"
Rebecca Fitzgerald, Dallas, Tex.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 931, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by January 29. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the March 1 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

9 Excitingly robed emir to add embellishment. (9)
10 Quiet bit in hearing. (5)
11 Half the profession's in a party in a greenish colour. (7)
12 Hic upset one opposed to drink. (7)
13 Some grand American lady. (4)
14 Being provident father digs ground. (3-7)
16 Rave about the priest to be trusted. (7)
17 End I throw back into the fire's remains. (7)
19 Pretentious tar at sea takes years to capture the vessel. (4-6)
22 Backup in very large work. (4)
24 Notice after fuse is cut how one worried! (7)
25 Editor making comeback to work for merit. (7)
26 QC's riding wear? (5)
27 It gives writer's name. Pet Gale it could be. (5,4)



DOWN

1 Holiday requirement when not in fc days? (3,3,9)
2 Unusual girl in untidy lab. (8)
3 Foreign Office's a little light to go o the attack. (5)
4 Barrister endlessly imbibes a liqueur. (8)
5 Chap's gags. (6)
6 SA International's season began initially alright. (9)
7 Gem and silver put up dealt with rent. (6)
8 Boffin could be responsible for the flats. (6,3,6)
15 Troops under review when April's here? (5,4)
17 Tetanoid troubles needing this? (8)
18 Put in difficulties when grabbing a paper size? (8)
20 Gutless, losing head, beaten in scrap. (6)
21 A University test cunningly perceptive. (6)
23 American Girl Guide? (5)

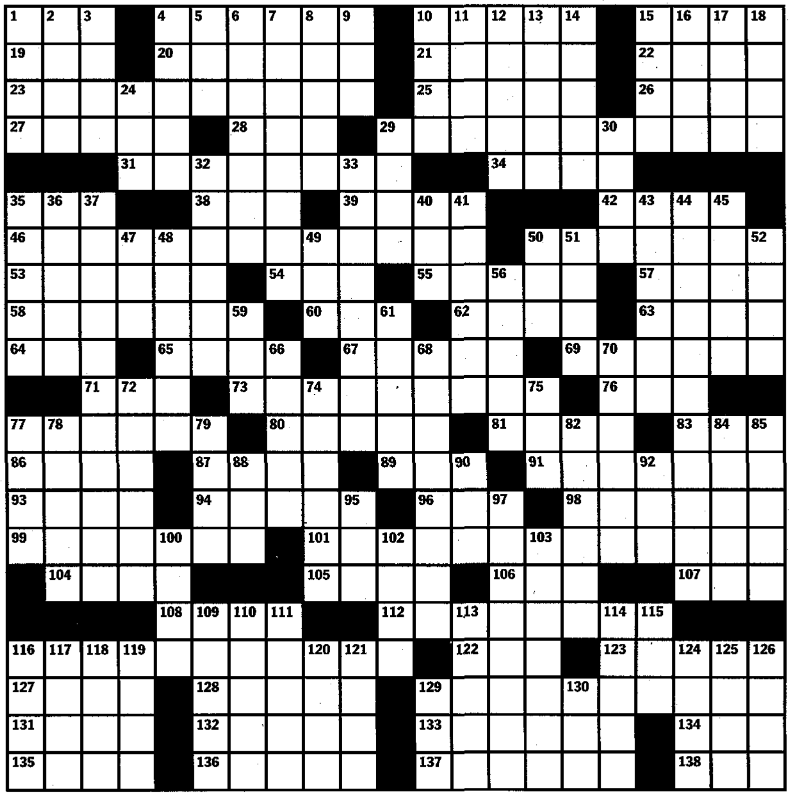
'Acting Debuts': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

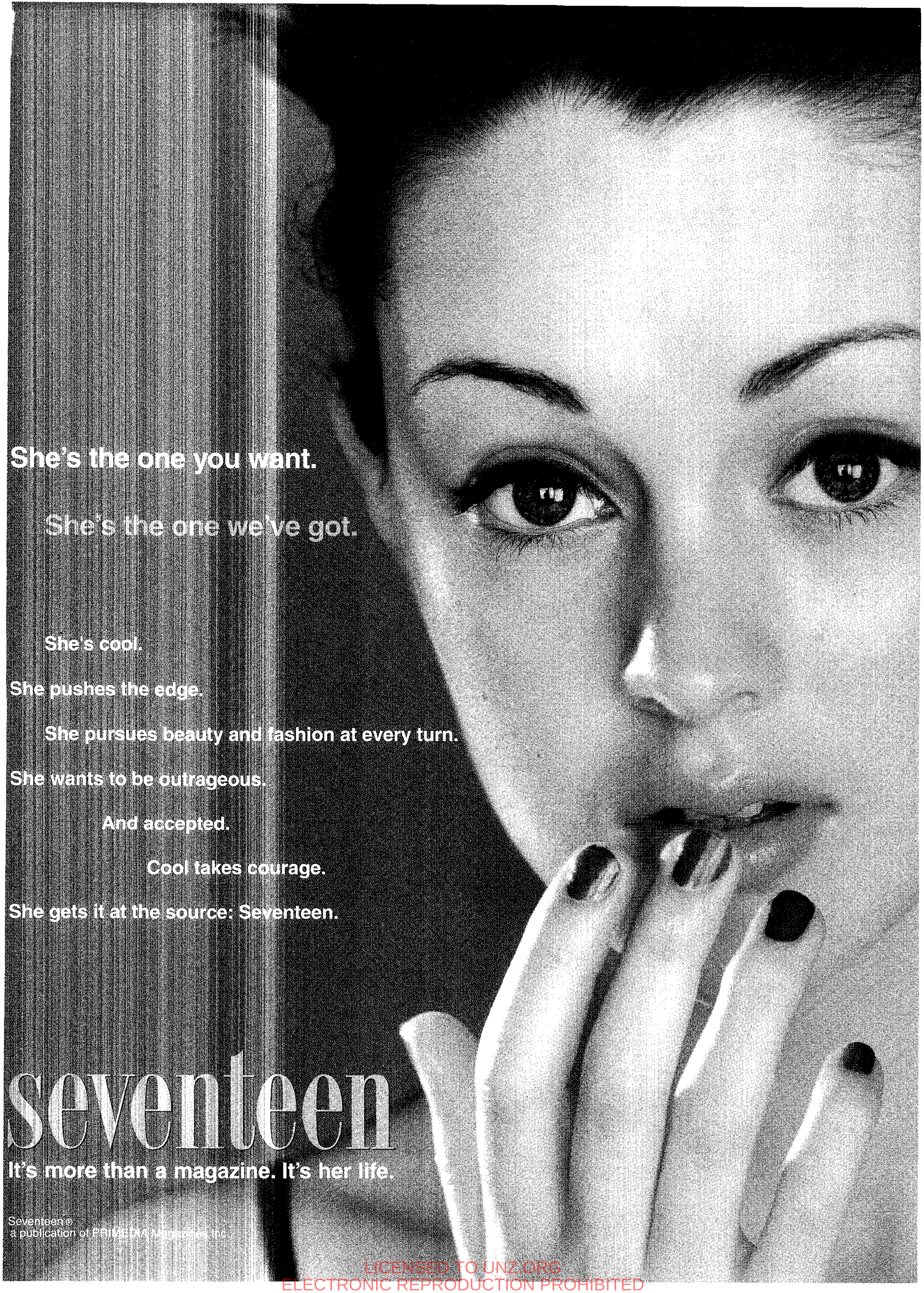
1 Phone-button 2
4 On land
10 Saint, in Seville
15 Crow's nose
19 California's Big ——
20 Debby and dad
21 Standoffish
22 Wheel shaft
23 Actor who started in Ilium?
25 Worse than scorched
26 Roof overhang
27 Tennessee aluminum city
28 Loose —— goose
29 Actress who started in Arizona?
31 Kazoos' cousins
34 No mere talker
35 Grammatical case: abbr.
38 Inc., in the U.K.
39 Fiddling emperor
42 Partner of aid
46 Actress who started in an African land?
50 Made an indirect reference
53 ——-faire (know-how)
54 Disney dwarf
55 Start of a Dickens title
57 Tug-of-war essential
58 Famed Greek tycoon
60 Bankroll
62 Mideast gulf
63 Feds
64 Carp at
65 —— part (play a role)
67 The R in I.R.T.
69 Battery terminals
71 Timetable abbr.
73 Actress who started in Turkey?
76 Gas-pump suffix
77 Sultanas' quarters
80 Bergman's "Gaslight" co-star
81 Rather's reports
83 Singalong syllables
86 Bookie's quote
87 Korean War river
89 Mule of the "Erie Canal" song
91 Meadow
93 Ex–Mrs. Reynolds
94 Must-haves
96 Quick swim
98 Of an ancient Italian tribe
99 Bedroom furnishing
101 Actress who started in La Paz
104 Art Deco VIP
105 Rival of Harrow
106 Directional abbr.
107 Top note of Guido's scale
108 Zone
112 Swellheads
116 Actress who started in Indonesia?
122 On the —— (fleeing)
123 Bombay blueblood
127 Pre-owned
128 Reef buildup
129 Actress who started in Samoa's capital?
131 Fervor
132 Crème de la crème
133 Threw things at
134 Part of R.S.V.P.
135 Westerns author Grey
136 Common or horse
137 Anchorite of yore
138 Fairyland figure

DOWN

1 Whodunit dog
2 Actor-singer Ives
3 Gator's kin
4 Bric-——
5 Sault Sainte Marie Canals, familiarly
6 "A Rake's Progress" artist
7 Not impartial
8 Screened again
9 Double curve
10 Elephant boy of a 1937 film
11 Styptic substance
12 U.S.-Can. air pact
13 The Masked Man's pal
14 "Father —— Bride"
15 Max of boxing
16 Quiz
17 Edison's middle name
18 Eager
24 Before hoo, in a called greeting
29 River of Flanders
30 Eurasian range
32 Visigoth king
33 Cash —— (buying plan)
35 Memorable Welles
36 Boss, Swahili style
37 Actress who started i Jakarta?
40 Narrow inlet
41 Kind of soup
43 Taylor husband, twic
44 Actor who started in Biblical land?
45 Papoose's home
47 411 info.
48 Deprive of weapons
49 This minute
50 Pub quaff
51 One of the Hornes
52 Home rooms
56 Increase stitches, in knitting
59 Address abbrs.
61 Hamlet's people
66 Saunter
68 Marching in review
70 Bahamas' capital
72 Fight back
74 "—— So Nice to Come Home to"
75 Cowpoke's assent
77 Where cargo goes
78 More than love
79 New Year's Eve word
82 Launders
84 Relative of orlon
85 Slangy good-bye
88 —— Lingus
90 Actress Ullmann
92 Turner TV channel
95 Wino
97 Certain ducks
100 Sewn line
102 Movie-chain name
103 Enliven
109 Speed contests
110 Élève's place
111 Smiling broadly
113 Flasks for Plato
114 Commerce
115 Far from joyful
116 Apiary sound
117 Opposite of 4-Across
118 Jack Sprat's fare
119 Without a job
120 Hamelin's scourge
121 Downwind, to a mariner
124 "No way, ——!"
125 Seed covering
126 Fifty percent
129 Barbary beast
130 Branch of Buddhism



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 64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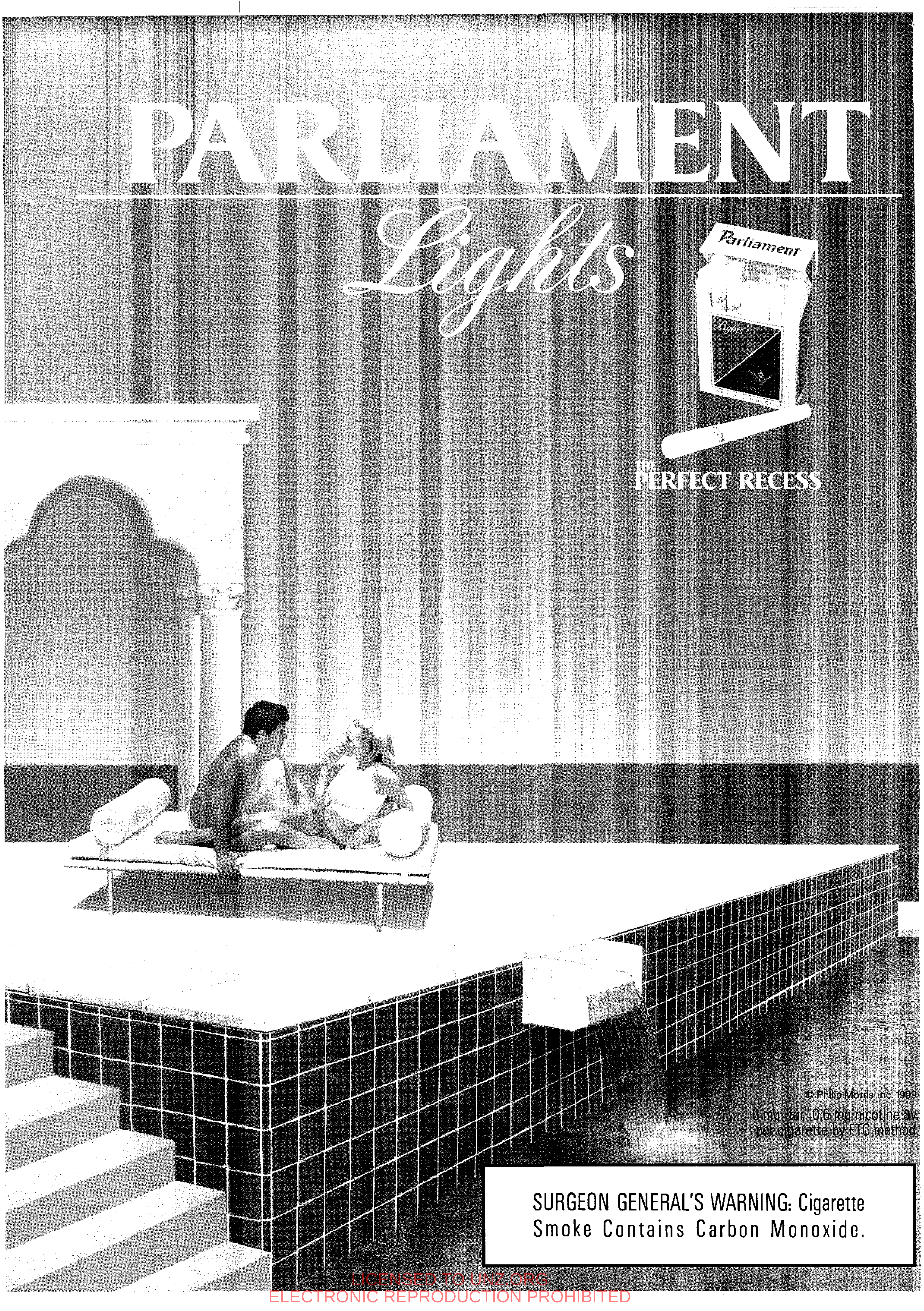
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